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STORIES

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NEW YORK:  
LEAVITT AND ALLEN,  
379 BROADWAY.



EVENINGS

WITH

THE OLD STORY TELLERS.

BEING A

CHOICE COLLECTION OF ANCIENT MORAL TALES, ETC.

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## TO MY FRIENDS.

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You have here, my good friends, sundry moral and entertaining stories, invented by the monks of old, and used by them for amusement, as well as for instruction; from which the most celebrated poets, of our own and other lands, have condescended to draw their plots.

The improvements and refinements of this age will naturally lead you to condemn as absurdities, many of the incidents with which these tales abound. Considering the knowledge of the present day, you are justified in so doing. But I pray you to bear in mind that few qualities are more dependent on time, than probability and improbability. When you read these tales, you must, for the time, retrace your steps to the age in which they were written; and though the tale may seem absurd to us of this day, yet, if it was calculated to impress the minds of those for whom it was invented, and to whom it was told, its merit was great, and therefore deserving of due praise. A giant or a magician was as probable to the people of the middle ages, as electricity to us. I pray you bear this in mind whilst you judge of these tales.

Romantic fiction pleases all minds, both old and young;

the reason is this, says an old Platonist, "that here, things are set down as they should be: but in the true history of the world, things are recorded indeed as they are, but it is but a testimony that they have not been as they should be. Wherefore, in the upshot of all, when we shall see that come to pass, that so mightily pleases us in the reading the most ingenious plays and heroic poems, that long afflicted Virtue at last comes to the crown, the mouth of all unbelievers must be stopped."

To the work of the ingenious Mr. Swan, the only translator of these stories that I know of in this country, I am indebted for my first introduction to these old tales; and I cannot conclude these few words without thanking him for having often lightened my labors by his close and admirable versions.

G. B.

*Dec. 1844.*

# ANCIENT MORAL TALES.

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## CHAPTER I.

**The Gesta Romanorum—Its Origin—TALE OF THE UNGRATEFUL MAN—Sources of Didactic Fiction—JOVINIAN THE PROUD EMPEROR—Morals of the Tales.**

It was a dull cold Christmas evening ; the snow fell fast and small, and the cutting north-east wind blow its white shower into heaps and ridges in every corner of St. John's quadrangle, and piled its clear flakes against every projecting part of the old building. No one was moving in college, at least out of doors ; but the rude laugh from the buttery, and the dull red gleam through the closely drawn curtains of one of the upper rooms in the outer quadrangle, proved that in two portions of the college Christmas was being kept with plenty and with gaiety.

The change from the white cold of the quadrangle to the ruddy blaze of that upper room was inspiriting. The fire burnt bright ; the small table, drawn immediately in front of its merry blaze, glittered with after-dinner good cheer ; and three young and happy faces sat by that little table, and compared their former Christmasses at home, with this one, during which they were determined to remain up in Oxford and read for the ensuing examination.

"Morrison is always in good luck," said Henry Herbert, the youngest of the party. "Whatever it is, whether drawing lots for a Newnham party, or cramming for an examination, he always succeeds ; and now he is the last man that got away from Oxford before the roads were blocked up by this snow-drift."

"Fortunate fellow !" said Lathom. "We are shut up now—fifteen feet of snow at Dorchester, and Stokenchurch bottom quite impassable."

"Ay, and Oxford streets equally so," said Frederick Thompson, the last of the triumvirate, "and we shut up here with the pleasant prospect of taking our constitutional, for some days to come, under the old Archbishop's cloisters."

"By-the-by," said Herbert, "what were you after in the old library last week, Lathom?"

"Looking for a copy of the *Gesta Romanorum*, with the idea of reading some of its amusing stories, during our after-dinner sittings."

"Any thing but those Romans: it is bad enough to have read and believed all that Livy wrote, from his Sucking Wolf to his Capitol Goose, and then to have a shrewd German prove that kings were not kings, and consuls not consuls, just when you are beginning to think that you really do know something about your Roman History."

"You will have but little of Roman History, Thompson; the title of the book but ill agrees with its contents: fables of all climes contribute their share in the formation of this singular composition. The majority of the tales are entirely unconnected with the History of Rome, though the writer, in order to, in some manner, cover this deviation from his title, has taken care to preface almost every story with the name of some emperor, who in most cases never existed, and sometimes has little to do with the incidents of the narrative."

"To whom, most learned antiquary, are we indebted for this very stout volume?"

"To the imagination, knowledge, and literary labour of the monks of the middle ages. In the refectory, whilst the monks ate their meals, one, the youngest generally of the society, read from some such collection as this, a tale at once amusing and instructive. Nor was the use of these fables confined to the refectory. The success which has always attended instruction by fables, and the popularity ever consequent on this form of teaching, led the monks to use this medium to illustrate their public discourses, as well as for their own daily relaxation."

"Few things are more certain," said Herbert, "than that an argument, however clear,—a deduction, however logical,—operates but faintly except on trained intellects; but an apposite story at once arouses the attention, and makes a more durable impression on illiterate auditors. Knowledge in the garb of verse is soonest appreciated by an uneducated mind, and remains there far longer than in any other form. A ballad will descend from generation to generation without a fault or an interpolation."

"Yes," rejoined Lathom, "and next to poetry comes poetic prose, at the head of which class stands didactic fiction. Many a clever man has confessed, that he was more indebted to Shakspeare and Scott for his English and Scottish history, than to the standard historians of either land."

"And as far as the general belief goes," said Thompson, "the popular dramatist or poet will always outweigh the learned historian. Let Walpole or Turner write what they will about Richard the Third; to the majority,—ay, to more than four-fifths of the people,—he is still Shakspeare's Richard, the Humpbacked Murderer."

"One of the best of the old monk's stories," said Lathom, "was translated in Blackwood's Magazine some years since. It well illustrates the popular method by which the writers of these tales inculcated Christian duties on their



brethren of the convent, or on their hearers in the Church. If you like, I will read it."

The following was the tale of

#### THE UNGRATEFUL MAN.

VITALIS, a noble Venetian, one day, at a hunting party, fell into a pit, which had been dug to catch wild animals. He passed a whole night and day there, and I will leave you to imagine his dread and his agony. The pit was dark. Vitalis ran from the one side of it to the other, in the hope of finding some branch or root by which he might climb its sides, and get out of his dungeon; but he heard such confused and extraordinary noises, growlings, hissings, and plaintive cries, that he became half dead with terror, and crouched in a corner motionless, awaiting death with the most horrid dismay. On the morning of the second day he heard some one passing near the pit, and then raising his voice, he cried out with the most dolorous accent, "Help, help! draw me out of this; I am perishing!"

A peasant crossing the forest heard his cry. At first he was frightened; but after a moment or two, taking courage, he approached the pit, and asked who had called.

"A poor huntsman," answered Vitalis, "who has passed a long night and day here. Help me out, for the love of God. Help me out, and I will recompense you handsomely."

"I will do what I can," replied the peasant.

Then Massaccio (such was the name of the peasant) took a hedgebill which hung at his girdle, and cutting a branch of a tree strong enough to bear a man,—“Listen, huntsman,” said he, “to what I am going to say to you. I will let down this branch into the pit. I will fasten it against the sides, and hold it with my hands; and by pulling yourself out by it, you may get free from your prison.”

“Good,” answered Vitalis, “ask me any thing you will, and it shall be granted.”

“I ask for nothing,” said the peasant, “but I am going to be married, and you may give what you like to my bride.”

So saying, Massaccio let down the branch—he soon felt it heavy, and the moment after a monkey leapt merrily out of the

pit. He had fallen like Vitalis, and had seized quickly on the branch of Massaccio. "It was the devil surely which spoke to me from the pit," said Massaccio, running away in affright.

"Do you abandon me, then?" cried Vitalis, in a lamentable accent; "my friend, my dear friend, for the love of the Lord, for the love of your mistress, draw me out of this; I beg, I implore you; I will give her wedding gifts, I will enrich you. I am the Lord Vitalis, a rich Venetian; do not let me die of hunger in this horrible pit."

Massaccio was touched by these prayers. He returned to the pit—let down another branch, and a lion jumped out, making the woods echo with a roar of delight.

"Oh certainly, certainly, it was the devil I heard," said Massaccio, and fled away again; but stopping short, after a few paces, he heard again the piercing cries of Vitalis.

"O God, O God," cried he, "to die of hunger in a pit. Will no one then come to my help? Whoever you may be, I implore you return; let me not die, when you can save me. I will give you a house and field, and cows and gold, all that you can ask for; save me, save me only."

Massaccio, thus implored, could not help returning. He let down the branch, and a serpent, hissing joyously, sprang out of the pit. Massaccio fell on his knees, half dead with fear, and repeated all the prayers he could think of to drive away the demon. He was only brought to himself by hearing the cries of despair which Vitalis uttered.

"Will no one help me?" said he. "Ah, then, must I die? O God, O God!" and he wept and sobbed in a heart-breaking manner.

"It is certainly the voice of a man for all that," said Massaccio.

"Oh, if you are still there," said Vitalis, "in the name of all that is dear to you, save me, that I may die at least at home, and not in this horrible pit. I can say no more; my voice is exhausted. Shall I give you my palace at Venice, my possessions, my honours? I give them all; and may I die if I forfeit my word. Life, life only; save only my life."

Massaccio could not resist such prayers, and mingled with such promises. He let down the branch again.

"Ah, here you are at last," said he, seeing Vitalis come up.

"Yes," said he, and uttering a cry of joy, he fainted in the arms of Massaccio.

Massaccio sustained, assisted him, and brought him to himself; then, giving him his arm, "Let us," said he, "quit this forest;" but Vitalis could hardly walk,—he was exhausted with hunger.

"Eat this piece of bread," said Massaccio, and he gave him some, which he took out of his wallet.

"My benefactor, my saviour, my good angel," said Vitalis, "how can I ever sufficiently recompense you!"

"You have promised me a marriage portion for my bride, and your palace at Venice for myself," said Massaccio. But Vitalis now began to regain his strength.

"Yes, certainly, I will give a portion to your wife, my dear Massaccio, and I will make you the richest peasant of your village. Where do you live?"

"At Capalatta in the forest; but I would willingly quit my village to establish myself at Venice in the palace you have promised me."

"Here we are out of the forest," said Vitalis; "I know my road now; thank you, Massaccio."

"But when shall I come for my palace and the portion of my intended?" returned the peasant.

"When you will," said the other, and they separated.

Vitalis went to Venice, and Massaccio to Capalatta, where he related his adventure to his mistress, telling her what a rich portion she was to have, and what a fine palace she was to live in.

The next day early he set out for Venice, and asked for the palace of the Signor Vitalis,—went straight to it, and told the domestics that he should come shortly with his mistress, in a fine carriage, to take possession of the palace which the Signor Vitalis had promised to give him. Massaccio appeared to those who heard him mad, and Vitalis was told that there was a peasant in his hall, who asked for a marriage portion, and said the palace belonged to him.

"Let him be turned out immediately," said Vitalis, "I know him not."

The valets accordingly drove him away with insults, and Massaccio returned to his cottage in despair, without daring to see his mistress. At one corner of his fireplace was seated the monkey,

at the other corner the lion, and the serpent had twisted itself in spiral circles upon the hearth. Massaccio was seized with fear. "The man has driven me from his door," thought he; "the lion will certainly devour me, the serpent sting me, and the monkey laugh at me; and this will be my reward for saving them from the pit." But the monkey turned to him with a most amicable grimace; the lion, vibrating gently his tail, came and licked his hand, like a dog caressing his master; and the serpent, unrolling its ringy body, moved about the room with a contented and grateful air, which gave courage to Massaccio.

"Poor animals!" said he, "they are better than the Signor Vitalis; he drove me like a beggar from the door. Ah! with what pleasure I would pitch him again into the pit. And my bride! whom I thought to marry so magnificently! I have not a stick of wood in my wood-house, not a morsel of meat for a meal, and no money to buy any. The ungrateful wretch, with his portion and his palace!"

Thus did Massaccio complain. Meanwhile the monkey began to make significant faces, the lion to agitate his tail with great uneasiness, and the serpent to roll and unroll its circles with great rapidity. Then the monkey, approaching his benefactor, made him a sign to follow, and led him into the wood-house, where was regularly piled up a quantity of wood sufficient for the whole year. It was the monkey who had collected this wood in the forest, and brought it to the cottage of Massaccio. Massaccio embraced the grateful ape. The lion then uttering a delicate roar, led him to a corner of the cottage where he saw an enormous provision of game, two sheep, three kids, hares and rabbits in abundance, and a fine wild boar, all covered with the branches of trees to keep them fresh. It was the lion who had hunted for his benefactor. Massaccio patted kindly his mane. "And you, then," said he to the serpent, "have you brought me nothing? Art thou a Vitalis, or a good and honest animal like the monkey and the lion?" The serpent glided rapidly under an heap of dried leaves, and reappeared immediately, rearing itself superbly on its tail, when Massaccio saw with surprise a beautiful diamond in its mouth. "A diamond!" cried Massaccio, and stretched forth his hand to stroke caressingly the serpent and take its offering.

Massaccio then set out immediately for Venice to turn his diamond into money. He addressed himself to a jeweller. The jeweller examined the diamond ; it was of the finest water.

"How much do you ask for it ?" said he.

"Two hundred crowns," said Massaccio, thinking his demand to be great ; it was hardly the tenth part of the value of the stone. The jeweller looked at Massaccio, and said, "To sell it at that price you must be a robber, and I arrest you !"

"If it is not worth so much, give me less," said Massaccio ; "I am not a robber, I am an honest man ; it was the serpent who gave me the diamond."

But the police now arrived, and conducted him before the magistrate. There he recounted his adventure, which appeared to be a mere fairy vision. Yet as the Signor Vitalis was implicated in the story, the magistrate referred the affair to the state inquisition, and Massaccio appeared before it.

"Relate to us your history," said one of the inquisitors, "and lie not, or we will have you thrown into the canal."

Massaccio related his adventure.

"So," said the inquisitor, "you saved the Signor Vitalis ?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"And he promised you a marriage-portion for your bride, and his palace at Venice for yourself ?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"And he drove you like a beggar from his door ?"

"Yes, noble signors."

"Let the Signor Vitalis appear," said the same inquisitor.

Vitalis appeared.

"Do you know this man, Signor Vitalis ?" said the inquisitor.

"No, I know him not," replied Vitalis.

The inquisitors consulted together. "This man," said they, speaking of Massaccio, "is evidently a knave and a cheat ; he must be thrown into prison. Signor Vitalis, you are acquitted." Then, making a sign to an officer of police, "Take that man," said he, "to prison."

Massaccio fell on his knees in the middle of the hall. "Noble signors, noble signors," said he, "it is possible that the diamond may have been stolen ; the serpent who gave it me may have wished to deceive me. It is possible that the ape, the lion,

and the serpent may all be an illusion of the demon, but it is true that I saved the Signor Vitalis. Signor Vitalis," (turning to him,) "I ask you not for the marriage-portion for my bride, nor for your palace of marble, but say a word for me ; suffer me not to be thrown into prison ; do not abandon me ; I did not abandon you when you were in the pi."

"Noble signors," said Vitalis, bowing to the tribunal, "I can only repeat what I have already said : I know not this man. Has he a single witness to produce?"

At this moment the whole court was thrown into fear and astonishment, for the lion, the monkey, and the serpent, entered the hall together. The monkey was mounted on the back of the lion, and the serpent was twined round the arm of the monkey. On entering, the lion roared, the monkey spluttered, and the serpent hissed.

"Ah ! these are the animals of the pit," cried Vitalis, in alarm.

"Signor Vitalis," resumed the chief of the inquisitors, when the dismay which this apparition had caused had somewhat diminished, "you have asked where were the witnesses of Massaccio ? You see that God has sent them at the right time before the bar of our tribunal. Since, then, God has testified against you, we should be culpable before Him if we did not punish your ingratitude. Your palace and your possessions are confiscated, and you shall pass the rest of your life in a narrow prison. And you," continued he, addressing himself to Massaccio, who was all this time caressing the lion, the monkey, and the serpent, "since a Venetian has promised you a palace of marble, and a portion for your bride, the republic of Venice will accomplish the promise ; the palace and possessions of Vitalis are thine. You," said he to the secretary of the tribunal, "draw up an account of all this history, that the people of Venice may know, through all generations, that the justice of the tribunal of the state inquisition is not less equitable than it is rigorous."

Massaccio and his wife lived happily for many years afterwards in the palace of Vitalis with the monkey, the lion, and the serpent ; and Massaccio had them represented in a picture, on the wall of his palace, as they entered the hall of the tribunal, the lion carrying the monkey, and the monkey carrying the serpent.

"To what source can this tale be traced?"

"To the Arabian fable book called *Callah-u-Dumnah*," replied Lathom. "Mathew Paris recites it as a fable commonly used by our crusading Richard to reprove his ungrateful nobles, and old Gower has versified it in his *Confessio Amantis*. The translator in Blackwood seems not to have been aware of its existence in the *Gesta Romanorum*, content to translate it from the later version of Masenius, a German Jesuit, who lived at Cologne in 1657."

"Few subjects," said Herbert, "seem more involved than the history of didactic fiction. The more mysterious an investigation bids fair to be, the less we have to depend on fact, and the more we are at the mercy of conjecture, so much the more does the mind love to grasp at the mystery, and delight in the dim perspective and intricacies of the way. Each successive adventurer finds it more easy to pull down the various bridges, and break in the various cuttings by which his predecessor has endeavoured to make the way straight, than to throw his own bridge over the river or the morass of time that intervenes between the traveller and the goal."

"Four distinct sources," said Lathom, "have been contended for: the Scandinavian bards, the Arabians of the Spanish peninsula, the Armoricans or Bretons, and the classical authors of Greece and Rome. Mallet and Bishop Percy come forward as the advocates of Scandinavia; Dr. Warton writes himself the champion of the Spanish Arabians; Wilson is rather inclined to the Breton theory; and Dr. Southey and Mr. Dunlop come forward as the advocates of the classical and mythological authors; whilst George Ellis would reconcile all differences by a quiet jumble of Breton scenes coloured by Scandinavia and worked by Arabian machinery. Let us, however, adjourn this subject until to-morrow, as I wish to read you another of these tales, in order to give you some idea of the moral applications and explanations appended to them by the monkish writers. We will take Jovinian the Proud Emperor, and in this case you must be content with my own translation."

#### JOVINIAN THE PROUD EMPEROR.

IN the days of old, when the empire of the world was in the hands of the lord of Rome, Jovinian was emperor. Oft as he lay on his couch, and mused upon his power and his wealth, his heart was elated beyond measure, and he said within himself, "Verily, there is no other god than me."

It happened one morning after he had thus said unto himself, that the emperor arose, and summoning his huntsmen and his friends, hastened to chase the wild deer of the forest. The chase was long and swift, and the sun was high in the heavens, when Jovinian reined up his horse on the bank of a clear bright stream that ran through the fertile country on which his palace stood.

Allured by the refreshing appearance of the stream, he bade his attendants abide still, whilst he sought a secluded pool beneath some willows, where he might bathe unseen.

The emperor hastened to the pool, cast off his garments, and revelled in the refreshing coolness of the waters. But whilst he thus bathed, a person like to him in form, in feature, and in voice, approached the river's bank, arrayed himself unperceived in the imperial garments, and then sprang on Jovinian's horse, and rode to meet the huntsmen, who, deceived by the likeness and the dress, obeyed his commands, and followed their new emperor to the palace-gates.

Jovinian at length quitted the water, and sought in every direction for his apparel and his horse, but could not find them. He called aloud upon his attendants, but they heard him not, being already in attendance on the false emperor. And Jovinian regarded his nakedness and said, "Miserable man that I am! to what a state am I reduced! Whither shall I go? Who will receive me in this plight? I bethink me there is a knight hereabout whom I have advanced to great honour; I will seek him, and with his assistance regain my palace, and punish the person who has done me this wrong."

Naked and ashamed, Jovinian sought the gate of the knight's castle, and knocked loudly at the wicket.

"Who art thou, and what dost thou seek?" asked the porter, without unclosing the gate.

"Open, open, sirrah!" replied the emperor, with redoubled knocks on the wicket.

"In the name of wonder, friend, who art thou?" said the old porter as he opened the gate, and saw the strange figure of the emperor before the threshold.

"Who am I, askest thou, sirrah? I am thy emperor. Go tell thy master, Jovinian is at his gate, and bid him bring forth a horse and some garments, to supply those that I have been deprived of."

"Rascal," rejoined the porter—"thou the emperor! Why the emperor but just now rode up to the castle, with all his attendants and honoured my master by sitting with him at meat in the great hall. Thou the emperor! a very pretty emperor indeed; faugh,



"I'll tell my master what you say, and he will soon find out whether you are mad, drunk, or a thief."

The porter, greatly enraged, went and told his lord how that a naked fellow stood at the gate, calling himself the emperor, and demanding clothes and a good steed.

"Bring the fellow in," said the knight.

So they brought in Jovinian, and he stood before the lord of the castle, and again declared himself to be the emperor Jovinian. Loud laughed the knight to the emperor.

"What thou my lord the emperor! art mad, good fellow? Come, give him my old cloak, it will keep him from the flies."

"Yes, sir knight," replied Jovinian, "I am thy emperor, who advanced thee to great honour and wealth, and will shortly punish thee for thy present conduct."

"Scoundrel!" said the knight, now enraged beyond all bounds, "traitor! thou the emperor; ay, of beggars and fools. Why, did not my lord but lately sit with me in my hall, and taste of my poor cheer? and did not he bid me ride with him to his palace-gate, whence I am but now returned? Fool, I pitied thee before, now I see thy villany. Go, turn the fellow out, and flog him from the castle-ditch to the river-side."

And the people did as the knight commanded them. So when they ceased from flogging the emperor, he sat him down on the grass, and covered him with the tattered robe, and communed on his own wretchedness.

"Oh, my God!" said Jovinian,—for he now thought of other gods but himself,—“is it possible that I have come to such a state of misery, and that, through the ingratitude of one whom I have raised so high!” And as he thus spake, he thought not of his own ingratitude to his God, through whom alone all princes reign and live. And now he brooded over vengeance—"Ay," said he, as he felt the sore weals on his back from the scourging; "ay, I will be avenged. When he next sees me, he shall know that he who gives can also take away. Come, I will seek the good duke, my ablest counsellor; he will know his sovereign, and gladly aid him in his calamity." And with these thoughts he wrapped his cloak round him, and sought the house of the good duke.

Jovinian knocked at the gate of the duke's palace, and the por-

ter opened the wicket, and seeing a half-naked man, asked him why he knocked, and who he was.

"Friend," replied the emperor, "I am Jovinian. I have been robbed of my clothes whilst bathing, and am now with no apparel, save this ragged cloak, and no horse; so tell the duke the emperor is here."

The porter, more and more astonished at the emperor's words, sought his master, and delivered Jovinian's message to him.

"Bring in the poor man," said the duke; "peradventure he is mad."

So they brought Jovinian unto the duke's great hall, and the duke looked on him, but knew him not. And when Jovinian reiterated his story, and spoke angrily unto the duke, he pitied him. "Poor mad fellow," said the good duke, "I have but just now returned from the palace, where I left the very emperor thou assumest to be. Take him to the guard-house. Perhaps a few days' close confinement on bread and water may cool his heated brain. Go, poor fellow; I pity thee!"

So the servants did as their lord commanded, and they fed Jovinian on bread and water, and after a time turned him out of the castle; for he still said he was the emperor.

Sorely and bitterly did the emperor weep and bewail his miserable fate, when the servants drove him from the castle-gate. "Alas, alas!" he exclaimed in his misery, "what shall I do, and whither shall I resort? Even the good duke knew me not, but regarded me as a poor madman. Come, I will seek my own palace, and discover myself to my wife. Surely she will know me at least."

"Who art thou, poor man?" asked the king's porter of him when he stood before the palace-gate, and would have entered in.

"Thou oughtest to know me," replied Jovinian, "seeing thou hast served me these fifteen years."

"Served you, you dirty fellow," rejoined the porter. "I serve the emperor. Serve you, indeed!"

"I am the emperor. Dost thou not know me? Come, my good fellow, seek the empress, and bid her, by the sign of the three moles on the emperor's breast, send me hither the imperial robes, which some fellow stole whilst I was bathing."

"Ha! ha! fellow; well, you are royally mad, Why the em-

peror is at dinner with his wife. Well, well, I'll do thy bidding, if it be but to have the whipping of thee afterwards for an impudent madman. Three moles on the emperor's breast! how royally thou shalt be beaten, my friend."

When the porter told the empress what the poor madman at the gate had said, she held down her head, and said, with a sorrowful voice, unto her lord, "My good lord and king, here is a fellow at the palace-gate that hath sent unto me, and bids me, by those secret signs known only to thou and me, to send him the imperial robes, and welcome him as my husband and my sovereign."

When the fictitious emperor heard this, he bade the attendants bring in Jovinian. And lo, as he entered the hall, the great wolfhound, that had slept at his feet for years, sprang from his lair, and would have pulled him down, had not the attendants prevented him; whilst the falcon, that had sat on his wrist in many a fair day's hawking, broke her jesses, and flew out of the hall: so changed was Jovinian the emperor.

"Nobles and friends," said the new emperor, "hear ye what I will ask of this man."

And the nobles bowed assent, whilst the emperor asked of Jovinian his name, and his business with the empress.

"Askest thou me who I am, and wherefore I am come?" rejoined Jovinian. "Am not I thy emperor, and the lord of this house and this realm?"

"These our nobles shall decide," replied the new king. "Tell me now, which of us twain is your emperor?"

And the nobles answered with one accord: "Thou dost trifle with us, sire. Can we doubt that thou art our emperor, whom we have known from his childhood? As for this base fellow, we know not who he is."

And with one accord the people cried out against Jovinian that he should be punished.

On this the usurper turned to the empress of Jovinian—"Tell me," said he, "on thy true faith, knowest thou this man who calls himself emperor of this realm?"

And the empress answered, "Good my lord, have not thirty years passed since I first knew thee, and became the mother of our children? Why askest thou me of this fellow? and yet it

doth surprise me how he should know what none save you and I can know ?”

Then the usurper turned to Jovinian, and with a harsh countenance rebuked his presumption, and ordered the executioners to drag him by the feet by horses until he died. This said he before all his court; but he sent his servant to the jailor, and commanded him to scourge Jovinian; and for this once to set him free.

The deposed emperor desired death. “Why,” said he to himself, “should I now live? my friends, my dependents, yea, even the partner of my bed, shuns me, and I am desolate among those whom my bounties have raised. Come, I will seek the good priest, to whom I so often have laid open my most secret faults: of a surety, he will remember me.”

Now, the good priest lived in a small cell, nigh to a chapel about a stone’s cast from the palace-gate; and when Jovinian knocked, the priest being engaged in reading, answered from within, “Who is there? why troublest thou me?”

“I am the emperor Jovinian; open the window, I would speak to thee,” replied the fugitive.

Immediately the narrow window of the cell was opened, and the priest, looking out, saw no one save the poor half-clothed Jovinian. “Depart from me, thou accursed thing,” cried the priest; “thou art not our good lord the emperor, but the foul fiend himself, the great tempter.”

“Alas, alas!” cried Jovinian, “to what fate am I reserved, that even my own good priest despises me! Ah me, I bethink me—in the arrogance of my heart, I called myself a god: the weight of my sin is grievous unto me. Father, good father, hear the sins of a miserable penitent.”

Gladly did the priest listen to Jovinian; and when he had told him all his sins, the good priest comforted the penitent, and assured him of God’s mercy, if his repentance was sincere. And so it happened that on this a cloud seemed to fall from before the eyes of the priest; and when he again looked on Jovinian, he knew him to be the emperor, and he pitied him, clothing him with such poor garments as he had, and went with him to the palace-gate.

The porter stood in the gateway, and, as Jovinian and the

priest drew near, he made a lowly obeisance, and opened the gate for the emperor. "Dost thou know me?" asked the emperor.

"Very well, my lord," replied the servant; "but I wish that you had not left the palace."

So Jovinian passed on to the hall of his palace; and as he went, all the nobles rose and bowed to the emperor; for the usurper was in another apartment, and the nobles knew again the race of Jovinian.

But a certain knight passed into the presence of the false emperor. "My lord," said he, "there is one in the great hall to whom all men bow, for he so much resembleth you that we know not which is the emperor."

Then said the usurper to the empress, "Go and see if you know this man."

"Oh, my good lord," said the empress, when she returned from the hall, "whom can I believe? are there, then, two Jovinians?"

"I will myself go and determine," rejoined the usurper, as he took the empress by her hand, and, leading her into the great hall, placed her on the throne beside himself.

"Kinsfolk and nobles," said the usurper, "by the oaths ye have sworn, determine between me and this man."

And the empress answered, "Let me, as in duty bound, speak first. Heaven be my witness, I know not which is my lord and husband."

And all the nobles said the same.

Thereupon the feigned Jovinian rose and spake: "Nobles and friends, hearken! that man is your emperor and your master; hear ye him; know that he did exalt himself above that which was right, and make himself equal unto God. Verily he hath been rewarded; he hath suffered much indignity and wrong, and, of God's will, ye knew him not; he hath repented him of his grievous sin, and the scourge is now removed; he has made such satisfaction as man can make. Hear ye him, know him, obey him."

As the feigned emperor thus addressed the astonished nobles, his features seemed illumined with a fair and spiritual light, his imperial robes fell from off him, and he stood confessed before the assembly an angel of God, clothed in white raiment. And, as

he ended his speech, he bowed his head, and vanished from their sight.

Jovinian returned to his throne, and for three years reigned with so much mercy and justice, that his subjects had no cause to regret the change of their emperor. And it came to pass, after the space of three years, the same angel appeared to him in a dream, and warned him of his death. So Jovinian dictated his troublous life to his secretaries, that it might remain as a warning unto all men against worldly pride, and an incitement to the performance of our religious duties. And when he had so done, he meekly resigned himself, and fell asleep in death.

"So much for the story, as a story; now for the moral, with all that eccentric spirit of refinement and abstraction with which the age was characterized," said Herbert.

"The moral in this case is less eccentric than in many to which I hope we shall come before Christmas is over."

"Jovinian was but the picture of the proud, worldly-minded man, entirely given up to vanity and folly. The first knight whose castle he visited was True Wisdom, ever disdainful of the pomps and vanities of the world. The next knight was Conscience. The dog that turned against his old master, was the lusts of the flesh, our own evil desires, which will ever in the end turn against those who have pampered them. The falcon is God's grace; the Empress, Man's soul; and the clothes in which the good priest clothed the half-frozen emperor, are those kingly virtues which he had thrown off, when he gave loose to the vanities of the world."

"It must be admitted," remarked Herbert, "that from very early times a secondary meaning was commonly attached to every important work; it progressed from the sacred writings through the poetic fictions of the classics, to compositions professedly allegorical. The want of discrimination, which in our eyes assumes much of the appearance of profane levity, with which the fictions of the classics were interpreted to signify the great truths and mysteries of religion, was, perhaps, hardly reprehensible in the simple state of knowledge which prevailed at the time when these attempts at secondary interpretation were made."

"And hence it was," said Lathom, "that in the early ages it might seem to partake of little levity to prefigure our Saviour's birth in that of Bacchus; his sufferings and death in that of Actæon, or his resurrection in the legend of Hercules, as related by Lycophron; as late as the thirteenth century the Franciscan Walleys wrote a moral and theological exposition of the Metamorphoses of Ovid."

"But surely the writers of that age did not stop there," said Thompson; "was it not the case, that to these expositions succeeded compositions professedly

allegorical, and which the spirit of refinement of that age resolved into further allegories, for which they were never intended?"

"Undoubtedly so!" replied Lathom; "it was not enough that the writer of the 'Romaunt of the Rose' had allegorized the difficulties of an ardent lover in the accomplishment of his object, under the mystery of the rose which was to be gathered in a fair but almost inaccessible garden. Every profession saw in this allegory the great mystery of their craft. To the theologian it was the rose of Jericho, the New Jerusalem, the Blessed Virgin, or any other mystery to which obstinate heretics were unable to attain; to the chemist it was the philosopher's stone; to the lawyer it was the most consummate point of equity; to the physician the infallible panacea, the water of life; and does not this spirit of allegory extend to the present day, only in a somewhat different form?"

"Not unlike the present system of commentating," remarked Henry Herbert. "As soon as a poet has attained to any great reputation, and death has sealed up his writings, then comes the host of annotators and critics, each one more intent than his predecessor to develop the mind of the writer, to discover with what hidden intentions, with what feelings, this or that passage was written, and to build on some stray expression a mighty theory, for some more clever writer to overthrow, and raise a new fabric on its ruins. And in these attempts it is not the old author whose glory is sought to be heightened, but the new man who would ascend the ladder of reputation on the labours of the 'man of old.'"

"Far different," rejoined Lathom, "was the spirit which prompted the fashion of resolving every thing into allegories in the middle ages; nor, indeed, is it to be solely charged to an unmeaning and wanton spirit of refinement. 'The same apology,' says Wharton, 'may be offered for cabalistic interpreters, both of the classics and of the old romances. The former, not willing that those books should be quite exploded which contained the ancient mythology, laboured to reconcile the apparent absurdities of the pagan system with the Christian mysteries, by demonstrating a figurative resemblance. The latter, as true learning began to dawn, with a view of supporting for a time the expiring credit of giants and magicians, were compelled to palliate those monstrous incredibilities, by a bold attempt to unravel the mystic web which had been wove by fairy hands, and by showing that truth was hid under the gorgeous veil of gothic invention.' And now, Thompson, we must adjourn, you to your real Greeks and Romans, Herbert and I to Aristotle's *Summum Bonum*."

## CHAPTER II.

Discussion on the Source of Fiction Renewed—THE KING AND THE GLUTTON—GUIDO, THE PERFECT SERVANT—The Middle-age Allegories—Pliny and Mandeville's Wonders Allegorized.

"SURELY," said Henry Herbert, when the friends were again assembled, "surely the poems of the northern Scalds, the legends of the Arabians of Spain, the songs of the Armoricans, and the classics of the ancient world, have been the sources of the most prevalent fictions."

"The sources from which the monks themselves compiled these stories, but by no means the original sources," replied Lathom. "The *immediate* source must be sought in even earlier times and more eastern climes. In some instances perverted notions of Scripture characters furnished the supernatural agency of the legend; in the majority the machinery came direct from the east, already dilated and improved. In many parts of the old Scriptures we learn how familiar the nations of the east were with spells; and the elevation of Solomon Daoud to the throne of the Genii, and to the lordship of the Talisman, proves the *traditional* intercourse between God's own people and the nations of the far east."

"The theory is probable," said Thompson. "We can easily conceive how the contest of David and Goliath may have formed the foundation of many a fierce encounter between knight and giant, and the feats of Samson been dilated into the miracles of the heroes of chivalry."

"There is one very pertinent instance of such a conversion in this very book. In the book of Tobit, which is indeed referred to in the application of the tale of 'The Emperor Vespasian and the Two Rings,' we find an angel in the place of a saint, enchantments, antidotes, distressed damsels, demons, and nearly all the recognized machinery of fiction. The vagaries of the Talmud, clearly derived from eastern sources, were no small treasure on which to draw for wonders and miracles. And when we find all the machinery of the east in the poems of the Scalds, we cannot but perceive how much more reasonable it is to suppose the cold conceptions of the northern bards to have been fed from the east, than the warm imaginations of the east to have drawn their inspiration from the north."

"Very plausible, Lathom," replied Herbert; "but still this objection must not be neglected—the ignorance and misrepresentation of the religions of the east, shown through every page of the popular legends of the chivalric age."

"An objection of apparent weight, I will admit; and yet may it not have been the aim of the Christian writers to represent the infidels in the worst possible light, to pervert their creed, to exaggerate their vices? The charge of



idolatry, and the adoration of the golden image of Mahomet, may have been mere pious frauds."

"Admitting even this apology," rejoined Herbert, "the difference of religion in the east and north seems another objection. The Romans adopted the legends of Greece, and naturalized them. With the mythology came the religious rites appendant to it. How did it happen that the Scalds adopted the one without falling into the other error?"

"Are the cases similar?" replied Lathom; "were the nations alike? Was there no difference of predisposition in the Romans and the Scalds as to the adoption of the mythologies of the East and Greece? Had not long intercourse in the one case prepared the Romans to receive? did it not agree with their preconceived notions? Such was not the case with the northern nations. Children, and rude children of nature, they were in no way prepared for a similar effect; but, seizing on the prominent features of the legends presented to them, they engrafted them on their own wild and terrible stories, adding to the original matter in some cases, and rejecting portions of it in others."

"Well, I will not carry this discussion further," said Herbert, "for fear of losing a story to-night; but I by no means give up my sources of didactic fictions."

"Well, then, a truce for this evening. I will read the tale of the King and the Glutton, by which the old monk wished to illustrate the moral, that men are blinded by their own avarice."

#### THE KING AND THE GLUTTON.

THERE once lived a king of Rome, who, out of charity to the blind, decreed that every subject of his that was so afflicted, should be entitled to receive a hundred shillings from the royal treasury. Now there was in Rome a club of men who lived for the world alone, and spent all they had in rioting and eating. Seven days had they continued revelling at one tavern, when the host demanded to be paid his bill. Every one searched his pockets, but still there was not enough to pay the reckoning.

"There still wants one hundred shillings," said the innkeeper; "and until that is paid, ye go not hence."

These young men knew not what to do, as they were penniless. "What shall we do?" said they one to another. "How can we pay so large a sum?" At length one bethought him of the king's edict.

"Listen," said he, "listen to me; does not the king give one hundred shillings to every blind man that applies for it?"

"Even so," said the rest; "but what then? we are not blind."

"What then?" rejoined the young man. "Come, let us cast lots who shall be made blind, that when he is deprived of sight we may take him to the king's palace, and obtain the hundred shillings."

So the young men cast lots, and the lot fell upon the man who had proposed this plan. And the rest took him, and putting out his eyes, led him to the king's palace. When they knocked at the gate, the porter opened the wicket, and demanded their business.

"Business," said they; "see ye not our companion is blind? he seeks to receive the king's benevolent gift."

"The blindness is rather sudden," muttered the porter, who knew the young man by sight. "Well, well, I will fetch the almoner."

So the almoner, who distributed the king's charity, came to the gate, and looking on the young man, asked him what he wanted.

"A hundred shillings, which my lord the king gives to those that are blind," replied the youth.

"Thy blindness is very sudden," rejoined the almoner; "when did it happen, and where? for I saw thee yesterday with both eyes perfect in the tavern by the city wall."

"Last night, noble sir," replied the blind man, "last night, at that tavern I became blind."

"Go fetch the host," said the almoner sternly, "we will look into this matter more fully."

So when the innkeeper came, he inquired of him how the matter was; and when he had heard all their doings, he turned to the young man, and said—

"Of a surety thou knowest but half the law, and dost interpret it wrong; to such as are blind by God's act, does our gracious king give his charity; such the law protects and relieves. But thou—why art thou blind? Thinkest thou that thou dost deserve to be rewarded for voluntarily surrendering thine eyes, in order to discharge the debt thou and thy companions had contracted by gluttony and rioting? Begone, foolish man: thy avarice hath made thee blind."

So they drove away the young men from the king's gate, lamenting their folly and wickedness.

"There can be little doubt," said Herbert, "what moral the author of this tale intended to teach. The king's gift clearly illustrates God's reward of forgiveness, to those that by natural infirmity and temptation fall into sin ; as the withholding of it from the glutton, is meant to teach us how difficult it will be to obtain the forgiveness of voluntary sin, done out of pure wickedness."

"You have found out the monk's moral rightly in this tale, Henry ; but I think you will not be so successful in that which I now propose reading to you—the story of Guido, the Perfect Servant."

#### GUIDO, THE PERFECT SERVANT.

THERE was once a great emperor of Rome named Valerius, who would that every man, according to his wishes, should serve him ; so he commanded that whosoever should strike *three* times on the gate of his palace, should be admitted to do him service. In the emperor's kingdom was also a poor man named Guido, who, when he heard of his lord's commands, thus spake with himself : "Now I am a poor man, and lowly born ; is it not better to live and serve, than to starve and be free ?" So he went to the king's gate, and knocked three knocks : and lo, it was opened to him, according as it had been said ; and he was brought before the emperor.

"What seek you, friend ?" asked Valerius, as Guido bowed before him.

"To serve my king," was Guido's reply.

"What service can you perform for me ?" rejoined the emperor.

"Six services can I perform, O king : as your body-guard, ; can prepare your bed and your food, and attend your chamber. I can sleep when others watch, and watch while others sleep. As your cup-bearer, I can drink good wine, and tell whether it be so or not. I can summon the guests to my master's banquet, to his great honour and benefit. I can kindle a fire which shall warm all that seek it, and yet not smoke. And I can show the way to the Holy Land, to the health of such as shall go thither."

"By my truth," rejoined the emperor, "these are great things that thou dost promise. See that thou do them. Each for one year. Serve me first as my body-guard."

Guido was content to obey the emperor ; and he prepared to perform his duties as his body-guard. Every night he made

ready the emperor's bed, and prepared his apparel. Every night he lay before the emperor's chamber-door, armed at all points; whilst by his side watched a faithful dog to warn him of the approach of danger. In every thing did he minister so faithfully to his lord, that the emperor was well pleased with him, and, after his first year, made him seneschal of his castle and steward of his household. Then did Guido commence his labours in his second office. During the entire summer he gathered large stores of every thing needful into the castle, and collected much provision at little cost, by carefully watching his opportunities. Anon came on the winter, and when those who had slept during the times of plenty began to labour and lay up in their store-houses, Guido remained at ease, and completed his second year's service with credit to himself.

And now the third year of Guido's service came on; and the emperor called for his chief butler, and said, "Mix in a cup good wine, must, and vinegar, and give it to Guido to drink; that we may know how he doth taste good drink, and what he knoweth of its qualities."

So the butler did as he was ordered, and gave the cup to Guido, who, when he had tasted of it, said, "Of a truth it was good, it is good, and it will be good." And when the emperor asked him how these things could be, he said, "The vinegar was good, the old wine is good, and the must will be good when it is older." So the emperor saw that he had answered rightly and discreetly of the mixture, which he knew not of before. "Go, therefore," said Valerius, "through my country, and invite my friends to a banquet at the festival of Christmas now at hand;" and Guido bowed assent, and departed on his way.

But Guido did not execute his lord's commands—going not unto his friends, but unto his enemies. So that when the emperor descended into his banquet-hall, his heart was troubled; for his enemies sat round his table, and there was not a friend among them. So he called Guido, and spake angrily to him.

"How, sir! didst thou not tell me that thou knewest whom to invite to my banquet?"

And Guido said, "Of a surety, my lord."

"Did not I bid thee invite my friends? and how, then, hast thou summoned all mine enemies?"

And Guido said, "May thy servant speak?"

So the emperor said, "Speak on."

And the servant said, "My lord, there is no season or time that thy friends may not visit thee, and be received with pleasure and honour; but it is not so with thine enemies. Then I said to myself, 'Conciliation and kindness would go far to convert enemies into friends.'"

Now it turned out as Guido hoped; for ere the feast was ended, the king and his enemies were reconciled to each other, and became friends even unto the end of their days. So the emperor called Guido, and said, "With God's blessing, thy design has prospered. Come now, make for my reconciled enemies and me a fire that shall burn without smoke."

And Guido answered, "It shall be done as thou hast required, O king."

So he sent and gathered much green wood, and dried it in the sun until it was quite dry, and therewith made a fire that did cast out much heat, and yet did not smoke. So that the emperor and his friends rejoiced greatly therein. And so it was when the emperor saw how well Guido had performed his five ministries, he bade him execute his sixth service—that he might attain to great honour in his kingdom.

"My lord," said Guido, "he that would know the way to the Holy Land must follow me to the sea-shore."

So a proclamation went forth from the king to that effect; and great multitudes of men and women flocked to the sea-shore after Guido. When the people were come, Guido said, "My friends, do ye see in the ocean the things that I see?"

And the people answered, "We know not."

"See ye in the midst of the waves a huge rock?"

And the people answered, "It is even so. Why ask you this of us?"

"Know ye ail," replied Guido, "that on that rock liveth a bird, that sitteth continually on her nest, in which are seven eggs. While she so sitteth, behold the sea is calm, and men may pass to and fro over the wide waters in safety. But when she doth quit her nest, the winds blow, and the waves rise, and many perish on the waters."

Then said the people, "How shall we know when this will quittance her nest?"

And Guido answered, "She sitteth always, unless a sudden emergency happen; and then when she is away, there cometh another bird, great and strong, that defileth her nest and breaketh her seven eggs, which, when the first bird seeth, she flieth away, and the winds and storms arise; then must the shipman remain in port."

Then said the people, "Master, how may we prevent these things, and defend the bird and her nest from her enemy?"

And Guido said, "The enemy hateth the blood of the lamb, and cannot come where that is. Sprinkle, therefore, the inside and outside of the nest with this blood; and so long as one drop remaineth, the friendly bird will sit in peace, and the waves will not rage and swell, and there shall be safety on the waters of the sea."

And the people did as Guido said. They took the blood of a lamb, and sprinkled the nest and the rock therewith. Then passed the emperor and all his people to the Holy Land, and returned in peace and safety. And the emperor did as he had promised unto Guido, and rewarded the perfect servant with great riches, promoting him to high honour among the people.

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"I confess myself conquered," said Henry Herbert, as soon as the story was concluded. "Some points in the allegory are clear, as the way to the Holy Land, and the sprinkling of the blood of the Lamb, but the rest are beyond my discovering."

"The explanation," said Herbert, "is undoubtedly more recondite than any we have read as yet. The great emperor is our Father in heaven; the three blows on his gate are prayer, self-denial, charity; by these three any one may become his faithful servant. Guido is a poor Christian, by baptism made his servant. His first service is, to serve his God, and to prepare the heart for virtue. His second duty is to watch; 'for he knoweth not the day nor the hour when the Son of Man cometh.' His third task is, to taste of repentance, which was good to the saints who are departed, is good to such of us as it brings to salvation, and will be good to all in the last day. The fourth duty is, to invite Christ's enemies to be his friends, and to come to the banquet of his love; for He 'came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' The fire that burneth without smoke, is the fire of charity, which burneth free of all ill will and bad feeling. The way to the Holy Land, is our course heavenward. We

are to sail over our sea, the world ; in the midst of which standeth our rock, even our heart, on which the holy bird of God's Spirit resteth. The seven eggs are the gifts of the Spirit. When the Spirit leaves us, the devil hasteth to defile our hearts ; but the blood of the Lamb which was slain for us, even our Saviour, will ward off the attack of our enemy, so long as we are sprinkled therewith."

"The explanation is characteristic of the age," said Herbert. "What, then," rejoined Latham, "will you say to the moral drawn by these writers from the wonders that Pliny believed in, without seeing, and Sir John Mandeville tried to persuade the world he believed in, from seeing?"

"What," said Thompson, "the Anthropophagi, and men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders?"

"No creature is so monstrous, no fable so incredible, but that the monkish writers could give it a moral form, and extract from its crudities and quiddities some moral or religious lesson."

"They believed in the words of the song," said Thompson—

‘Reason sure will always bring  
Something out of every thing.’”

"Pliny's dog-headed race," said Latham, "whom Sir John places in the island of Macumaran, and at the same time gives to them a *quasi* pope for a king, who says three hundred prayers per diem before he either eats or drinks, were naturally regarded by the middle-age writers as symbolical of priestly preachers of faithful hearts and frugal habits ; whilst of those other islanders, who 'have but one eye, and that in the midst of their front, and eat their flesh and fish raw,' the monk says, 'These be they that have the eye of prayer.' The Astomes, who have no mouths, 'are all hairie over the whole bodie, yet clothed with soft cotton and downe, that cometh from the leaves of trees, and live only on aire, and by the smelling of sweet odours, which they draw through their nose-thrills,' are the abstemious of this world, who die of the sin of gluttony, even as an Astome by the accidental inhalation of bad odour. Humility is signified by the absence of the head, and the placing of the face in the breast ; and a tendency to sin is foreshadowed by a desire and habit of walking on all fours, or pride by short noses and goat's feet. The Mandevillean islanders, who had flat faces without noses, and two round holes for their eyes, and thought whatsoever they saw to be good, were earth's foolish ones ; as those foul men, who have their lips so great, that when they sleep in the sun, they cover all their face therewith, are the just men, the salt of the earth."

"One would as soon dream of allegorizing the Sciapodes of Aristophanes, or Homer's Cranes and Pigmies," said Thompson.

"And so the monk has," said Latham.

"What, the old Greek's parasol-footed people, of whom Mandeville says with such gravity, 'There be in Ethiope such men as have but one foot, and they go so fast that it is a great marvel ; and that is a large foot, for the shadow thereof covereth the body from sun or rain, when they lie upon their back ?'"

"Both Aristophanes and his follower would doubtless be as surprised in learn-

ing that their sciapodes were allegorical of the charitable of this world, as Homer would in discovering in his crane fighting pigmies those mortals who begin well, but cease to do well before they attain perfection; or in their neighbours who boast of six hands, and despise clothes in favour of long hair, and live in rivers, the hardworking and laborious among men."

"The last is decidedly the most intelligible," remarked Herbert.

"The reason of the explanation is not always clear," replied Lathom; "it is not very easy to decide why those who have six fingers and six toes are the unpolluted, and why virtuous men are represented by a race of women with bald heads, and beards flowing to their breast; nor is it very clear that virtue is well represented by a double allowance of eyes. But one curiosity remains—the beautiful men of Europe who boast a crane's head, neck, and beak. These, says the author of the *Gesta*, represent judges, who should have long necks and beaks, *that what the heart thinks, may be long before it reach the mouth.*"

"That reminds me of long Jack Bannister," said Thompson, "who was always five minutes after every one else in laughing at a joke, as it took that extra time for it to travel from his ears to his midriff, and then back again to his mouth."

And so the evening ended with a laugh.



### CHAPTER III.

**Progress of Fiction from the East to the West—The Early Christians—The Monks—The Spanish Arabians—The Crusades—THE KNIGHT AND THE KING OF HUNGARY—The English Gesta.**

"ADMITTING the east as the immediate source of fiction," said Henry Herbert, when they were met once more, "you must still regard the Spanish Arabians as the great disseminators of those extravagant inventions which were so peculiar to their romantic and creative genius."

"Less, perhaps, than many other sources. The absence of Moorish subjects from the earliest tales of chivalry, if it proves no more, at least shows how prevalent the tales of Charlemagne and his peers were in the eighth century, that a nation of conquerors could do little to infect them with legends of their own."

"How and when, then, Lathom, would you introduce eastern invention?" asked Thompson.

"I would refer it to much earlier ages, to the earliest of the Christian centuries, and contend that it was gradual, and therefore more natural; was the production of times and of ages, not the sudden birth and growth of one age; gradually augmenting until it attained to full and perfect stature."

"Still," rejoined Herbert, "we want the means by which this knowledge of eastern fable was introduced."

"Some share may be due to the return of those primitive Christians who sought refuge in the east from the persecutions of the pagan rulers of the west. Their minds were well prepared to adopt the fervent expressions of the east, and their condition prevented them from investigating the tales they heard. Hence, in the lives of these saints they were as ready to interweave the prodigies of another land; hoping, perhaps, to conciliate the minds of the eastern oriental to the tenets of their faith, by introducing fictitious incidents of oriental structure; as, to conciliate the heathen, they placed their gods and goddesses in the Christian temple, dignifying them with a new name, and serving them with novel ceremonies."

"Admitting the probability, still your machinery seems deficient."

"It is but a portion of my machinery. Much more was due to the clouds of monks, who, during the third and fourth centuries, wandered over the face of the habitable world."

"When Gibbon admits that the progress of monachism was co-extensive with that of Christianity," suggested Frederick Thompson.

"The disciples of Antony," said Herbert, "we are assured spread themselves beyond the tropic, over the Christian empire of Ethiopia."

"Their distribution was universal," said Lathom; "every province, almost every city of the empire, had its ascetics; they feared no dangers, and deemed no seas, mountains, or deserts, a barrier to their progress."

"The roving character of the monks, therefore," says the last translator of the Gesta, "is another link of the chain by which I introduce oriental fiction into the west; and it is utterly impossible (maturely weighing the habits and propensities of this class of people) that they should not have picked up and retained the floating traditions of the countries through which they passed. Some of the early romances, as well as the legends of the saints, were undoubtedly fabricated in the deep silence of the cloister. Both frequently sprung from the warmth of fancy, which religious seclusion is so well tended to nourish; but the former were adorned with foreign embellishments."

"Did it ever occur to you," said Thompson, "that the story of Ulysses and Circe bears a wondrous likeness to that of Beder the prince of Persia, and Giahome princess of Samandal, and that the voyages of Sinbad afford the counterpart of the Cyclops of the Odyssey?"

"It would be but consistent with the reported travels of Homer, to allow an eastern origin to a portion of his fable," said Lathom.

"After your banished Christians and roving monks," said Herbert, "you would admit the Spanish Arabians."

"As one means, certainly," replied Lathom; "and after them the Crusaders."

"It were almost superfluous," rejoined Herbert, "to allude to the Crusades as further sources of romantic and didactic fiction. No one will dispute their right to a place in the system. About the period of the third crusade this kind of writing was at its height."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined Lathom, "that age was the full tide of chivalry. Twenty years elapsed between that and the fourth and fifth expeditions into the east; and nearly a generation passed before, for the sixth and the last time, the wealth and blood of Europe was poured upon the plains of the east. Enough of money and life had been now spent to satisfy the most enthusiastic of the crusading body, and to check, if not to stem, the tide of popular feeling which had formerly run so strong in favour of the restoration of the sepulchre and the holy city to the guardianship of the faithful. Time was now at last beginning to allay the Anti-Saracenic passion. With the decline of these remarkable expeditions romantic fiction began to be regarded. For though originally extraneous and independent, romantic fictions had of late years become incorporated with chivalry and its institutions, and, with them, they naturally fell into decay."

"Come, come, we must break off this discussion," said Thompson, "or else we shall have no time to judge of Lathom's performance this evening."

"The story I selected to begin with is one replete with eccentricity, and peculiarly characteristic of the age," it is entitled—

## THE KNIGHT AND THE KING OF HUNGARY.

THERE was a merry feast in the palace of Philonimus, the emperor of Rome, and his fair child, the maiden Aglae, sat by his side, whilst a brave knight that loved the maiden dearly, sat on the other hand of the emperor. For the knight was bound for Palestine, to aid in rescuing the holy city from the power of the infidels, and the emperor held a high festival in honour of that knight.

The feast was over in the hall, and the knight led the maiden from beside her father's throne to the floor of the hall, and danced with her, whilst the king's minstrels played a measure.

And as he danced, the knight talked with the lady, and the lady talked with the knight, and often sighed she when he spoke of his voyage to the Holy Land, and the great deeds he would perform for the glory of God, and the love of the fair lady. Then said the knight, "Lady, fair lady! to-morrow's dawn sees me on my way to Palestine, and for seven years I bind myself to fight for the holy city. Plight me, dearest, thy troth, that this seven years you take no other husband, and I will plight thee my troth that for that time I will take no wife; and if this day seven years I come not again, then art thou free from thy promise."

The lady was pleased with the words of the knight, and they vowed their vow, the one to the other.

Then sailed the knight for Palestine, and for years they wist not where he was. At length, the king of Hungary came to the emperor's court, and he looked on the beauty of Aglae, and sought her of her father for his queen. And the emperor was glad; for the king was a great and good king. Then said he, "So be it, if my daughter consent."

And Aglae bowed her head, when the king of Hungary spoke to her, and said, "Oh lord, the king, I am not free to be thy wife; for lo, these six years past I vowed to marry no man, and lo, one year more remains of my vow; until the end of which, I cannot accept the honour of my lord the king."

Then said the father, "Since thou hast so vowed, I will not break thy vow. Wait then, my lord, yet one year, and then my daughter shall be thy bride."

So the king of Hungary returned to his kingdom.

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Aglæ sat at her chamber window, and looked out upon the road that led towards her father's palace. "Alas, alas!" she said, "it wants but one day to complete the seven years of my vow. To-morrow, my love promised to be with me again from the Holy Land. To-morrow, the king of Hungary comes to claim me. Ah me, what shall I do, if my love comes not, I must be the king's bride;" and she bent her face on her hand, and wept sorely.

As the day drew near, the king of Hungary prepared to seek his bride. A great company was gathered together, and many waggons of presents were prepared to accompany the king. But when he saw them, and how slowly they journeyed, he left all his company, and went his way alone, eager to claim Aglæ as his bride, so soon as the seven years were ended. The king was royally arrayed in purple, and his steed was clothed in gorgeous trappings. Now, as he drew nigh to Rome, a knight rode after him, who was covered from head to foot in a long black cloak, and bore on his shoulder a white embroidered cross. "Hail, Sir Knight," said the king, "whither travellest thou; what news from the Holy Land?"

"To Rome, my lord," rejoined the knight, halting his steed alongside of the king's, "the Cross has gained the victory."

"Thither, too, do I travel, Sir Knight; I am the king of Hungary, I go to seek my bride, the emperor's fair daughter; I pray thee bear me company on the road."

The knight acceded to the king's proposal, and as they journeyed, they talked of the holy war in Palestine, and rejoiced that the city of the holy sepulchre was free from the power of the Saracens. As they thus talked together, the sky became cloudy, the wind howled through the woods, and the rain fell so fast, that the king's apparel was wet through.

"My lord," said the knight, "ye have done foolishly in that ye have not brought your house with you."

"My house, Sir Knight! how meanest thou? my house is large and broad, made of stones and mortar; how should I bring with me my house? thou art beside thyself, Sir Knight!"

But the knight said nothing until they came to the bank of a broad stream, into which the king, being out of humour, plunged

his horse, at the same time striking his spurs deeply into him, so he missed the ford, and would have been drowned but for the knight's help.

"My lord," said the knight, when they were safe on the river's bank, "thou shouldest have brought thy bridge with thee."

"My bridge," said the king, "how strangely thou speakest, Sir Knight; my bridge is made of stones and mortar, and is half a mile long, and yet thou sayest, why have I not my bridge? thou art foolish, Sir Knight!"

"Perhaps," replied the knight, "my folly may turn thee to wisdom."

And as they rode on, the king asked of the knight what hour of the day it was.

"For those that are hungry," replied the knight, "it is time to eat; dismount therefore, my lord, and honour me by partaking of the food I have with me."

So they both sat down under a tree, and ate of the food that was in the knight's wallet, and drank of the clear stream that ran beside them. When their meat was finished, and they were once more mounted, the knight said:—

"O king, why didst not thou bring with thee thy father and thy mother?"

"My father, Sir Knight, is dead, and my mother is old and cannot travel; how then could I bring them? Verily, thou art the most foolish man that I did ever meet with."

"That is as it may be," said the knight with a smile, "every thing is judged by its end. Now, O king, farewell! I may not ride with thee to the emperor's palace, thither lays thy road, farewell."

"But stay, Sir Knight," said the king, "whither ridest thou then?"

"Seven years ago, I left a net in a place, and now I go to see. If I find it not broken, then will I take it home, and keep it, as a precious jewel; if it be broken, I will leave it to thee. O king, once more, farewell."

So speaking, the knight turned away from the high road, and went by a shorter way towards Rome, to the emperor's palace. The king rode upon the highway. Now, as the king drew near to Rome, one of the emperor's servants met him, and went and

told the emperor, how that the King of Hungary was riding all alone towards the city, and was wet and weary with his journey. Then the emperor set out to meet the king, and received him royally, and took his wet clothes off him, and clothed him with his own imperial robes. Then the trumpets sounded to dinner, and the emperor and the king descended to the hall ; but Aglae was not there, for she kept her chamber, and her father refused her not, as it was the last day of her seven years' vow.

"Brother," said the emperor, as soon as the meats were removed from the table, "I pray thee tell me of thy journey."

Then the king told him how he left his own company to come after, and fell in with the crusader on his journey, and how he was dressed, and what he said as they rode together.

"Surely," said the emperor, "that knight was a wise man : for the house of which he spoke was thy cloak ; the bridge was thy squire, that should have ridden before thee to try the depth of the stream ; and what was thy father and mother save bread and wine, which thou shouldest have brought with thee ? But why did he leave thee ?"

"When we came where two roads met," rejoined the king, "he left me, saying, that seven years since he left a net in a private place, and he went to see whether it were broken or not, that he might treasure it as a jewel if it were unbroken, and if broken, resign it to me."

Then the emperor cried with a loud voice, "Ho ! my knights and servants, go ye to my daughter's chamber."

So the knights and servants went, and found not the lady, for her lover had stolen her away while the kings dined.

"Even so, as I expected," said the emperor ; "brother, the knight's folly has taught thee wisdom."

"Yea, brother," rejoined the king sorrowfully, "truly said the knight, every deed is judged by its end."

So the king returned to Hungary ashamed ; and when the knight and the maiden returned to her father, his heart yearned towards her, and he wept over her, and received them with joy.

"This last tale," said Lathom, as soon as he had concluded his manuscripts, "comes not from the old Latin books, but from what is called the English Gesta."

"An imitation of the original, I suppose," said Thompson.

"So thought that antiquarian, Mr. Douce," replied Lathom.

"Is it not natural, that a work so remarkable as this old Latin Gesta seems to have been, should have stimulated some person to compose a similar work for this country?" suggested Herbert.

"If the English version was not intended for the same work as the original, it is difficult to account for the striking identity between the stories in each of the Gesta; whilst the difference between the two works is in no respect greater than is consistent with that great latitude which the old transcribers and translators gave themselves."

"It is, therefore, Lathom, in your opinion, as much an original work as Donne's Satires modernized by Pope, or Horace's Art of Poetry translated by Roscommon," said Thompson.

"Yes, or as Dr. Johnson's version of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal."

"We must be thinking of adjourning," said Herbert, as the college clock began to strike eight.

"Or we may find ourselves inscribed among St. Peter's madmen," said Lathom.

"St. Peter's madmen—who were they?" exclaimed Herbert and Thompson together.

"Five men St. Peter deemed to be madmen," rejoined their host. "One ate the sand of the sea so greedily that it ran out of his mouth: verily he was the covetous man of this world. The next madman stood over a pit filled with sulphur and pitch, and strove to inhale the noxious vapour that rose from the burning mass: he was the glutton and the debauchee. A third lay on a burning furnace, and endeavoured to catch the sparks that rose from it, that he might feast on them; for he was rich, and would have fed on gold, though it would have been his death. The next lunatic sat on the pinnacle of the temple, with his mouth open to catch the wind, for he was a hypocrite; whilst the last madman devoured every finger and toe of his own he could get into his mouth, and laughed at others; for he was a calumniator of the good, and devoured his own kind."

"And the sixth stayed up to read in a Christmas vacation," suggested Thompson.

## CHAPTER IV.

Modern Conversions of the Old Tales—THE THREE BLACK CROWS—King Lear—THE EMPEROR OF ROME AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS—The Merchant of Venice—THE THREE CASKETS

"WHAT a mine must these tales of the old monks have been to writers of every age," said Herbert, as the friends returned to their old book for the fourth evening.

"The purloiners of gems from their writings have been innumerable, and of all ages. Gower, Lydgate, Chaucer, Shakspeare, of olden days; and in a later time, Parnell, Schiller, Scott, and Southey have been indebted to the didactic fictions of the old monks for many a good plot, and many an effective incident."

"As the old monks themselves were indebted to the earlier legends of other lands, the traditions of their own convent, or the meagre pages of an old chronicle."

"Even the veteran joker, Mr. Joe Miller, has been indebted to the Gesta for one of his standard tales," said Lathom; "The Three Black Crows dates back to the middle ages."

"The moral, however, was hardly so polite as that now attached to the story; for the monk boldly headed his tale with this inscription,

'Of women who not only betray secrets and lie fearfully.'

"Pray let us hear the original Joe Miller," said Thompson.

"Here then you have," replied Lathom, "the original—

Tale that will raise the question, I suppose,  
What can the meaning be of three black crows?"

## THE THREE BLACK CROWS.

ONCE upon a time, there lived two brothers, the one a cleric, the other a layman. The former was always saying that no woman could keep a secret, and as his brother was married, he bade him test the truth of this assertion on his own wife. The layman agreed; and one night, when they were alone, he said, with a sorrowful face, to his spouse:



"My dear wife, a most dreadful secret hangs over me ; oh that I could divulge it to you ; but no, I dare not ; you never could keep it, and, if once divulged, my reputation is gone."

"Fear not, love," rejoined the wife ; "are we not one body and one mind ; is not your advantage my benefit, and your injury my loss ?"

"Well, then," said the husband, "when I left my room this morning a deadly sickness came upon me, and after many a pang, a huge black crow flew out of my mouth, and, winging its way from the room, left me in fear and trembling."

"Is it possible ?" asked the wife ; "yet why should you fear, my life ? be thankful rather that you have been freed from so noxious and troublesome an occupant."

Here the conversation ended. As soon as it was day, up got the wife, with her thoughts full of the black crow, and hastened to a neighbour's house.

"Dearest friend," said she, "can I trust you with a secret ?"

"As with your life," rejoined the confidant.

"Oh, such a marvellous accident happened to my husband !"

"What ? what ?" asked the anxious friend.

"Only last night, he felt deadly sick, and, after a great deal of pain, two black crows flew out of his mouth, and took wing from the room."

Away went the wife home, with her mind disburthened of the awful secret ; whilst her friend hastened to her next neighbour, and retailed the story, only with the addition of one more crow. The next edition of the legend rose to four ; and at last, when the story had gone round the gossips of the village, a flock of forty crows were reported to have flown from the poor man's mouth ; and there were not a few who remembered seeing the black legion on the wing from the man's window. The consequence of all this was, that the poor husband found himself saddled with the very questionable reputation of a wizard, and was obliged to call together the village, and explain to them the true origin of the fable. On this his wife and her confidants were overwhelmed with ridicule and shame, and the men of the village were the more impressed with the truth of the cleric's maxim.

"Did the old monk attempt a further interpretation of his ungallant fable?" asked Herbert.

"Undoubtedly," replied Lathom. "The unfortunate husband typified the worldly man, who thinking to do one foolish act without offence, falls into a thousand errors, and has, at last, to purge his conscience by a public confession."

"Let us now pass on to Shakspeare's plagiarisms," said Herbert.

"Improvements—new settings of old jewels, which only heighten their lustre—not plagiarisms," replied Lathom. "King Lear dates back to the *Gesta Theodosius* of Rome occupies the place of the British king, his child Theodosia is Shakspeare's Cordelia."

#### THE EMPEROR OF ROME AND HIS THREE DAUGHTERS.

THEODOSIUS was emperor of Rome, mighty in power, and wise in counsel. He had no son, but three daughters, whom he loved exceedingly. Now when they were come of full age, the emperor called unto him the eldest and said, "How much lovest thou me?"

"More than mine ownself," replied the eldest.

"It is good," rejoined her father, "thou shalt be rewarded for thy love."

So he married her unto a neighbouring king of great power and wealth. Then he sent for his second daughter, and asked her the same question.

"Even as I do myself," was the reply.

At this the emperor was well pleased, and he kissed his child, and said, "I will reward thee for this thy love." So he married her unto one of the greatest nobles of his realm.

At last he sent for his youngest daughter, and when she was come into his presence, he asked her likewise, "how much she loved him."

Theodosia bowed her head, and bent her knee to her father, as she mildly replied, "Even as my father deserveth."

Then was the emperor hurt with her reply, and he said, "Lovest thou me no more than this? thy reward shall be less than thy sisters." So he married her unto a poor but good lord, who was one of the lesser nobles of his kingdom.

Time past away, misfortune came upon the emperor, and his kingdom was all but taken from him by the king of Egypt.

Then said he to himself, "I will appeal to my children," so he wrote to his eldest daughter for aid.

"My lord, the king, I have here a letter from my father," said the eldest daughter to her husband, "he asketh help of us in his misfortunes."

"Is it not just that we should aid him?" replied the king; "we will raise an army, and go and fight for him."

"Nay, my lord," rejoined his wife, "consider the expense, send my father five knights to keep him company in his wanderings."

"Alas, alas!" said the aged emperor when he read his eldest child's answer, "in her was my chief trust; she, that loved me more than herself, hath done only this much, how then shall I trust the other two?"

Then wrote he to the second daughter, who, when she read her father's letter, advised her husband to grant him food, lodging, and raiment, during the time of his need. The emperor was sore grieved at this reply. "Now have I tried my two daughters, and have found them wanting, let me try the third," so he wrote to his youngest child.

When the messenger brought the emperor's letter to Theodosia, she wept sorely as she read how that her father was driven from his capital, and was become a wanderer in his own kingdom. Then went she to her husband and said,

"Oh, my dear lord, by thy love towards me, succour me in this great distress: my father is driven from his capital by the king of Egypt, and even now wanders up and down his own kingdom, homeless and unattended."

"As thou willest, Theodosia," replied the noble, "so will I do."

"Gather then a great army, raise again my father's banner, and go, my lord, fight for my father's throne, and under God's blessing thou shalt conquer."

Gladly the noble obeyed the wishes of his wife; gladly did he summon his retainers and friends, and raise the royal standard. His example was all that was required; numbers flocked to the royal standard, for they wished well to the emperor, but lacked a leader. Then led he his forces against the king of Egypt, and long and fierce was the battle; but at length the emperor's friends prevailed, the Egyptian was driven from the land, and

the emperor reseatd on his throne. It was a happy day for his people when Theodosius reascended his throne : round him stood all his nobles, and on his right hand his youngest daughter, and on his left her noble husband, to whom he was indebted for his restoration. Before his footstool stood his other children and their husbands, and sought to do him homage. But the emperor forbade them, and turning to his nobles he said—

“The child that loved me but as I deserved, hath succoured me in this my time of trouble ; the twain that professed to love me more abundantly, have failed in the trial God ordained to them and to me. I pray ye, my nobles and knights, to ratify this my wish. When I die, let the kingdom pass to her and to her husband, for she succoured her father and her country : but for these other two, let them go hence.”

And the nobles and knights with one accord said, “It is well said ; be it so.”

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“Is the Merchant of Venice among the list of plots borrowed from the *Gesta*?” asked Herbert.

“It is inscribed as a debtor to two tales ; to the one for the incident of the bond, to the other, for that of the Three Caskets.”

“I thought,” said Frederick Thompson, “the incident of Shylock’s bond came from the Italian of Fiorentino, a novelist of the fourteenth century.”

“It is found there, and is generally translated from his work in the preface to the play, but is also found, in almost the same words, in the English *Gesta*, in the story of Selestinus, the Wise Emperor, who had a Fair Daughter.”

“You claim also the incident of the Three Caskets.”

“I claim one form of it for my old monks in the story of the Carpenter and the owner of the Lost Treasure, and another form in the tale found in the English *Gesta* of the Emperor Anselmus.”

“What is the legend of the Carpenter?” asked Herbert.

“He is supposed to have found some gold, and to be doubting whether he should restore it to its owner, whom chance has led to the carpenter’s cottage in his inquiries after his lost treasure. To satisfy his mind he makes three cakes ; one he fills with earth, another with bones, and the third has a piece of gold within it. On giving his guest the choice, the traveller is led by the weight to choose the one full of earth, and claiming a portion of that containing bones, should the first not satisfy his hunger, he gives the lightest to his host. Thus convinced that the man does not deserve his lost treasure, the carpenter drives him from his hut, and distributes the money to the poor.”

“This is but a slight hint,” said Herbert ; “the choice is exactly contrary to that of the play.”

"In the latter story, whether original or copied, the choice is identical with that in the Merchant of Venice. The moral the writer intended to read was the deceitfulness of outward appearances."

"The old proverb," suggested Thompson, "all is not gold that glitters."

"I will read now the form of the story in the English Gesta."

#### THE TALE OF THE THREE CASKETS.

CENTURIES have passed since Anselmus reigned in Rome, whose empress was the fair daughter of the king of Jerusalem, and gracious in the sight of every man. Long had they lived happily together, but were not blest with a child, to comfort their lives, and to inherit their power and honours. And it came to pass that as the emperor walked in his garden, he bethought him of the constant wars of the king of Ampluy, his neighbour, who ceased not to trouble him, because he had no son to defend his dominions. And as he walked and mused, he looked on the moon, and fell into a trance, and dreamed a dream, how that the morning was very bright, and the moon looked paler on the one side than on the other. And then there flew towards him a bird of two colours; two beasts came and stood by the bird, and warmed the little creature with their heat. And lo, other beasts, mighty and terrible, came, and bowed themselves before the little bird, and went their way; and then followed these many other birds of bright plumage and sweet song, and they sang pleasantly, and waked the emperor.

Anselmus was troubled with his dream, and he called for his wise men, his nobles, and his counsellors, and told them of his vision, and sought from them the interpretation of his dream. When the wise men, the nobles, and the counsellors had considered of these things, they spoke cheerfully unto the king.

"Sire," said they, "the vision betokens good to the empire, its glory shall be clearer than it is. The loss of colour in the moon, prefigures the loss of strength to our empress when a child is born unto you. The little bird is this child, our prince. The two beasts that warmed him, are the good and the great of our empire, who will give of their substance to sustain and cherish their prince. And whilst the other nations, mighty and strong, shall bow down before him, as the beasts did in the vision, so

shall our people rejoice and sing with exceeding joy, as the birds sang sweetly and pleasantly in thy dream. Such, O king, is the interpretation of the vision."

Exceeding glad was the emperor at these words, and his joy was the more increased when a son was born unto him, according to the words of the wise men.

When the king of Amply heard of the birth of the prince, he was afraid, remembering the wrong he had done to Anselmus, and foreseeing the vengeance he would experience from the prince when he should come of age and lead the armies of his father. So he turned his mind to peace, and wrote humbly unto the emperor. When Anselmus read the king's letter he replied in peaceful terms, and promised him his protection and friendship, if he would give securities for his conduct, and acknowledge his sovereignty by a small tribute.

King Amply read the emperor's letter to his council, and prayed their counsel as touching the matter. Then said the counsellors, "The emperor's words are good, and to be obeyed. As for the surety that he asks; is there not to our lord one daughter, a maiden fair and goodly withal, and is there not to the emperor one son, a noble prince? Contract, therefore, marriage between thy child and his, that there may be a perpetual peace."

The king obeyed the advice of his counsellors; he wrote their words unto the emperor, who received them gladly, and the marriage contract was signed.

So the king sent his child by sea to the emperor's court. The ship was a great ship, with fair masts, and able pilots, glittering with gay pennants and costly ornaments, and it bore a goodly company of nobles, knights, and titled dames, with many and rich presents to do honour to the marriage of the maiden and the prince.

And it came to pass that as they sailed towards Rome, a storm rose, and drove the ship hither and thither over the waves, until she brake against a rock, and sank into the waters. And all they that were in her were drowned, save the daughter of the king, who put her trust in God and was saved. At length the storm abated, and the ship, broken and helpless, rose from beneath the waves and floated. But, lo, a great whale followed after the ship, to swallow up it and the maiden. So the maiden struck a

light, and lighted a fire, that terrified the whale, which dared not to approach the ship for fear of the fire. At break of day, she fell asleep, for she was weary of watching; and as she slept the fire ceased for want of fuel, and the whale came and devoured the maiden.

When she awoke, darkness was around her on every side, for she was in the belly of the whale; but she feared not, but struck with the stone until the fire came, and thrust with a knife into the sides of the whale, that he made towards the shore, for he felt that he was wounded.

In that country dwelt a noble, a servant of the emperor, who for his recreation walked on the shore the time the whale was making towards the land. When he saw the monster, he turned homeward, summoned his servants, and returning to the shore fought with the whale until it was sore wounded, and like to die. And even as they smote the fish, the maiden cried with a loud voice from within the whale,

"Mercy, gentle friends; mercy on me, for I am a king's daughter."

Wondering greatly at these words, the noble hauled the fish ashore, and opening the side of the whale, released the lady from her prison. And when he heard her story, he pitied her sore, and took her to his own castle to comfort her until he could convey her to the court of the emperor.

When Anselmus heard of the maiden's safety, he rejoiced greatly, and came to her, and had compassion on her.

"Fair maiden," said the emperor, "sorely as thou hast been tried, and great woe as thou hast suffered for the love of my son, still must thou endure another trial ere thou be proclaimed worthy to be his wife! Let the caskets be brought hither."

Then the king's servants brought three caskets. The first was of pure gold, richly set about with precious stones; but within was full of dead men's bones. On this was inscribed, "WHOSO CHOOSETH ME, SHALL FIND WHAT HE DESERVETH." The second casket was made of fine silver, filled with earth and worms; and its inscription was, "WHOSO CHOOSETH ME, SHALL FIND THAT HIS NATURE DESIRETH." But the last vessel was made of lead, and without was dull and useless; but within were precious stones.

On this casket was written, "WHOSO CHOOSETH ME, SHALL FIND THAT WHICH GOD HATH DISPOSED FOR HIM."

Then said the emperor, "Maiden, look on these three vessels, they be rich vessels; if thou choose that wherein is profit to thee and to others, then thou shalt marry my son; but if thou choose that in which is no profit to thee or to others, then in peace return to thy father."

The king's daughter lifted up her hands to God, and prayed for his grace in the hour of her trial. First she looked upon the golden casket, and as she read the words of its inscription, she said, "Full, precious, and gay, art thou, O casket, but I know not what is within; therefore, dear lord, I choose not this."

Then looked she on the silver casket, and its inscription, "Whoso chooseth me, shall find that which his nature desireth." "Alas!" said the maiden, "I know not what is herein; but this I know, that I shall therein find that which my nature desireth, even the wickedness of the flesh. Casket of silver, I will have none of thee."

Lastly she looked on the leaden casket.

"Poor art thou, O casket, to look upon, and yet thy inscription giveth comfort; thou promisest, 'that which God hath disposed;' and God never disposeth any thing harmful; by his permission, I take thee, O casket."

Then cried the emperor, "Well done, thou fair and good maiden; open thy casket, for it is full of precious gifts. Well hast thou chosen."

Then appointed he the day of the wedding; and the maiden and the prince were married with great solemnity, and with much honour among all the nation lived they until their lives' end.

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"Your title is, I think, perfected," said Herbert.

"And yet there are those that can put in an earlier claim," said Lathom.

"An earlier claim; how far back then would you carry it?"

"Nearly to the eighth century; one link between the east and the west Damascenus, the Greek monk, who wrote the spiritual romance of Barlaam and Josaphat, makes the hermit Barlaam, late the king of a brother monarch, who commanded four chests to be made, two covered with gold, and two overlaid with pitch, and bound with common cords. In the former he placed deag



men's bones, in the latter jewels, gold, and precious ointments. He then gave his courtiers the choice; and when they chose the golden coffers, the king said, 'I anticipated your decision, for ye look with the eyes of sense. To discern the good or evil that lies within, we must look with the eyes of the mind.' Then he opened the chests, and showed his courtiers their error."

"It is that kind of tale that would be most acceptable to all writers," said Herbert.

"The general use they have made of it, in one form or other, is evidence of its popularity. Boccaccio has dressed it up under the story of the King and Signor Rogiero, and Gower has versified it, filling the unlucky chest with earth, stones, and rubbish, instead of men's bones. To-morrow evening, I will give you some more instances of this kind of conversion of the old monks' stories"

## CHAPTER V.

**THE PROBABLE AUTHOR OF THE GESTA—MODERN CONVERSIONS—PARNELL AND SCHILLER—THE ANGEL AND THE HERMIT—THE POET'S IMPROVEMENTS—FULGENTIUS AND THE WICKED STEWARD—IRVING'S VISION IN THE MUSEUM—THE CLAIMS OF THE OLD WRITERS ON THE NEW**

"ON what nation have the antiquaries endeavoured to fix the authorship of these tales?" replied Herbert.

"Here doctors disagree: Warton contends for a Poitevin prior of the Benedictine convent of St. Eloi at Paris; whilst Douce argues for a German origin, because in the moralization attached to one tale there is a German proverb, and in another the names of some dogs are partly German, partly Saxon."

"Might not this arise from the pen of a translator or adapter?" suggested Thompson.

"More than probably it did. The fact of the scenes in one or two of the tales being laid in England, may tend to show that the copy in which they appear was prefaced by a writer of that country: as the introduction of the German proverb would lead us to suppose that the editor of that copy was a German."

"Is it not probable," said Herbert, "that this book may have been a mere collection of the popular tales of the age in which it was written, confined to no particular country, drawn from every available source; thus leaving to the reputed author, the task of arrangement and transcription, rather than of origination?"

"It is now useless to endeavour to determine this point: as in the history of fiction it is far more easy to upset prior theories, than to set up new ones," replied Lathom.

"Whose conversions, as you kindly denominate them, do you propose illustrating this evening?" asked Thompson.

"Parnell and Schiller," rejoined Lathom, "the Lay of the Hermit, and the ballad of Fridolin. We will begin with Parnell."

## THE ANGEL AND THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild unknown to public view, in a cell which he had hollowed out with his own hands, on the edge of an open down, from youth to age a reverend hermit grew. The neighbouring lord's shepherd was wont to feed his sheep on short but sweet pasture of the hermit's down.

One day the poor shepherd, fatigued with watching, fell asleep, and a robber came and stole the lord's flock. When he awoke, he discovered the loss, and stoutly maintained that the sheep had been stolen, but the lord would not believe the shepherd, and commanded him to be put to death.

The hermit saw the deed, and thus communed with himself:—"Merciful God, seest thou what this man hath done, and how the innocent suffers for the guilty? Why permittest thou these things? If injustice is to triumph, why remain I here? Verily I will re-enter the world, and do as other men do."

Impressed with these thoughts, the hermit left his cell, and wandered back to the world and the abodes of men, and on his way, an angel, sent from God, met him, and being in the form of a traveller, he joined himself to the hermit, and asked him which way he journeyed.

"To the city that lieth before us," rejoined the hermit.

"I will accompany you," replied his companion; "I am an angel sent from God, to be the associate of your wanderings."

So they walked onwards to the city. When they entered the gates, they sought the house of a soldier, and entreated him, by God's love, to give them harbourage during the night. The veteran complied with cheerfulness, and spared not of the best of his substance, for the entertainment of the travellers. The hospitable soldier had but one child, an infant in the cradle. And so it happened, that when supper was ended, the veteran lighted the guests to his best chamber, and the angel and the hermit retired to rest. About midnight the hermit awoke, and saw the angel rise from the bed, enter the chamber where the infant slept, and strangle it with his own hands.

"Surely," said the hermit to himself, "this cannot be an angel of God; did not the good soldier give us every thing that we required? and now, lo, the only child that he had, is slain by this, his guest." And yet he feared to reprove his companion.

With the morning, the hermit and the angel arose, and sought a neighbouring city, where they found a hospitable reception in the house of one of its chief persons. This man had a valuable drinking cup of gold, which the angel purloined during the night, but the hermit yet was silent, for he feared more than he doubted. On the morrow the travellers continued their journey, and on

their way they came to a river, over which was a bridge thrown. They ascended the bridge, and met, midway, a poor and aged pilgrim.

"My friend," said the angel to the old man, "show us the way to yonder city."

As the pilgrim turned him to show the angel the road, he seized him by the shoulders, and cast the old man headlong into the river that ran beneath.

"Alas ! alas !" cried the hermit to himself, "it is the evil one himself. Why ? what evil had the poor man done ?" and yet, with all his thoughts, the hermit feared to give utterance to his fears.

About the hour of vespers, the travellers reached another city, in which they sought shelter for the night ; but the master of the house refused them rudely.

"For the love of heaven," said the angel, "spare us of thy house for shelter against the wolves and other wild beasts."

"That," rejoined the man, "is my pigstye, lie ye there if it so please ye ; for ye come no other whither."

"Necessity," replied the angel, "forces us to accept your ungracious offer."

On the morrow, the angel called the host, and said, "Friend, I give you this goblet," presenting to him the cup he had stolen from his former host.

"Now," said the hermit, "know I that this is no angel ; doth he not reward evil for good, and good for evil ? No longer will I travel with you : fare thee well, I commend thee to God."

"Dear friend," rejoined the angel, "hear me ere you depart. Whilst thou wert in thy hermitage, the lord of the flock unjustly slew his careless, but innocent, servant. For his innocence he will be in a fit state to enter another world ; but had he lived, he would have fallen into sin, and died before repentance could have followed. Eternal punishment shall follow them who stole the sheep ; but repentance and acts of faith shall repair the error which the owner of the flock committed in his ignorance. Truly the soldier was hospitable, but he loved his son overmuch ; ere then, he was charitable and merciful, but on the birth of his child, he grew parsimonious and covetous, that he might leave a fortune to his son. With his child's death hath returned his Christian

virtues to his parent. Before that cup was made, which I stole from our host who owned it, there was not a more abstemious person in this world ; but with that cup came the love of indulgence and inebriety. I took away the temptation, and our host is once more abstemious. Again, I cast the poor pilgrim into the river. He whom I drowned was a good Christian ; but had he proceeded further, he would have fallen into mortal sin : now he is saved and is reigning in heaven. Neither did I bestow the cup on the inhospitable citizen without reason : he gave us his swine's house ; he has received his reward—the temptation of gluttony and pleasure. Guard, therefore, thy lips ; detract not from the Almighty ; to him all things are known.”

At these words, the hermit fell at the feet of the angel, and besought his pardon. It was acceded to him, and he returned to his hermitage a wiser and a better Christian.

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“Admitting, of course, the identity of the main incidents, Parnell must have the credit of heightening those he has used with many masterly touches of poetic colouring, and of a happier arrangement of circumstances,” said Herbert, who had been following the story in the poet's works.

“Many indeed are the proofs of his genius and address in the treatment of the subject,” said Lathom. “And no one more striking, than his delaying the discovery of the angelic nature of the visitant until the close of the story ; and thus introducing a beautiful description and interesting surprise.”

“Read us the part,” said Thompson.

“It is where the angel has just thrown the guide into the river—

Wild, sparkling rage inflames the hermit's eyes,  
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,  
Detested wretch—but scarce his speech began,  
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man.  
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet ;  
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet ;  
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;  
Celestial odours breathe thro' purple air ;  
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,  
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.  
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,  
And moves in all the majesty of light.”

“Do you suppose that the Gesta was known to the poet ?” asked Frederick Thompson.

"Harcly—he is far more likely to have taken the incidents of his poem from the Divine Dialogues of the Platonist More ; who affixes to his version of the tale some reflections well worth reading. 'The affairs of this world,' says the old Platonist, 'are like a curious, but intricately contrived comedy and we cannot judge of the tendency of what is past—or acting at present before the entrance of the last act, which shall bring in righteousness in triumph ; who though she hath abided many a brunt, and has been very cruelly and spitefully used hitherto in the world, yet at last, according to our desires, we shall see the knight overcome the giant.' . . . But impatiently to call for vengeance upon every enormity before that time, is rudely to overturn the stage before the entrance of the fifth act, out of ignorance of the plot of the comedy ; and to prevent the solemnity of the general judgment, by more paltry and particular executions."

"Thanks for the old Platonist's remarks," said Herbert. "I could have wished them more elaborate, were not Schiller's Fridolin waiting for the conclusion of them, to come upon our stage."

"I will give you, then, one form of Schiller's ballad."

#### FULGENTIUS AND THE WICKED STEWARD.

WHEN Martin was emperor of Rome, his uncle Malitius was steward of his household, and his nephew Fulgentius, his only sister's son, an orphan, was his constant attendant, his cup-bearer at meals, and his page of his chamber. For Martin loved his nephew, and was kind to him ; and regarded him as his own child, for he was not a father. Malitius hated this Fulgentius ; seeing that if he should succeed to the kingdom, his own son would lose that crown, which he had so long regarded as his by right of inheritance. Day and night he thought how he might cause Martin to discard Fulgentius.

"My lord," said he with a face of assumed distress, one day to the emperor, "it is with great pain, my lord, that I speak unto you, but in that I am thy true servant, it is my duty to warn my sovereign of any thing that lessens his honour and repute."

"Speak on," said the emperor.

"Will my lord," rejoined the steward with apparent anxiety, "keep what I shall tell him a secret between him and me?"

"If thou wishest it, Malitius," said the emperor.

"Oh, my dear lord, how ungrateful is the world," began the steward.

"Well, well, that is as it may be," rejoined the emperor ;

"but to your secret, the sun is rising high in the heavens, and my horses wait me."

"Your nephew, Fulgentius—"

"Ha!" said Martin, "Fulgentius; what of him?"

"I grieve to say, my lord, he most ungratefully defames you among his companions, speaking ill of your habits, and especially of your breath, and saying, that it is death to him to serve you."

"If I could but prove this," muttered the emperor.

"Remark him, my lord, when he next serves you with the cup, and if he turns away his head when he gives you the goblet, be sure that he so accuses, and thus endeavours to make the bystanders believe that his accusation is true."

"It is well," replied the emperor; "go, good Malitius, we will remember your advice."

Then went the steward unto Fulgentius, and spoke kindly to him, and professed, as a friend and a near relative, to warn him how nearly he was about to lose the good wishes of Martin, and perhaps forfeit his succession to the throne.

"Fulgentius, my dear relative," said he with a fawning smile, "thy breath is sadly displeasing to the emperor, and he talks of removing you from near attendance on his person."

"O, good sir," replied the youth, "can this be true?"

"Alas! I fear it is so. I have experienced it myself; but be sure it is merely temporary ill health, it will soon pass off."

"And before then, I shall have lost my uncle's good opinion. What shall I do, Malitius?"

"There is but one thing," replied the steward; "when you hand the cup to the emperor, turn away your head from him; then will he not be incommoded by your breath, and will see that you do your best to please him."

"Thanks, good Malitius. Your advice has made me feel happy."

"Thy happiness be thy ruin," muttered Malitius to himself as he turned away.

That day Fulgentius attended on his uncle at dinner; and as he handed to him the cup he held it far off, and turned away his face, lest he should distress the emperor.

"Wretch!" cried the emperor, at the same time striking Fulgentius on the breast; "now know I that it is true what I have

heard of thee ; go, go from my sight, thou varlet, I thought to have made thee a king ; but now see my face no more."

Sorely wept Fulgentius as he passed from the hall, amid the jeers and scoffs of his former companions ; for he was now disgraced, and they cared not for him.

"Malitius," said the emperor, "let thy son supply the place of this ingrate. Come, my good lord, counsel me how I may rid myself of this varlet that disgraces me before the world."

"Sire, this would I propose ; some miles from this city your workmen burn lime in a vast forge in the forest ; send to them this night, and bid them cast into their furnace whoever first comes to them to-morrow morning, and asks of them 'Have you performed the emperor's will.' Call also Fulgentius to thee, and bid him early on the morrow go to the lime-burners, and ask them whether they have fulfilled your commands : then will they cast him into the fire, and his evil words will perish with him."

And the emperor did so. He bade Fulgentius be at the kilns before sunrise ; and that night sent a horseman to the lime-burners, bidding them burn the first man that on the morrow should inquire of them, whether they had performed the emperor's will.

Long before sunrise, Fulgentius rose from his sleepless couch, and hastened to perform his uncle's commands, hoping by this means to regain the goodwill of the emperor. As he went on his way with a heavy heart, and drew near to the wood within the depths of which the lime-burners dwelt, the sound of the matin bell of a neighbouring chapel arrested his steps. The tones of the bell seemed to bring peace to his troubled mind, and he turned from the path towards the way-side chapel, and offered up his prayers and thanksgivings to his God. But as the service was ending, the fatigue he had undergone disposed him to rest himself, so he sat himself down in the porch of the chapel, and fell asleep.

"Poor child," said the good priest as he passed through the porch, "thou lookest wearied and careworn ; sleep on, no one shall disturb thee." When he awoke, the sun was going down in the heaven.

Malitius was as sleepless during the night as the poor youth, and his anxiety drove him early from his bed, and suffered him



not to be at peace all the day. Now when it was noon the steward could no longer remain in the palace, but he hastened to the lime-kilns, and demanded of the lime-burners "whether they had performed the emperor's will."

"Not yet," cried they with hoarse voices, "but no fear, master; it shall be done forthwith."

With these words, one of the men seized Malitius, and hurried with him in their arms to the mouth of the kiln.

"Merely, merely, good sirs," cried the steward, "it is Fulgentius you should burn; not me."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the lime-burners; "we know neither thee, nor Fulgentius; thou art the first man that has come here this day and asked us, 'Whether we have done the emperor's will:' so peace, man, peace. Ha! ha! his will is done."

So Malitius died in the fire.

It was past noon when Fulgentius awoke, and the sun was going down in its course.

"Alas! alas!" he said, "I have delayed to perform my lord's will."

And he hastened through the wood, and came to the lime-kilns.

"What wantest thou, boy?" asked the chief of the lime-burners.

"Tell me, tell me, sirs," asked Fulgentius anxiously, "hast thou performed the command of the emperor?"

"Ay, my lad, right well; come, look into the furnace—and see, his bones yet burn."

"His bones; whose bones, sirs?" asked Fulgentius, aghast with fear.

Then they told him all that had been commanded them, and how Malitius coming first to the lime-kilns had been cast into the fire and burnt.

"Thanks be to God," said the youth devoutly kneeling, "who hath saved me from this terrible death;" with these words he bade the burners farewell, and returned to his uncle's palace.

"Hah," said the emperor, when Fulgentius bowed himself before his uncle's throne, "thou here, sir varle; hast thou not been to my lime-burners?"

"Verily, my lord, I have been there and performed thy commandment: but before I came your will had been performed."

"Performed," rejoined the emperor, "how performed? Malitius; is he not here?"

"No, my lord, he is burnt in the lime-kiln," replied the youth; "he came first to the kiln, and the burners obeyed your commands, and he is dead, and I have escaped. But, O my dear uncle, how couldest thou contrive such a death for thy poor nephew!" and he wept bitterly.

Then did they each declare to the other the deceits of the wicked steward; and the emperor raised up the youth, and acknowledged him before all his people, as his very true and good nephew, his heir and successor to the throne; rendering thanks to God who had preserved the uncle from so deadly a sin against his relative, and the nephew from so horrible a death.

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"The German poet has been equally successful in his amendments with Parnell," said Herbert.

"In none more so," said Thompson, "than in substituting in the place of the unpleasant bodily affection, the more courtly failing of jealousy excited in the mind of the knight by the malice of the huntsman Robert."

"Was it then from this old book, or from some similar tradition of his own country, that Schiller obtained his incidents?" asked Herbert.

"It is impossible to determine; it is said that Schiller learnt his plot from an Alsatian legend that he heard at Manheim; and yet the similarity of the incident renders it more than probable that the poet was acquainted with this form of the tale. The story as it appears in the monks' books, and the tradition of Alsace most probably started from the same original, which, being immediately written down by the monk, we now have in its original form. The tradition went on from mouth to mouth, and became gradually varied to suit the popular feelings."

"Your instances of conversion, Lathom," said Thompson, "remind me of Washington Irving's vision in the library of the British Museum, when all the old writers leapt down from their shelves and despoiled the moderns of the patchwork garments, made of the shreds of countless writers, and left them plucked of their borrowed plumes"

"Nay," replied Lathom, "rather of those few who had borrowed gems from the writers of old, and by new setting and repolishing, so improved their original lustre, that the former owner was eager to tender his thanks to his modern adapter, who had renewed his long lost glories."

"I am afraid your old monks would have had as many to pluck of their borrowed plumes, as to compliment on their ingenuity as working jewellers," said Thompson.

"The process of recovery would be curious in some cases," said Herbert: "the modern adapter would have to settle with Lydgate or Gower; the old poet would resign his title to the middle-age monk or chronicler; and he perhaps be finally stripped of his gem by some eastern fabler."

"Be sure that Shakspeare, Parnell, and Schiller would meet with more thanks than reproaches," was Lathom's reply, as he closed his book for that evening.

## CHAPTER VI.

Curiosities of the Gesta—THE WICKED PRIEST—The Qualities of the Dog—THE EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER, Curious Application—THE EMPEROR LEO AND THE THREE IMAGES—An Enigma.

"THE use Shakspeare has made of your monks' tales, would seem to augur a certain popularity of the work in the days in which he wrote," said Herbert, when the friends met on their sixth evening.

"A greater popularity than will now be credited: in the reign of Elizabeth and her successor, the Gesta Romanorum seems to have been sufficiently well known to admit of a frequent reference to it on the stage," replied Lathom.

"Allusions to the work, not incidents from it," asked Herbert.

"Yes, in the anonymous comedy of Sir Giles' Goose Cap, published early in James's reign, one of the characters speaks of the 'quips and quick jests of his lordship as so good, that Gesta Romanorum were nothing to them;' whilst Chapman in his 'May-Day,' which dates in 1611, says, 'one that has read Marcus Aurelius, Gesta Romanorum, and the Mirror of Magistrates, to be led by the nose like a blind bear that has read nothing!'"

"The slightest knowledge of the accomplishments of the Tudor and early Stuart times, compels us to admit the extensive acquaintance with Latin writers, possessed by classes, to whom now they seem so little fitted," remarked Herbert.

"An acquaintance arising in all probability from the absence of a native literature, as well as from the position held by the Latin language in that age; the French of the present generation," rejoined Thompson.

"Whose conversions have we to-night?" asked Herbert.

"Not any: not that my catalogue is run out, but partly because I have not been able to keep up with the speed of our reading; and partly because I wished to illustrate the moralizations attached to the tales, which we have lately rather lost sight of."

"What peculiar doctrine are you intending to illustrate?" asked Herbert.

"The 26th article of our Church, that the effect of the ordinance is not taken away, nor the grace of God's gifts diminished by the ministration of evil men;" it is the story of

## THE WICKED PRIEST.

IN the reign of Otho there was a certain wicked priest who created much dissatisfaction among his parishioners; and many

were extremely scandalized. One of them, in particular, always absented himself from the mass when it was the turn of this priest to celebrate it. Now it happened on a festival day, during the time of mass, that as this person was walking alone through a meadow, a sudden thirst came upon him, insomuch that he was persuaded, unless present relief could be obtained, he should die.

In this extremity continuing his walk, he discovered a rivulet of the purest water, of which he copiously drank; but the more he drank, the more violent became his thirst. Surprised at so unusual a circumstance, he said to himself,

"I will find out the source of this rivulet, and there will I satisfy my thirst."

With these thoughts he went up the stream. And as he went, a venerable old man met and asked him whither he was going.

"Father," he replied, "I am oppressed with an unquenchable thirst, and even now I drank of this rivulet; but lo, the more I drink, so much the more I thirst; and I now seek its source, if, perchance, I may there quench my thirst, and not die."

The old man pointed with his finger, "There," said he, "is the spring-head of the rivulet. But tell me, my honest friend, why are you not at church, and, with other good Christians, hearing mass?"

"Truly, master," answered the man, "our priest leads such an execrable life, that I think it utterly impossible that he should celebrate it so as to please God."

"Suppose what you say is true," replied the old man; "observe this fountain, from which so much excellent water issues, and from which you have so lately drunk."

He looked in the direction pointed out, and beheld a putrid dog, with its mouth wide open, and its teeth black and decayed, through which the whole fountain gushed in a surprising manner. The man regarded the stream with terror and confusion of mind, ardently desirous of quenching his thirst, but apprehensive of poison from the fætid and loathsome carcass, with which, to all appearance, the water was imbued.

"Be not afraid," said the old man, observing his repugnance,

"thou hast already drank of the rivulet, drink again ; it will not harm thee."

Encouraged by these assurances, and impelled by the intensity of his thirst, he partook of it once more, and instantly recovered from the drought.

"Master, dear master," exclaimed the man, "never man drank of such delicious water."

"See now," the old man answered, "as this water, gushing through the mouth of a putrid dog, is neither polluted, nor loses aught of its natural taste or colour, so is the celebration of the mass by a worthless minister ; and, therefore, though the vices of such men may displease and disgust, yet should you not forsake the duties of which they are the appointed organ."

Saying these words, the old man disappeared ; and what the other had seen, he communicated to his neighbours, and ever after punctually attended mass. He brought this unstable and transitory life to a good end, and passed from that which is corruptible to inherit incorruption.

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"There is but one fiction," said Herbert, "in this legend which requires further explanation ; why the stream of the fountain of life is made to flow through the rank jaws of a putrid dog, rather than that of any other animal."

"The incident is intentional," rejoined Lathom ; "an old couplet ascribes to the dog four special qualities ; a healing tongue, a distinguishing sense of smell, a perfect love, and unremitting watchfulness."

"You allude to the lines

'In cane bis bina sunt, et lingua medicina,  
Naris odoratus, amor integer, atque latratus,'"

said Thompson.

"Yes," rejoined Lathom, "these four qualities, say the old writers, ought to be diligently cultivated by a priest. By his tongue he should heal the sick at heart, and probe the wounds of sin, careful not to heal with roughness the soul's wounds, but to lick them as the dog does those of the body. His keenness of perception should be able to distinguish the true confession from the false one ; to see what is due to cunningness, what to internal struggles, what to reckless contempt of consequences. He, too, should have as unshaken a love for the Church and the faith, as the dog for its master or its charge : ready to lay down his life for his flock. As the watch-dog of the great King, his warning voice must be raised against enemies from without, preventing, by

his diligence in his calling, the machinations of the world and its master against the soul."

"The mass is a slight anacronism in the reign of Otho," said Herbert.

"You must not mind such trifles. Otho has as little to do with the wicked priest, as Pompey, whether the great or an unknown namesake of his, with the incidents of the story of

#### THE EMPEROR'S DAUGHTER.

MANY centuries ago, there reigned a great and good emperor, whose name was Pompey. He had an only daughter, of remarkable beauty, whom he loved so dearly, that day and night he ordered five of his most valiant knights to watch over her; and on pain of their lives to guard her from harm. Day and night did these brave men keep watch and ward over the lady's chamber. A lamp burned above the door, that the approach of an enemy might be more readily detected; and a faithful mastiff lay on the threshold, whose watchfulness was as unremitting, as his bark was loud and shrill. But all these precautions were fruitless. The princess loved the world and its pleasures; and sighed to mingle in its busy scenes, and gaze upon its gorgeous pageants. One day as she looked from her window, a certain duke rode by, and he looked upon her beauty, and loved her with a false love.

Day after day did the duke endeavour to withdraw the princess from her guardians, and numerous were the devices by which he sought to accomplish his designs upon her and her father's throne. At length by the promise of unbounded pleasure, the duke persuaded the princess to overturn the lamp that burned at her chamber door, and to poison the dog that lay at her threshold.

That same night, when the lamp was quenched, and the mastiff silenced, the duke stole upon the guard and bore away with him the maiden.

On the morrow, great was the confusion at the emperor's court. Men rode hither and thither in pursuit of the fugitives, for no one knew which way they had fled. One knight alone hit upon their track; a great and terrible knight he was, the emperor's cham-

vion : and he came upon them and slew the duke, and brought the maiden back to her father.

Very wroth was the emperor with his daughter, and he left her to bewail her sins in solitude. Time and reflection brought repentance, and the princess bewailed her sins bitterly.

Now there was a good old man at Pompey's court, who was ever ready to intercede with the emperor on behalf of penitent offenders, and to whose words Pompey listened willingly. This lord came to the emperor and told him of his daughter's repentance ; and his words were pleasant to the emperor, so that the father was reconciled to his child, and she was betrothed by him to a nobleman of worth and power.

Many and precious were the bridal gifts the princess received.

The good old lord gave her a robe of the finest and richest wool, on which was worked this moral—"I have raised thee up, beware how thou fall again." He gave her also a ring, of which the legend was, "What have I done ? How much ? Why ?"

From her father she received a golden coronet, on which was engraved, "Thy dignity is from me."

From the king's champion, who rescued her from her seducer, she received a ring, and the legend was, "I have loved thee, do thou return my love."

The king's son gave her a ring, and on it was written, "Thou art noble, despise not thy nobility." Whilst on that which her brother presented to her was engraved, "Approach, fear not, I am thy brother."

The last gift was from her husband, a golden signet that confirmed her inheritance, and which bore this motto, "Now thou art espoused, be faithful."

The princess received these gifts with gratitude, and parted not with them but with her life.

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"The meanings of some of these presents are clearly too recondite to be guessed at," remarked Herbert on the conclusion of the tale.

"You will say so, when we read them. But first of the actors in the tale," rejoined Lathom, "the emperor is our *Heavenly Father*, and his daughter, the *human soul*, which he delivers to the *five senses*, armed by the powers of bap-



tism, to guard from injury. The burning lamp is the *will*, shining brilliantly in good works, and dispelling the gloom of sin. The watchful dog is *conscience*; as often as the soul breaks any of the commands of God, it may be said to look abroad on the world and its dangers. Then comes the devil, the great seducer, whose triumph over the soul is easy, when the lamp of the will is extinguished, and the barking of conscience is silenced. Then God arises as our champion, and fights for us against the world, the flesh, and the devil, and leads back the sinning soul to the palace of the heavenly king. The sage Lord, the Mediator, is our Saviour: 'for he is our peace, who hath made both one.'"

"This is tolerably clear and probable," said Thompson.

"The marriage presents will compensate for it.—From him," continues the moral, "we received the aforesaid gifts; first a cloak descending to the ankle, that is, his most precious skin; and said to be of delicate texture, because it was woven with stripes, blood, bruises, and other various instances of malice; of which texture nothing more is meant than this, 'I have raised thee up, because I have redeemed thee; do not throw thyself into further evil.' That same Christ, our king, gave to us a glorious crown, that is, when he submitted to be crowned for our sakes. And of a truth, 'thy dignity is from me,' even from that crown. Christ is our champion, who gave us a sign—that is, the hole in his right hand; and we ourselves can see how faithfully it is written, 'I have loved thee, do thou also love.' He gave us another ring, which is the puncture in his left hand, where we see written, 'What have I done? How much? Why?' 'What have I done?' I have despoiled myself, receiving the form of a servant. 'How much?' I have made God and man. 'Why?' To redeem the lost. Concerning these three, Zachary xiii. 'What are the wounds in the middle of thy hands?' and he answered, saying, 'I am wounded by these men in their house, who loved me.' Christ is our brother, and son of the Eternal King. He gave us a third ring,—to wit, the hole in his right foot; and what can be understood by it, but, 'Thou art noble, despise not thy nobility?' In like manner, Christ is our brother-german. And he gave us a fourth ring, the puncture in his left foot, on which is written, 'Approach, fear not, I am thy brother.' Christ is also our spouse; he gave us a signet, with which he confirmed our inheritance: that is, the wound made in his side by the spear, on account of the great love with which he loved us. And what can this signify, but, 'Thou art joined to me through mercy. Sin no more.'"

"You have established the character of the Gesta for recondite moralization," said Thompson, "will you give us a tale rather more intelligible?"

"Willingly," rejoined Lathom, "you shall have the tale that Gower has versified."

#### THE EMPEROR LEO AND THE THREE IMAGES.

A CERTAIN Roman emperor, Leo, was so fond of looking upon a pretty face, that he made three fair female images, and placed them

in a temple, that all his subjects might look on them and worship. One statue stood with its hand extended towards the worshippers, and bore on its finger a golden ring, on which was the legend, "My finger is generous." The second figure had a beard of beaten gold, and on its brow was written, "I have a beard; if any one be beardless, let him come to me, and I will give him one." The third figure had a cloak of gold and a purple tunic, and on its breast was written, "I fear no one." With so many temptations came a law, that whosoever stole either the ring, the beard, or the cloak, should surely die. A thief was soon found. According to the poet:—

"There was a clerk, one Lucius,  
A comlier, a famous man;  
Of every wit some what he can,  
Out-take that him lacketh rule,  
His own estate to guide and rule—"

So he took to riotous living, "and was not wise in his doing;"  
*ergo*—

"After the need of his desert,  
So fell this clerkè in povertè."

The thief, whether poor man or ruined clerk, removed the treasures, was seen by the people, and brought before the emperor, on the charge of breaking the royal edict.

But the thief said, "Good, my lord—suffer me to speak."

And the emperor said, "Speak on."

Then said the man, "Lo, as I entered the temple of the three images, the first image extended to me its finger, as though it would say, 'take this ring;' but yet I doubted of its wishes, until I read the superscription, 'my finger is generous;' then knew I that it was the pleasure of the statue to give the ring, and I obeyed and took it. Then came I to the image with the beard of gold. Methinks the maker of this had no beard; shall the creature be better than the creator? that were a plain and manifest wrong. But still I was modest, and hesitated, until the words of the inscription, 'Let he that is beardless come to me, and I will give him one,' forbade me to refuse to supply my own wants by the statue's gift. As for the golden cloak, it was in pure charity that I took it away. Stone is cold, and metal is cold; the image is of the for-

mer, the cloak of the latter. In winter it was adding cold to cold, in summer it was too heavy and warm for the season. Still should I have forborne to rob the statue of its cloak, had I not seen the words, 'I fear no one.' Such intolerable arrogance, in a woman too, was to be punished. I took the cloak to humble the statue's pride." But all these excuses were useless.

"Fair sir," replied Leo, "do you not know the law, that he who robs the statues shall die?—let the law be obeyed ;" and it was as the emperor said.

"Your tale reminds me strongly of the witticisms by which the elder Dionysius justified his theft of the golden cloak of Jupiter and the beard of Æsculapius," said Herbert.

"What when he exchanged the cold gold garment for the warm woollen robe, and took off the beard of the son of the Beardless?" remarked Thompson ; "but let us hear the moral."

"The moral of this tale," said Lathom, "is the least strained, and perhaps the best of all the applications attached to the legends. The emperor is God. The three images, the three sorts of mankind in whom God takes delight. The first image with its extended hand and proffered gift, is no bad symbol of the poor and simple of this world, who prevail little among the great and powerful, unless their gift is ready in the extended hand."

"Why fleecest thou the poor?" asks conscience. "May I not receive the proffered gift when freely offered?" replies the wicked man. "Did I not take it, men would laugh at me—to curb their tongues I take."

"A bitter, and too often true lesson, in all times and all nations," remarked Herbert. "We seldom want for a good excuse."

"The second image," continued Lathom, "is the symbol of those who are raised to wealth, by God's especial blessing, and from whom the wicked seek to take away their property by every pretext. 'We are bald,' cry they, 'we are poor,' 'let us divide this man's riches among us.'"

"There were chartists in those days as well as now ; levelling comes natural to some minds," said Thompson. "But to the third figure."

"The image with the golden cloak," continued Lathom, "represents the good man in power and authority, who fears not the evil man, encourages virtue, and eradicates vice. 'He is proud ; he is a tyrant,' cry the people ; 'we will not have this man to reign over us.' But, says the old monk, 'The end of these men is according to the law of the Lord, for they perish miserably.'"

"The old priest's moral has so well satisfied me, that I am sorry that our evening is come to a close," said Herbert.

"Well—it must be so : but come," replied Lathom, "you shall have an

enigma to discover. An emperor found a sarcophagus on which were three circles, with these words: '*I have expended—I have given—I have kept—I have possessed—I do possess—I have lost—I am punished.*' Whilst on the front of the chest was written, '*What I have expended, I have: What I gave away, I have.*' Read me this inscription."

"Read it, read it," remarked Thompson with a smile, "'it is very easy to say, Read it read it,' as Liston used to say; 'but do it, do it'—that is a different matter Well! it is a good night-cap at the worst."

## CHAPTER VII.

CURIOSITIES OF THE GESTA—Byrkes' Epitaph—THE LAY OF THE LITTLE BIRD—THE BURDENS OF THIS LIFE—Ancient Fairs—Winchester—Modern Continental Fairs—Russia—Nischnei Novgorod.

"WE confess ourselves conquered," said Herbert, when the next evening was come ; " your old monk's learning is too recondite for us."

" First, then, comes ' I have expended : ' what ?—my life—in judgment, in advice, in authority. ' I have given '—equipments to my servants and warriors, charity to the needy. ' I have kept '—exact justice. ' I have possessed '—a generous and true heart. ' I do possess '—a hand to bestow, to protect, to punish. ' I have lost '—my folly, the friendship of my foes, the desires of the flesh. ' I am punished '—for my sins."

" So far, so good ; but the most abstruse remains unexplained," said Thompson : " on the front of the sarcophagus was written—' What I have expended, I have ; what I gave away, I have : ' how do you read these sayings ?"

" I am afraid I cannot help you," rejoined Lathom ; " the story seems to be defective at this point, and we must fall back on the suggestions of the translator, of whom I have spoken before. Mr. Swan refers the words, ' What I have expended, I have,' to a judicious outlay of property, by which various benefits are reaped by the expender in the persons of his descendants ; whilst the other words, ' What I gave away, I have,' he explains of the thanks of the poor and the blessings of heaven consequent on charitable gifts."

" Your story reminds me of the old epitaph in Doncaster Church," said Herbert, " which Gough gives in these words :

' Howe, howe, who is heare ?  
I, Robert of Doncaster, and Margaret my feare (wife),  
*That I spent, that I had ;*  
*That I gave, that I have ;*  
*That I left, that I lost :*

A.D. 1579.

Quoth Robertus Byrkes,  
Who in this worlde  
Did reygne three  
Score yeares and seven  
And yet lived not one ? "

" The three centre lines of his epitaph, indeed, bear a curious likeness to some of the inscriptions on the sarcophagus ; perhaps the wise man who com-

posed the epitaph may have seen your old monk's book, or heard its moralities in many an old pulpit exhortation in his early days," said Thompson.

"Coincidences are oftentimes just as remarkable as plagiarisms," said Herbert; "but come, Sir Tale-teller, what entertainment have you for us this evening?"

"A little poetry, not of my own; but so closely resembling the old tale of the Gesta, that I prefer this poetic version, of the Lay of the Little Bird, to my own stiff prose."

#### THE LAY OF THE LITTLE BIRD.

"In days of yore, at least a century since,  
There liv'd a carle as wealthy as a prince:  
His name I wot not; but his wide domain  
Was rich with stream and forest, mead and plain;  
To crown the whole, one manor he possess'd  
In choice delight so passing all the rest,  
No castle, burgh, or city might compare  
With the quaint beauties of that mansion rare.  
The sooth to say, I fear my words may seem  
Like some strange fabling, or fantastic dream,  
If, unadvis'd, the portraiture I trace,  
And each brave pleasure of that peerless place.  
Foreknow ye then, by necromantic might  
Was rais'd this paradise of all delight:  
A good knight own'd it first; he, bow'd with age,  
Died, and his son possess'd the heritage:  
But the lewd stripling, all to riot bent,  
(His chattels quickly wasted and forespent,)  
Was driven to see this patrimony sold  
To the base carle of whom I lately told.  
Ye wot right well there only need be sought,  
One spendthrift heir, to bring great wealth to nought.  
A lofty tower and strong, the building stood  
Midst a vast plain surrounded by a flood;  
And hence one pebble-paved channel stray'd,  
That compass'd in a clustering orchard's shade;  
'Twas a choice charming plat; abundant round  
Flowers, roses, odorous spices cloth'd the ground;

Unnumber'd kinds, and all profusely shower'd  
Such aromatic balsam as they flower'd,  
Their fragrance might have stay'd man's parting breath,  
And chas'd the hovering agony of death.  
The sward one level held, and close above,  
Tall shapely trees their leafy mantles wove,  
All equal growth, and low their branches came,  
Thick set with goodliest fruits of every name.  
In midst, to cheer the ravish'd gazer's view,  
A gushing fount its waters upward threw,  
Thence slowly on with crystal current pass'd,  
And crept into the distant flood at last :  
But nigh its source a pine's umbrageous head  
Stretch'd far and wide in deathless verdure spread,  
Met with broad shade the summer's sultry gleam,  
And through the livelong year shut out the beam.

“ Such was the scene : yet still the place was bless'd  
With one rare pleasure passing all the rest :  
A wondrous bird of energies divine  
Had fix'd his dwelling in the tufted pine ;  
There still he sat, and there with amorous lay  
Waked the dim morn, and closed the parting day :  
Match'd with these strains of linked sweetness wrought  
The violin and full-toned harp were nought ;  
Of power they were with new-born joy to move  
The cheerless heart of long-desponding love ;  
Of power so strange, that should they cease to sound,  
And the blithe songster flee the mystic ground,  
That goodly orchard's scene, the pine-tree's shade,  
Trees, flowers, and fount, would all like vapour fade.

‘ Listen, listen to my lay !’

Thus the merry notes did chime,

‘ All who mighty love obey,

Sadly wasting in your prime,

Clerk and laic, grave and gay !

Yet do ye, before the rest,

Gentle maidens, mark me tell !

Store my lesson in your breast,

Trust me it shall profit well :

Hear, and heed me, and be bless'd !

So sang the bird of old ; but when he spied  
The carle draw near, with alter'd tone he cried—  
' Back, river, to thy source ! and thee, tall tower,  
Thee, castle strong, may gaping earth devour !  
Bend down your heads, ye gaudy flowers, and fade !  
And wither'd be each fruit-tree's mantling shade !  
Beneath these beauteous branches once were seen,  
Brave gentle knights disporting on the green,  
And lovely dames ; and oft, these flowers among,  
Stay'd the blithe bands, and joyed to hear my song :  
Nor would they hence retire, nor quit the grove,  
Till many a vow were pass'd of mutual love ;  
These more would cherish, those would more deserve ;  
Cost, courtesy, and arms, and nothing swerve.

“ O bitter change ! for master now we see.

A faitour villain carle of low degree ;  
Foul gluttony employs his livelong day,  
Nor heeds, nor hears he my melodious lay.'

“ So spake the bird ; and, as he ceas'd to sing,  
Indignantly he elapp'd his downy wing,  
And straight was gone ; but no abasement stirr'd  
In the clown's breast at his reproachful word :  
Bent was his wit alone by quaint device  
To snare, and sell him for a passing price.  
So well he wrought, so craftily he spread—  
In the thick foliage green his slender thread,  
That when at eve the little songster sought  
His wonted spray his little foot was caught.  
' How have I harm'd you ?' straight he 'gan to cry,  
' And wherefore would you doom me thus to die ?'  
' Nay, fear not,' quoth the clown, ' for death or wrong ,  
I only seek to profit by thy song :  
I'll get thee a fine cage, nor shalt thou lack  
Good store of kernels and of seeds to crack ;  
But sing thou shalt ; for if thou play'st the mute,  
I'll spit thee, bird, and pick thy bones to boot.'



‘Ah, woe is me!’ the little thrall replied,  
‘Who thinks of song, in prison doomed to bide?  
And, were I cook’d, my bulk might scarce afford  
One scanty mouthful to my hungry lord.’

“What may I more relate?—the captive wight  
Assay’d to melt the villain all he might;  
And fairly promis’d, were he once set free,  
In gratitude to teach him secrets three;  
Three secrets, all so marvellous and rare,  
His race knew nought that might with these compare.”

“The carle prick’d up his ears amain; he loos’d  
The songster thrall, by love of gain seduc’d;  
Up to the summit of the pine-tree’s shade  
Sped the blithe bird, and there at ease he stay’d,  
And trick’d his plumes full leisurely, I trow,  
Till the carle claim’d his promise from below:  
‘Right gladly,’ quoth the bird; ‘now grow thee wise:  
All human prudence few brief lines comprise:  
First then, lest haply in the event it fail,  
YIELD NOT A READY FAITH TO EVERY TALE:’  
‘Is this thy secret?’ quoth the moody elf,  
‘Keep then thy silly lesson for thyself;  
I need it not:—‘How be ’tis not amiss  
To prick thy memory with advice like this,  
But late, meseems, thou hadst forgot the lore;  
Now may’st thou hold it fast for evermore.  
Mark next my second rule, and sadly know,  
WHAT’S LOST, ’TIS WISE WITH PATIENCE TO FOREGO.’

“The carle, though rude of wit, now chafed amain;  
He felt the mockery of the songster’s strain.  
‘Peace,’ quoth the bird; ‘my third is far the best;  
Store thou the precious treasure in thy breast:  
WHAT GOOD THOU HAST, NE’ER LIGHTLY FROM THEE CAST:’  
—He spoke, and twittering fled away full fast.  
Straight sunk in earth, the gushing fountain dries,  
Down fall the fruits, the wither’d pine-tree dies,  
Fades all the beauteous plat, so cool, so green,  
Into thin air, and never more is seen.

‘Such was the meed of avarice :—bitter cost !  
The carle who all would gather, all has lost.’ ”

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“There is something very eastern about this tale,” remarked Herbert at its conclusion.

“It is found in the old Greek monk’s legend of Barlaam and Josaphat,” replied Lathom, “to whom it is more probable that it came from the east, than from any other source.”

“Such a story, I should suppose, has been freely used by later writers,” said Thompson.

“It appears in the *Disciplina Clericalis* of Alphonsus, in the *Golden Legend* of Caxton, and in *Lydgate*, under the title of ‘The Chorle and the Bird ;’ but besides these and Mr. Way, whose version I have just read to you, I cannot discover any other writers who have made use of this fiction.”

“The moral of this fiction explains itself,” said Herbert. “I presume the author is content with the plain meaning.”

“Yes, for this once,” rejoined Lathom ; “but be content, the next story will satisfy the greatest lover of allegories : for curious, indeed, is it as an instance, even among curiosities, of the once common practice of converting every thing into allegory.”

“How is it entitled ?” asked Thompson.

“‘Of the Burdens of this Life ;’ in form, it is a dialogue between a scholar and his master, who might well be supposed to change places with each other. You must be content with Mr. Swan’s version.”

#### OF THE BURDENS OF THIS LIFE.

A CERTAIN king once went to a fair, and took with him a preceptor and his scholar. Standing in the market-place, they perceived eight packages for sale. The scholar questioned his teacher respecting the first of them. “Pray,” said he, “what is the price of poverty ? that is, of tribulation for the love of God ?”

*Preceptor.* The kingdom of heaven.

*Scholar.* It is a great price indeed. Open the second package, and let us see what it contains.

*Preceptor.* It contains meekness : Blessed are the meek.

*Scholar.* Meekness, indeed, is a very illustrious thing, and worthy of divine majesty. What is its price ?

*Preceptor.* Neither gold nor silver will be taken ; they are

too contemptible. I demand earth for it; and nothing but earth will I receive.

*Scholar.* There is a spacious tract of uninhabited country between India and Britain. Take as much of it as you please.

*Preceptor.* No; this land is the land of the dying; the land which devours its inhabitants. Men die there. I demand the land of the living

*Scholar.* I muse at what you say. All die, and would you alone be exempt? Would you live for ever? Behold, blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth. What is there in the third package?

*Preceptor.* Hunger and thirst.

*Scholar.* For how much may these be purchased?

*Preceptor.* For righteousness. Blessed are they who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

*Scholar.* Therefore you shall possess righteousness, provided there be no neglect. What does the fourth contain?

*Preceptor.* Tears, wailings, and woe;

Moisture above, and moisture below.

*Scholar.* It is not customary to buy tears and wailings, yet I will buy it; because the saints desire it at this price. Blessed are they who mourn, for they shall be comforted. What is the fifth package?

*Preceptor.* It is a divided parcel, and contains *mercy*, which I will weigh to please you. At a word, I will take mercy for mercy; eternity for time.

*Scholar.* You were a bad umpire to ask this, unless mercy should plead for you. Nevertheless, she shall become your surety. \*And blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. In this life we abound in poverty and wretchedness and hardship. Undo the sixth package, perhaps it may contain something better.

*Preceptor.* It is clearly full; but it loves not, like a purple robe, to be exposed before the common eye; you shall see it in private, and then we will agree about the price.

*Scholar.* Very well; what is next?

*Preceptor.* Purity; which is extremely valuable. That gold and silver vase contains piety, goodness, charity, and spiritual

joy. Now then let us open these precious garments. Here are lectures, meditations, prayers, and contemplations. The judgments of the Lord are justified in themselves, and more to be desired than gold and precious stones.

*Scholar.* There is a great reward in the possession. Ask, therefore, what you will.

*Preceptor.* To see God.

*Scholar.* Therefore, Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Open the seventh package.

*Preceptor.* It contains *peace*.

*Scholar.* What! are you going to *sell* me your peace!

*Preceptor.* It does not accord with my poverty, nor would it with your justice and great wealth, to take anything of me for nothing. But your liberality will make me rich. What then? I am a mean country fellow, and made of clay; formed of the very dust of the earth. My want of nobility oppresses me, and I would no longer bear the reproach which says, 'You are earth, and to earth you shall go.' I would rather have it said to me, 'You are heaven, and to heaven you shall go.' I eagerly desire to fulfil the destiny of the sons of God; I would become a son of God.

*Scholar.* I have done: I confess the truth, and distrust you no longer, Blessed are the peace-makers, for they shall be called the sons of God. If, therefore, you preserve the love of a son, you shall receive the paternal inheritance. Now what is contained in the last package? Explain it.

*Preceptor.* It contains only tribulation and persecution for the sake of righteousness.

*Scholar.* What do you want for it?

*Preceptor.* The kingdom of heaven.

*Scholar.* I gave you that as the price of poverty!

*Preceptor.* True; but month after month, week after week, man wanders in his wishes. Before the present week or month expires, what will remain of it?

*Scholar.* I marvel at your sagacity in making a bargain. Now hear, good and faithful servant! because thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will appoint thee lord over many.

"The allusion to the king's visit to the fair," said Herbert, "reminds me of what Warton says of the royal booth at the fair of St. Botolph, at Boston in Lincolnshire, from which stall or booth the king drew revenue."

"Before roads were general and passable, and the communication between town and town was frequent, the concourse of people at the various fairs must have been very great," said Thompson.

"As great as even now in many parts of the east, where the fairs are still regarded as the great emporia of merchandise, the universal mart of extensive districts, dependent on such meetings for their chief supplies."

"Warton," said Herbert, "gives a curious account of St. Giles' fair at Winchester, which dated back to the Conquest, was held for three days, and, by later grants, extended to sixteen; and was given by William the Conqueror to the bishops of Winchester as a source of revenue."

"Doubtless no mean revenue was derived from it?" said Lathom.

"For those days, very great: the jurisdiction of the fair extended for seven miles round, including the port of Southampton; and every merchant who sold wares within that circuit, except at the fair, or refused to pay the bishop's toll, had his goods forfeited to the bishop. In the middle of St. Giles' Down stood the bishop's pavilion, where sat his court, supreme, so long as the fair lasted, within the seven miles' jurisdiction."

"What over other existing jurisdictions, the lords of the neighbourhood, or the corporation of Winchester?" asked Thompson.

"Yes, supreme for the time. Even the city was for the time under the bishop's rule; on St. Giles' eve the keys were delivered to him, and during the fair, toll was exacted in his name on all goods that went through the city gate. No baron within the circuit could hold his manor-court without a licence from the bishop's pavilion. The bishop appointed a mayor, bailiff, and coroner of his own during the fair."

"Being so near the coast, foreigners must have often resorted to the great Winchester fair, I presume?"

"Yes," rejoined Herbert. "So numerous and powerful that they had their separate street in the fair, as the drapers, and spice-dealers, and potters had theirs; and the toll to the bishop from the foreign merchants formed no mean portion of the revenue he derived from the fair."

"It was an old custom for merchants to meet from all countries at the different fairs," said Lathom. "I remember to have read that in 1314, Philip of France remonstrated with our second Edward on the great loss his subjects had received from the merchants of England desisting from frequenting the fairs in France."

"Yes," remarked Frederick Thompson; "in the days of the Edwards and Henrys a fair was as great a panacea for evils, as public meetings in this century. If a village was sacked or destroyed by fire or flood, the grant of a fair was an established means of restoring it to its pristine vigour."

"We must look abroad for the old fairs, such as they were in the middle ages," said Herbert. "Frankfort and Leipzig still remind us of such fairs as that at

Winchester; thirty to forty thousand buyers and sellers are not uncommonly seen at Leipzig, the last great fair of central Europe."

"And yet," said Lathom, "both these are but children to the great fair of Nischnei Novgorod, where merchants from the banks of the Baltic and the Caspian interchange goods with Khivans, Chinese, the mountaineers of central Asia, and the merchants of western Europe."

"It is, indeed, almost difficult to believe Kobl's account of the meeting at Nischnei Novgorod," said Herbert.

"Wonderful, but of admitted truth. How curious must be the scenes; a town of vast emporia, mingled with nearly three thousand shops, almost without an inhabitant, save a few government officials, until the flag is raised on the 29th of June; then the town is alive like an ant-hill. Every magazine and booth is filled with merchandise, the produce of the most diverse countries; thousands of boats are landing goods, or taking them to other vessels; piles of merchandise stand on all sides, even in the open country; and amidst all this treasury of wealth, three hundred thousand of nearly all nations under heaven are trafficking."

"The value of goods exposed at such fairs must be startling, if capable of being calculated," said Herbert.

"The system of fair tolls makes this an easy matter. In 1839, the value of goods exposed at twenty-two of the fairs of Russia, reached fifteen millions and a half, of which Novgorod contributed nearly one half."

"Roubles," suggested Thompson.

"No, sterling pounds." With this digressive conversation, the evening closed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

SOUTHEY'S THALABA—THE SUGGESTIONS OF THE EVIL ONE—COTONOLAPES, THE MAGICIAN—The Garden of Aloadin—The Old Man of the Mountain—The Assassins—Their Rise and Fall—Gay's Conjuror—SIR GUIDO, THE CRUSADER—Guy, Earl of Warwick.

"ARE you going to give us a specimen of the late Laureate's conversions," said Thompson, "that you borrowed my Southey?"

"Even so—to claim for the magic garden of Aloadin, the gem of the sixth book of Thalaba, at least a Latin form, if it must not be regarded as a striking instance of my Eastern theory."

"Southey did not come to your book for his idea; he was content with the apparently historical account of Purchas in his Pilgrims, or the more elaborate description of the notorious Mandeville," rejoined Thompson.

"I am very much at a loss to appreciate your account," said Herbert, "as Southey, Purchas, and Mandeville, are nearly all equally unknown to me."

"The best means of showing the progress of the story and its conversion by the poet," said Lathom, "will be to commence with the old monk's very short version; let that be followed by Mandeville, and that veritable author by Southey's description. The monk's tale is,

## THE SUGGESTIONS OF THE EVIL ONE.

THERE was a celebrated magician, who had a vast castle, surrounded by a very beautiful garden, in which grew flowers of the most fragrant smell, and fruits not only fair to look upon, but most delicious to the taste. In short, it was a garden of Paradise; no one was allowed to see its glories, or taste its pleasures, but fools or personal enemies of the magician. When the gate was opened to any one, great was his wonder and delight; and few who once entered ever wished to return. Nay, the pleasures they there enjoyed so affected their minds, that they yielded forthwith to the will of the magician, and were ready to resign to him everything that they had.

To the fools, this garden appeared to be Paradise itself: its flowers and its fruits they looked upon as of immortal growth, and regarded themselves as chosen from among the inhabitants of the world as the happy possessors of the land. Beyond this they gave not one thought. Day and night they revelled in pleasure, and surrendered their minds and their bodies to lawless gratifications.

At last the day of reckoning came, and the magician prepared to reap the fruits of his scheme. Their inheritances once placed in his power, he waited but for some moment when his victim was steeped in sensual intoxication, and then fell upon him and slew him. Thus, by his fictitious Paradise, he acquired great wealth and power.

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"I admire the moderation of your old monk," said Thompson, "in not assigning a particular locality to his magician's paradise. Purchas and Mandeville are not so moderate; the former puts Aloaddin's abode in the north-east parts of Persia, and Mandeville locates him in the island of Musterak, a portion of the kingdom of Prester John."

"No bad illustration," said Herbert, "of the difference between a writer who tells a fiction as a fiction, and one who records it with the intention of making his readers believe it to be true."

"Great particularity as to time, place, and persons, is the sure mark of a mendacious traveller," remarked Lathom; "both Purchas and Mandeville have altered the object of the magician's plot; making it his means of destroying his enemies, by persuading his victims that death in his service was only a step to a more beautiful paradise. I will read Mandeville's tale of—

#### COTONOLAPES, THE MAGICIAN.

In the Isle of Pentexoire, that is in the land of Prester John, is a great isle, long and broad, and men call that isle Milsterak. There was a man there that was called Cotonolapes, he was full rich, and had a fair castle on a hill, and strong, and he made a wall all about the hill right strong and fair; within he had a fair garden, wherein were many trees bearing all manner of fruits that he might find, and he had planted therein all manner of herbs of good smell, and that bare flowers, and there were many



fair wells, and by them were made many halls and chambers well dight with gold and azure, and he had made there divers stories of beasts and birds, that sung and turned by engine and orbage as they had been quick ; and he had in his garden all things that might be to man solace and comfort ; he had also in that garden maidens within the age of fifteen years, the fairest that he might find, and men children of the same age, and they were clothed with cloth of gold, and he said that they were angels ; and he caused to be made certain hills, and inclosed them about with precious stones of jasper and crystal, and set in gold and pearls, and other manner of stones ; and he had made a conduit under the earth, so that when he would, the walls ran sometimes with milk, sometimes with wine, sometimes with honey, and this place is called Paradise ; and when any young bachelor of the country, knight or esquire, cometh to him for solace and disport, he leadeth them into his paradise, and showeth them these things, as the songs of birds, and his damsels and wells ; and he did strike divers instruments of music, in a high tower that might be heard, and said they were angels of God, and that place was Paradise, that God hath granted to those that believed, when he said thus : *Dabo vobis terram fluentem lacte et melle* ; that is to say, I shall give you land flowing with milk and honey. And then this rich man made these men drink a manner of drink, of which they were drunken ; and he said to them, if they would die for his sake, when they were dead, they should come to his paradise, and they should be of the age of those maidens, and should dwell always with them, and he should put them in a fairer paradise where they should see God in joy, and in his majesty : and then they granted to do that he would, and he bade them go and slay such a lord, or a man of the country that he was wroth with, and that they should have dread of no man. And if they were slain themselves for his sake, he should put them in his paradise when they were dead. And so went these bachelors to slay great lords of the country, and were slain themselves in hope to have that paradise ; and thus he was avenged of his enemies through his desert : and when rich men of the country perceived this cautel and malice, and the will of this Cotonolapes, they gathered them together and assailed the castle, and slew him, and destroyed all

his goods and his fair places and riches that were in his paradise ; and the place of the walls there is yet, and some other things, but the riches are not, and it is not long ago since it was destroyed.

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“The variation made by this worthy storyteller, seems to me to be an incorporation of the history of the Assassins,” said Herbert.

“Perhaps their ‘Old Man of the Mountain,’ as the chief of the Assassins was called, may have given rise to the entire fable,” rejoined Iathom  
“Now, Thompson, read the poet’s conversion.”

#### THE GARDEN OF ALOADDIN.

—Thalaba stood mute,  
And passively receiv’d  
The mingled joy which flow’d on every sense.  
Where’er his eye could reach  
Fair structures, rainbow hued, arose ;  
And rich pavilions through the opening woods  
Gleam’d from their waving curtains sunny gold ;  
And winding through the verdant vale  
Went streams of liquid light,  
And fluted cypresses rear’d up  
Their living obelisks ;  
And broad-leaved plane trees, in long colonnades,  
O’erarched delightful walks,  
Where round their trunks the thousand tendrill’d vine  
Wound up, and hung the trees with greener wreaths,  
And clusters not their own.  
Wearied with endless beauty, did his eyes  
Return for rest ? beside him teems the earth  
With tulips like the ruddy evening streak’d.  
And here the lily hangs her head of snow ;  
And here amid her sable cup  
Shines the red eye spot, like one brightest star,  
The solitary twinkle of the night ;  
And here the rose expands

Her paradise of leaves.  
Then on his ear what sounds  
Of harmony arose !  
Far music and the distance-mellow'd song  
From bowers of merriment ;  
The waterfall remote :  
The murmuring of the leafy groves,  
The single nightingale.

\* \* \* \*

And oh what odours the voluptuous vale  
Scatters from jasmine bowers,  
From yon rose wilderness,  
From cluster'd henna, and from orange groves.

\* \* \* \*

Full of the bliss, yet still awake  
To wonder, on went Thalaba :  
On every side the song of mirth,  
The music of festivity,  
Invite the passing youth.  
Wearied at length with hunger and with heat,  
He enters in a banquet room ;  
Where round a fountain's brink  
On silken carpets sat the festive train.  
Instant, through all his frame  
Delightful coolness spread ;  
The playing fount refresh'd  
The agitated air ;  
The very light came cool through silvering panes  
Of pearly shell, like the pale moonbeam tinged.

—

"I think I must stop here," said Thompson, "though the entire book seems but the poet's amplification of the tale of Mandeville."

"The more I think on the subject, the more certain I feel that the Assassins of the eleventh century are the origin, if not of your tradition, at least of the tales of Purchas and Mandeville," said Herbert.

"I know too little of their history, to agree with you or not; surely theirs was a purely political association," answered Lathom

"Their original and avowed object, was the placing a caliph of the race of Ismael on the throne of Bagdad; but their secret doctrines are supposed to have embraced a wider sphere, and are known to have been converted into the means of private revenge by the adept, who afterwards became known as the 'old man of the mountain.'"

"Where did the old man reign?" asked Thompson.

"On the mountain of Alamoot, in the north of Persia. The Vulture's nest, as its name imported, was not unlike the hill of Cotonolapes, or the Castle of the Magician of the Gesta. There Hassan ben Sabah gathered round him an independent society of seven degrees, with himself as their head, by the title of Sheikh of the Mountain."

"What was the date of that event?"

"Within a few years of the close of the eleventh century," replied Herbert: "his seven degrees commenced with the three grand priors, under him, the practical rulers of the society. Then came the *dais*, or initiated ministers; and fourthly, the *refeeks*, or companions. Below these were the *fedavees*, or devoted, who were followed by the *laseeks*, the aspirants, the novices of European orders. The profane, the common people, formed the last of the seven orders of the Assassins."

"The mysteries, I suppose, were not revealed to any below the third class?" remarked Lathom.

"No, the *dais* were alone acquainted with these; what they were, besides implicit obedience to their chief, and the principle of interpreting the Koran allegorically, it is impossible to discover. By the rest of the society, the text of the koran was to be observed in its strict letter. The *fedavees* were, however, the support of the society. They were composed, too often, of youths stolen from their parents, and educated in such a system as recognized the sheikh as omnipotent, and impressed on them the moral and religious duty of obeying his commands."

"From this order, then, the common idea of the Assassins arose?" said Lathom.

"Undoubtedly," rejoined Herbert. "They were led to look to his mandates as direct from heaven, and as impossible to be evaded. They were clothed in white, with red bonnets and girdles, and armed with sharp daggers; but when a secret and dangerous mission was imposed, the disguises of the *fedavees* were appropriated to the task enjoined."

"Is anything known of their initiatory ceremonies?"

"But little; Marco Polo, indeed, gives us a curious account of the garden of Alamoot bearing a very strong likeness to that of Aloadin, whither the *fedavee* was borne under the influence of opiates, before being sent on any important mission; and where, on awakening, he found himself surrounded with every earthly pleasure. This, he was persuaded, is but a foretaste of the joys of paradise, which were to be the reward of his faithful performance of the mission. And thus buoyed up, the *fedavees* confronted danger in every form, and executed the commands of their chief in despite of countless difficulties."

"Their name, I suppose, is but the corruption of that of their leader, Hassan," remarked Thompson.

"Here doctors disagree," replied Herbert; "some are content with this origin; whilst others, explaining the visions in the garden of Alamoot, as the effects of an intoxicating herb, derive the name of the society from Hashish, the opiate of hemp-leaves, supposed to have been so freely used by the sheikh in deluding his victims."

"How long did this strange society exist?" asked Lathom.

"After a time, they divided into two branches; the eastern one remaining at Alamoot, whilst the western spread into Syria. Both branches became too powerful and dangerous to be endured; after repeated attempts, the eastern branch was destroyed by the Monguls, about a century and a half after its foundation; whilst the western branch lasted only fourteen years longer, and fell about 1270, under the power of the Mamluke sultans of Egypt."

"It was far easier to root out their strongholds than their principles," remarked Lathom.

"It was so found by their conquerors: the mountains of Syria, especially, gave shelter to many of the society, and the tenets of the order are still believed to linger among a branch of the Koords. But come, we are wandering from our tales, and if we do not leave off our remarks, Lathom will close the evening without another specimen of the old story-teller.

"We have not yet heard the moral of the magician's garden," said Thompson.

"The application is plain," replied Lathom: "the magician is the world; the luxuries and beauties of his garden are the world's rewards and riches; worldly people think that they have grasped its gifts: anon, they open their hands, and find them empty."

"But a short application, though over true," remarked Herbert.

"I have rather condensed the old monk, and perhaps wrongly, as the latter part of his moral reminds me strongly of a passage in Gay's fables. 'The conjuror,' says the old monk, 'puts down a dish, but places nothing in it. Then he begins to prate and mock the spectators, with fair words and long speeches. Soon he inquires of them, What is in the dish? they look, and it is full of pennies. These he distributes among the bystanders; with thanks they receive his gifts, and eagerly close their hands on them; anon, they open their hands, and lo, there is nothing.'"

"You allude," said Herbert, "to Gay's lines, where he describes his conjuror performing his tricks.

'Trick after trick deludes the train,  
He shakes his bag, and shows all fair,  
His fingers spread, and nothing there,  
Then bids it rain with showers of gold;  
And now his ivory eggs are told.'

"Hardly so much," replied Lathom, "as the four lines where he says of FORTUNE,

'A purse she to the thief exposed ;  
At once his ready fingers closeu.  
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled,  
He sees a halter in its stead.'

And now," continued Lathom, "now for the original of Guy, Earl of Warwick."

"The original of a romance, that was a celebrated piece in the time of Chaucer, and usually sung to the harp at Christmas dinners and bridals, is indeed a curiosity," remarked Herbert.

"But how comes Sir Guy in the Latin stories?" said Thompson; "does not Bishop Percy say it was of English growth?"

"I cannot resolve the difficulty," answered Lathom: "we must admit that it was in French before the end of the 13th century; when it came into its Latin dress, must depend on that most difficult of all points, the date and authorship of my volume of stories. But come from where he will, you have here the story of the Champion of Warwick."

#### SIR GUIDO, THE CRUSADER.

CENTURIES have gone by since the court of the king of England was adorned by two valorous knights named Guido and Tyrius. Many a hard battle had they fought side by side against the enemies of their king, for the sake of the smiles of the fair ladies to whom they had dedicated themselves. After several years of brilliant deeds of daring and numerous perils, Sir Guido married the lady of his devotions. Happy were the early days of his marriage, for the knight and the lady loved each other greatly. One night Sir Guido saw a vision, as it were an angel of God talking with him, and he was afraid.

Then said the angel, "Why weepest thou, Sir Guido? arise, put on thy arms, and fight for the holy cross."

"Verily, Lord," replied Sir Guido, "much and often have I fought."

"Yes," replied the angel, "much, often, and valiantly hast thou fought for the love of woman; now fight for the love of God, the glory of the holy cross. Contend against God's enemies, as thou hast against those of men."

With these words the vision faded away, and Sir Guido knew

that he was called to battle in the Holy Land against the infidels. Then he turned to his wife and said,

"Felicia, we must part, but for a time; I am called to the Holy Land, to fight under the banner of the cross."

"Alas! alas! my lord," replied Felicia, clasping her husband in her arms, and weeping hot tears upon his neck; "alas! and wilt thou leave me; death were to be preferred; then welcome death."

As she spoke, she snatched up a dagger that lay beside her, and would have killed herself, had not Sir Guido wrenched it from her grasp.

"Felicia," said the knight, "be comforted; I am vowed to go to the Holy Land; bear with it, my love: it is but for a time; be comforted."

"God's will be done," murmured the lady. "Take this ring, and as often as you look upon it, in happiness or in misery, in joy or in woe, think of Felicia."

Sir Guido gathered together his vassals, and his friend, Sir Tyrius, added his to those of Sir Guido, and thus combined, they marched for the Holy Land, and journeyed by land and not by sea, until they came to the borders of Dacia, a Christian country overrun by the infidels.

"Brother," said Sir Guido, "go thou to the king of the country, and with thy good sword rescue his kingdom from the power of the Saracen; I will proceed to the Holy Land, and when the foes of God are vanquished will rejoin you here, and so together we will return to England."

"Even as you wish," said Sir Tyrius, "I will await your return here."

Thus did the friends separate. Sir Guido reached the Holy Land, and fought valiantly against the Saracens. Many and dire were his conflicts with the infidels, but in all of them he bore aloft the cross, and in his hands it never bowed before the crescent. Every one spoke of his deeds of arms, of his charity, and of his kindness; the minstrels made songs of his exploits, and spread his fame over the whole Christian world. Sir Tyrius, too, was successful in Dacia; by his aid the king regained his throne, and the infidels were driven from the kingdom. Re-

wards and thanks followed his successes ; the king regarded him as the preserver of his throne, and considered no rewards too great or too good for the Christian warrior. The rewards of the good are ever sources of envy to the wicked. So was it at the court of the Dacian king. The prosperity of Sir Tyrius was gall and wormwood to a knight of Dacia, Sir Plebeus, who, until the coming of this stranger, had been looked upon as the greatest warrior of the Dacian people. To envy succeeded hatred, to hatred falsehood. Treason, he insinuated, was in the mind of Tyrius ; he aspired to the crown which he had recovered from the infidel.

Alas ! how easily do we credit falsehood, how readily do we believe that every one is as wicked as ourselves. The king believed the words of Plebeus. He called his preserver before him, charged him with treason, and upbraided him with ingratitude.

“ Go,” said he, “ leave my court. I have honored thee much, I would have honored thee yet more. Now I give thee thy life, in return for the valiant blows you struck for me ; go in peace, but in poverty.”

“ Miserable creature that I am,” murmured Sir Tyrius ; “ whither shall I flee in this my abject poverty ? ”

Sadly and slowly he wandered on, his eyes cast down, his hands crossed upon his breast ; at last he sat down by the way-side.

“ Friend,” said a tall pilgrim, whose care-worn look showed how long he had been journeying ; “ friend, whence comest thou ? ”

“ Father,” replied Tyrius, “ I am of Rome ; years have I lived in this land, and now I seek another home. Years have passed since my companion parted with me, but a few miles from here ; he sought the Holy Land, and whether he be dead or alive, I know not.”

“ Friend,” replied the palmer, “ I am wearied ; suffer me, by the memory of your friend I pray you, suffer me to repose my head on your knees, that I may sleep awhile.”

Tyrius pitied the poor pilgrim, and acceded to his request



The palmer's cloak was drawn over his face, so that he could distinguish but a portion of his features.

As the palmer slept, of a sudden a weasel, small and white, leapt from out of his mouth, and ran to a neighboring hill-side, where it entered a small hole; after a time the creature returned, and appeared to enter into the mouth of the sleeping man. At that moment the palmer awoke.

"Friend," said he to Tyrius, "I have dreamed a strange dream. Methought a weasel, small, and white as snow, ran from out my mouth to a hole in yonder hill, and thence returning, re-entered my open mouth."

"Father," replied Tyrius, "it was no dream; so did it appear to me also, as I sat and watched you. What the weasel did in yonder hill I cannot conjecture."

"Come, let us arise and look, peradventure we may find some good treasure."

"Even as I thought," continued the palmer, when they entered the hole in the hill-side, that led to a large cave; "see, a dragon dead, and filled with gold; the treasure he was thus guarding is our own; ay, too, a sword. What do we read on its bright blade; *By me shall Guido overcome the enemies of Tyrius.*"

"Alas, Guido," said Tyrius, "where art thou, O my friend?"

"Come," said the palmer, "we will divide the treasures; to you the piles of gold and jewels; to me this sword."

"To thee the sword of Guido!" exclaimed Tyrius; "nay."

"To me the sword of Guido," said the pilgrim, interrupting the knight in his words, and gradually raising the cowl of his dress from off his face. "Yes, to me, Tyrius."

"Guido, my friend, my brother!" cried the knight, as he looked on the pilgrim's features. "And have we met, my brother! It is enough, O my brother!" and the tears came in the eyes of both.

"Courage, courage, Tyrius; weep not, for I will do battle with your enemy; with this sword will I beat down thy foes; do you go to your own home, and leave me to deal with your traducers."

The friends embraced and parted. Tyrius went to his home

with his treasure, and Guido repaired to the Dacian king's palace.

"Who art thou, and from whence?" asked the porter, as Sir Guido knocked at the king's gate.

"A humble pilgrim from the holy sepulchre."

"Enter, father, I crave thy blessing," said the porter, as he knelt before Sir Guido.

"Thou hast it, my son; peace be on thee and this house; I seek the king."

The king sat at meat, and all his nobles were round him.

"Is the Holy Land at peace," inquired the king, as the pilgrim entered.

"At peace, my lord; the holy sepulchre is delivered from the infidel."

"Ho, give place; sit, father; bring wine and bread. Father, hast thou heard of a Christian knight named Guido?"

"Both heard and seen him, my lord: we have eaten of the same bread, and shared the same couch."

"What say they of the Christian kings?"

"They say the Dacian king has regained his kingdom and crown by the aid of a brave knight of Rome, whom he promoted to great honor and riches."

"They say true, sir pilgrim," said the king, on whose brow an angry spot began to show.

"They further say, that thou, O king, hast driven away this good and brave knight, seduced by the malice of one Plebeus, who has poisoned your royal ear with his falsehoods."

"False pilgrim," cried Plebeus, who stood by the king's chair; "false pilgrim, thou utterest lies, that thou dardest not to defend with thy life. That Tyrius was a traitor, he would have dethroned our king."

"Sir Knight," replied Guido, "I have both spoken the truth, and dare prove it; if thou art Sir Plebeus, and sayest Tyrius was a traitor; go to, thou art a liar, and by the king's leave, I will prove thy falsehood on thy body."

"It is well," said the king, "let the wager of battle decide the truth, and God defend the right."

"Give me, my lord, such arms as be necessary for the field.

and the ordeal of battle shall prove the truth. Save this sword, I have no armor."

"Be it so as you desire; to-morrow, at noon, we will see this combat. Daughter, to thy care I commit this pilgrim knight, see that he be forthcoming by to-morrow's noon."

It was a bright day when the lists were prepared for the contest; before the hour appointed drew nigh, all the population of the royal city poured towards the scene of the approaching combat. Some trusted to the known prowess of the Dacian knight, others sided with the pilgrim, speculated upon who he was, and wished him success for the sake of Tyrius.

"Haste thee, haste thee, sir pilgrim knight," said the king's daughter, "thy adversary even now stands in the lists, and exclaims, False pilgrim! why tarriest thou?"

Sir Guido hastened to put on his armor, and to gird his sword about him. At noon the king entered the lists, the combatants took oath to the justice of their quarrel, and prepared to engage. Long and arduous was the battle; Guido pressed upon his adversary so fiercely, that he thirsted almost to death.

"Good pilgrim," he said, "if thou wilt courteously permit me to quench my thirst this once, I will do the like to thee, shouldst thou require it of me."

"I consent," replied Guido.

His thirst thus quenched, Plebeus renewed the combat with redoubled animation. At length Guido also thirsted, and claimed of his adversary his promise.

"Go to, fool! you shall taste no water but by the strong hand," replied the Dacian.

"By the strong hand then," rejoined Guido, "be it so."

With these words he made towards the water, guarding himself with his shield: as soon as he gained the edge of the pond he jumped in, drank freely of the water, and rushed out refreshed, and re-invigorated, against his treacherous foe. His prowess and his courage alike deserted the Dacian, and he turned and fled.

At that moment the king threw down his sceptre, and the combat closed for that day.

The king's daughter led the knight to his chamber, bound up

his wounds, tended him softly, prepared his evening meal, and smoothed his bed with her own hands: a deep sleep soon came over Sir Guido, for he was wearied with the exertions of the combat.

"My sons," said Plebeus to the seven stout warriors that called him father, "my sons, if to-morrow's sun sees yonder pilgrim in the lists, I die; never yet did I meet so stout an opponent."

"Fear not, sir," replied they all, "we will take care of the pilgrim."

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Sir Guido slept heavily; at midnight his chamber-door was carefully opened, and the sons of Plebeus crept into the room.

"He sleeps soundly," whispered the eldest, "how shall we dispose of him? if we slay him here as he sleeps, what are we but dead men on the morrow?"

"Does not the sea flow beneath the window?" asked one of the sons.

"Yes, but if we touch him he will wake."

"Nay, let us take him bed and all and throw him into the sea."

Sir Guido slept on, and knew not what was plotting against him.

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It was midnight, and the moon shone brightly on the sea. A fisherman beneath the wall of the Dacian king's palace was casting his nets, when a sudden splash in the water arrested his attention. "Halloa!" said he to himself, "what villany is this? a bed floating on the sea, and a man on it; ho, friend! ho, I say! awake, or be drowned!"

"Where am I?" exclaimed Sir Guido, as he awoke with the fisherman's clamor. "Help; friend,—I am sinking: I am the pilgrim that fought yesterday in the lists—thanks—thanks," he continued as he reached the fisherman's boat; "but how got I here?"

"I hardly know: just now I heard a splash, looked round, and by the moon's light saw you and your bed floating on the water."

"Ah, well! the treachery has failed, good friend, to-morrow will confound the traitors."

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The morrow came in fair and bright; again the people hastened to the lists, eager to see the issue of this wondrous combat. The king was seated, the lists were ready, and the heralds sounded. Then stepped forth Sir Plebeus with his visor up, and a fair and smiling countenance.

"My lord the king," said the Dacian champion, as he bowed before the king's throne, "I demand the combat with the pilgrim."

"It is well, Sir Plebeus—ho, herald! go to my daughter, and demand of her the pilgrim knight."

"The princess is even now coming to the royal presence," replied the herald, as the crowd formed a lane, through which the king's daughter was seen approaching her father's throne, with a meek and sorrowful aspect.

"My child," said the Dacian king, "where is the pilgrim knight, the champion of Sir Tyrius? we await his coming forth."

"Father, and dear lord," replied the maiden, "I know not whither he is gone; but last night I left him in deep sleep in his chamber, and now neither he nor his bed whereon he slept are to be found."

"Cowardly boaster," exclaimed Sir Plebeus, "dares he not meet me in the list? The coward has fled."

"That is not so, my lord," exclaimed a poor man in the crowd, "he has not fled."

"Ah! how sayest thou?"

"Even now he sleeps at my hut; last night I found him floating on his bed beneath the palace wall—I took him into my boat, and he is safe."

"Thou hast done well—summon him to the list. Sir Plebeus, you shall not be disappointed of your combat; see, even now your adversary comes; now, marshals, arm the stranger."

"Nay, my good lord," said the Dacian knight, "press not on

the pilgrim—I pray you, my lord, give him time to recruit his strength.”

“Not for a minute, sir knight,” exclaimed the pilgrim as he entered the lists, and hastened to don his armor; “not for a minute—I have much to reckon with you : remember last night.”

The combat was short; each knight struck twice without fatal effect; the pilgrim’s third blow ended the battle, and the Dacian rolled on the ground a headless corpse.

“Sir Pilgrim,” said the king, as he knelt before the throne, “God has defended the right; even now have I been told of the treachery of that senseless corpse, and of the villany of his sons towards thee; they now are going to their reward—to death. Come, sir knight, for thy sake I restore Sir Tyrius, renew his honours, and add to them those which you so steadfastly refuse. One boon I ask, before you leave our court and our kingdom; disclose thy name; let me and my people know to whom they owe the punishment of a traitor, and the defence of their best friend, their former preserver.”

“My lord,” replied the pilgrim, “my name is not unknown to you; I am the knight of the Holy Land; the Guido of whom men speak.”

Loud were the exclamations with which that famous name was hailed by the assembled Dacians, as their king fell on the pilgrim’s neck, and embraced him as a brother.

Seven years had passed since Guido left his castle and sailed for the Holy Land. Day by day, did Felicia minister to the poor, and bestow alms on every applicant with this one request, that they would pray for the safety of her husband, Sir Guido, and that once more before her death she might rejoice in his presence. Felicia stood at her castle gate, and the inner courtyard was filled with her poor pensioners. One by one, she accosted them, and bade her almoner give to each his accustomed alms. Her young son ran by his mother’s side.

“Mother, dear mother,” said the child, as he heard Felicia commend Sir Guido to the prayers of the poor men; “is it not my father, for whom you ask these poor people to pray?”

“Yes, my child; seven years have passed since he left me; but a few months had we been married, before God summoned

him to the Holy Land, and he took the cross, and went against the infidel."

As she thus spoke to her son, Felicia drew nigh to a tall pilgrim, who stood apart from the rest of the poor people. She gave him the alms, and asked of him his prayers for her husband's return; low bowed the pilgrim his head, but not a word did he speak, as the lady passed onwards. Her son followed after Felicia: as he passed the pilgrim, he bowed himself forward and embraced the youth.

"God give thee grace," said he with a trembling voice, "God give thee grace to do his will."

"Thanks, father, for thy blessing," said Felicia; "can I do aught to reward thy good wishes?"

"Lady," said the pilgrim in a low stifled voice, "I crave the small hermitage below the eagle's rock; there let me live and die."

"Ha!" exclaimed Felicia, "the eagle's rock; art thou of this place, good father, that thou knowest the name so well?"

"I was of thy people once, fair lady; now I am God's poor servant."

"Be it as thou desirest; go, father, and pray for this house and its long lost master."

Those who could see the pilgrim's face, saw the tears start in his eyes, as he accepted Felicia's gift and turned towards his lonely hermitage. Many years did he live there, many a time did he come to the castle-yard, and his daily companion was Felicia's child, Sir Guido's son. Day after day, did he talk to him of adventures of knights in the Holy Land, of those that had fallen fighting for the sepulchre, and those who had passed through the fiery ordeal of that expedition. At last death came upon him.

"Dear boy," said he to Sir Guido's son, "take this ring to thy mother, and bid her if she would see me ere I die, come hither quickly."

"Mother, dear mother," said the youth, when he entered Felicia's chamber, "the good pilgrim is sorely ill; he sends you this ring, and bids you see him ere he die."

Felicia cast one look upon the ring. "Haste, haste, my

child," she exclaimed, "it is my lord's, your father's ring; come, come to the forest."

Quickly as she rushed to the hermitage, she found but the dead body of her husband.

"Woe, woe is me!" she exclaimed, casting herself on the cold corpse, "woe, woe is me! where are now my alms? My husband asked charity of me, and I knew him not; thy father talked with thee, my child, he embraced thee, and thou knewest him not; O Guido! thou didst look upon thy wife, and didst not tremble; thou didst look upon thy child, and kissed him, and blessed him; alas, alas! my husband."

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"I should be loth to agree with Percy, that so beautiful a tale should have been resigned to children," said Herbert, as soon as Lathom had concluded his version of the old tale.

"No wonder that the pilgrimage of the warrior was such a favorite with all nations, as to be claimed by nearly all as peculiarly their own," said Thompson.

"It was very early translated into French, and is alluded to in a Spanish romance, written somewhere about 1430. But now, that, as the old ballad says,

'The story is brought to an end,  
Of Guy, the bold baron of price,  
And of the fair maid Felice,'

we will conclude our evening with some account of its applications, as intended by the monk. Sir Guido was symbolical of our Saviour, Felicia of the soul, and Tyrius of man in general. By the weasel was meant the prophets, and especially the Baptist, as prophesying of the coming of the Saviour. The mountain is the world, the dead dragon the old law of Moses, and the gold within it the Ten Commandments. The sword represented authority, the seven deadly sins were symbolized in the sons of Plebeus, and the good fisherman was the representative of the Holy Spirit."

"There remains one character yet unexplained; the king's daughter," remarked Herbert.

"The explanation of her duties is peculiar to the religion of the age in which the tale was written; the Roman Catholic easily recognized in the king's daughter, the Virgin Mary."

"Come, Herbert, we are over our time; to work; good night."



## CHAPTER IX.

Illustrations of Early Manners—Sorcery—THE KNIGHT AND THE NECROMANCER—Waxen Figures—Degeneracy of Witches—THE CLERK AND THE IMAGE—Gerbert and Natural Magic—Elfin Chivalry—THE DEMON KNIGHT OF THE VANDAL CAMP—Scott's Marmion—Assumption of Human Forms by Spirits—THE SEDUCTIONS OF THE EVIL ONE—Religious Origin of Charges of Witchcraft.

"THE attention of the king's daughter to the wounded knight," remarked Herbert, "reminds me strongly of the patriarchal habits described by Homer in his *Odyssey*. The daughter of Nestor thinks it no disgrace or indelicacy to attend to the bath of the wandering Telemachus, and Helen herself seems to have performed a like office for his father."

"The tales of chivalry are replete with instances of these simple manners," rejoined Lathom; "the king's daughter, the fair virgin princess, is ever the kind attendant on the honored guest, prepares his bath after the fatigues of the day, and ministers to his wounds by her medicinal skill."

"Your old monk's tales," said Thompson, "have no little merit, as illustrations of the manners and habits of the middle ages,"

"Indeed, the light is curious that is thrown by these tales on the habits of the middle ages," answered Lathom; "in these vivid and strongly delineated fictions, I seem to fight, to tilt, to make love and war, to perform penances, and to witness miracles with the actors themselves."

"We cannot but feel, however," remarked Herbert, "that we are more inclined to laugh at the regulations of their chivalry, than to appreciate them. The absurd penances with which imaginable crimes were visited in those days cannot but raise a smile, whilst the utter carelessness with which enormous sins were committed, excites extreme regret."

"What fragrant viands furnish forth  
Our evening's entertainment?"

said Thompson.

"Some illustrations of witchcraft and sorcery; that most prevalent belief, from the middle ages, to the days of the sapient James the First."

"Among all curious discoveries, this would be the most curious," said Herbert, "to find a people in whom there never has existed a belief that human beings could be gifted with supernatural powers, for the purpose of accomplishing some good or evil object of their desire."

"Wherever Christianity spread, witchcraft must be regarded as a recognized form in which the powers of evil contended with the Almighty."

"Of what sex is your witch?" asked Thompson.

"Oh, in this case, the good and the bad sorcerers are both of the male sex."

"Your writer, therefore," replied Thompson, "does not seem to have held the ungallant notions of Sprenger, that from the natural inferiority of their minds, and wickedness of their hearts, the devil always preferred women for his agents. But to the story."

"Well, then, as the old chronicler would say, here begins the tale of

#### THE KNIGHT AND THE NECROMANCER.

AMONG the knights that graced the court of the emperor Titus, there was one whom all men agreed in calling the GOOD KNIGHT. For some years he had been married to one whose beauty was her fairest portion, for she loved not the knight, her husband, but delighted in the company of others, and would gladly have devised his death, that she might marry another courtier.

The good knight could not fail of discovering the wickedness of his wife. Ofttimes did he remonstrate with her; but to all he said, she turned a deaf ear, and would not return the affection he felt, for one so unworthy of his love.

"My dear wife," said the good knight, "I go to the Holy Land, to perform a vow: I leave you to your own discretion."

The knight had no sooner embarked, than the lady sent for one of her lovers, a clever sorcerer.

"Know," said she to him, when he arrived at the house, "my husband has sailed for the Holy Land; we live together; ay, and for all our lives, if you will but compass his death; for I love him not."

"There is danger," replied the necromancer; "but, for the sake of thee and thy love, I will endeavor to perform your wishes."

Then took he wax and herbs, gathered at dead of night in secret places, and unguents made of unknown ingredients, and moulded a figure of the good knight, inscribing it with his name, and placing it before him, against the wall of the lady's chamber.

The good knight commenced his pilgrimage towards the Holy Land, and wist not what the lady and her lover were plotting against him and his dear life. As he descended towards the vessel in which he was to embark, he observed a man of some

age, and of lofty and commanding stature, regarding him with interest. A long robe covered him, and its hood drawn over the face, concealed, in a great degree, the features of the wearer. At last the old man approached the knight.

"Good friend," said he, "I have a secret to communicate to thee."

"Say on, good father," rejoined the knight, "what wouldst thou with me?"

"I would preserve thee from death."

"Nay, father, that is in God's hands; I fight not against his will."

"To-day, then, thou diest; unless thou obeyest my commands:—and, listen, the lover of thy unfaithful wife is thy murderer."

"Good sir," replied the knight, "I perceive thou art a wise man; what shall I do to escape this sudden death?"

"Follow, and obey me."

Many and winding were the streets through which the good knight followed his mysterious guide. At last they reached a dark, dismal-looking house, apparently without any inhabitant. The guide pressed his foot on the door-step, and the door slowly opened, closing again as the knight followed the old man into the house. All was darkness, but the guide seized the knight's hand, and led him up the tottering staircase to a large room, in which were many strange books, and figures of men and animals, interspersed with symbolic emblems of triangles and circles, whose meaning was known to that aged man alone. In the midst of the room was a table, on which burned a lamp without a wick, or a reservoir of oil, for it fed on a vapor that was lighter than air, and was invisible to the eye. The old man spoke some words, to the knight unknown; in a moment the floor clave asunder, and a bath, on whose sides the same mystic symbols were written as on the walls of the room, arose from beneath.

"Prepare to bathe," said the old man, opening a book on the table, and taking a bright mirror from a casket.

No sooner had the knight entered the bath, than the old man gave him a mirror, and bid him look into it.

"What seest thou?" asked he of the knight.

"I see my own chamber; my wife is there, and Maleficus, the greatest sorcerer in Rome."

"What does the sorcerer?"

"He kneads wax and other ingredients; he hath made a figure of me, and written under it my name: even now he fastens it against the wall of my chamber."

"Look again," said the old man; "what does he?"

"He takes a bow; he fits an arrow to the string; he aims at the effigy."

"Look on: as you love your life, when that arrow leaves the string, plunge beneath the water till you hear me call."

"He shoots!" exclaimed the knight as he dived beneath the water.

"Come out: look again at the mirror; what seest thou?"

"An arrow is sticking in the wall, by the side of the figure. The sorcerer seems angry; he draws out the arrow, and prepares to shoot again from a nearer place."

"As you value your life, do as before."

Again the good knight plunged, and at the old man's call resumed his inspection of the mirror.

"What seest thou now?" asked the old man.

"Maleficus has again missed the image; he makes great lamentations: he says to my wife, If I miss the third time, I die: he goes nearer to the image, and prepares to shoot."

"Plunge," cried the old man; and then, after a time, "Raise thyself, and look again: why laughest thou?"

"To see the reward of the wicked; the arrow has missed, rebounded from the wall, and pierced the sorcerer; he faints, he dies; my wife stands over his body, and weeps; she digs a hole under the bed, and buries the body."

"Arise, Sir Knight: resume your apparel, and give God thanks for your great deliverance."

A year and more elapsed before the good knight returned from his pilgrimage. His wife welcomed him with smiles and every appearance of pleasure. For a few days the knight concealed his knowledge of his wife's conduct. At length he

summoned all his and her kinsfolk, and they feasted in commemoration of his return from his dangerous pilgrimage.

"Brother," said the knight during the feast, "how is it that I neither hear nor see aught of Maleficus, the great magician?"

"He disappeared, we know not whither, the very day that you departed for your pilgrimage."

"And where did he die?" asked the knight, with a look at his wife.

"We know not that he is dead," replied the guests.

"How should a sorcerer die?" asked the knight's wife with a sneer.

"If not dead, why did you bury him?" rejoined the knight.

"Bury him! what meanest thou, my lord? I bury him!"

"Yes; you bury him," said the knight calmly.

"Brothers, he is mad," exclaimed the lady, turning pale and trembling.

"Woman," replied the knight, rising, and seizing the lady by the wrist, "woman, I am not mad. Hear ye all; this woman loved Maleficus; she called him here the day I sailed; she devised with him my death; but God struck him with that death he would have prepared for me, and now he lies buried in my chamber. Come, let us see this great wonder."

The hiding-place of the body was opened, and the remains found where the knight had said; then did he declare before the judges and the people the great crimes of his wife; and the judges condemned her to death at the stake, and bade the executioner scatter her ashes to the four winds of heaven.

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"Few practices were more prevalent among the witches than that which your tale illustrates, of effecting the death of an enemy through the medium of an enchanted image of the person intended to be affected," said Herbert.

"As old Ben Jorson sings:

'With pictures full,  
Of wax and wool,  
Their livers I stick,  
With needles quick,'

"Yes," said Herbert; "it was a very approved method to melt a waxen image before the fire, under the idea that the person by it represented would pine away, as the figure melted; or to stick pins and needles into the heart, or less vital parts of the waxen resemblance, with the hopes of affecting, by disease and pain, the portions of the human being thus represented and treated."

"In one of the old ballad romances in which Alexander is celebrated, we find a full account of the wondrous puppets of a king and magician named Nectabanus. I will read you the old verses.

'Barons were whillhome wise and good,  
That this art well understood;  
And one there was, Nectabanus,  
Wise in this art, and malicious;  
When king or earl came on him to war,  
Quick he looked on the star;  
Of wax, made him puppets,  
And made them fight with bats; (*Clubs*)  
And so he learned *Je vous dis*,  
Aye to quell his enemy  
With charms and with conjurisons:  
Thus he assayed the regions,  
That him came for to assail,  
In very manner of battail;  
By clear candle in the night,  
He made each one with other fight.'

"No bad way," said Thompson, "of testing the advantage of that royal and national luxury,—war."

"The rhymers makes his charms successful, especially in the case of one king Philip, a great and powerful prince, who brought nine-and-twenty great lords to battle against Nectabanus. Once put into his charmed basin, the magician saw the end of the battle, the defeat and death of his enemy."

"The old Romans had as much fear of the waxen image, as good king James," remarked Herbert; "and were as firm believers in the feats of Canidia over the enchanted model, as the Scottish king in the modelling of his national witches, and in the secret cavern on the hill, where Satan and his imps manufactured devils' arrows to shoot at the enemies of the witches."

"Sympathia Magica works wondrous charms," says Scott: "and so before him dreamt the Arabian philosophers, and the royal witch-finder, who founds his arguments against waxen images on the doctrine of sympathy," said Thompson.

"It is worth remarking," said Herbert, "how witchcraft degenerated, not in its powers, but in the persons of the supposed witches. Joan of Arc, the wife of the protector Gloster, the mistress of Edward II., were in

early days deemed worthy of being punished as witches. In later days, the charge was confined to the oldest, the ugliest, and generally the poorest crone in the neighborhood."

"With the fashion of political witchcraft, the custom of charging persons of rank with the crime, died away," replied Lathom. "Instead of torturing images, or raising spirits for the sake of crowns and thrones, the witches became content to tease a neighbor's child, or render a farmer's cow barren. The last instance of such a charge against a person of rank, is the case of the countess of Essex. The charges of sorcery, however, formed but a small portion of the accusations against the countess."

"We are forgetting the moral," said Thompson.

"It is short and plain," answered Lathom, "and intended to be illustrative of the advantage of the confession of sins. The good knight is the soul of man, and his wicked wife the flesh of his body. The pilgrimage represents our good deeds. The wise magician, a prudent priest. Maleficus stands as the representative of the devil, and the image is human pride and vanity; add to these the bath of confession, and the mirror of the sacred writings, by which the arrows of sin are warded off, and the allegory is complete."

"Does your storehouse afford another magical tale?" asked Thompson.

"Many more; I will read one that is short, but curious, from its being founded on a generally received legend of the monk Gerbert, afterwards pope Sylvester. I will call it, for want of a better name,

#### THE CLERK AND THE IMAGE.

In the city of Rome stood an image: its posture was erect, with the right hand extended; on the middle finger of the outstretched hand was written, "STRIKE HERE." Years and years had the image stood there, and no one knew the secret of the inscription. Many wise men from every land came and looked at the statue, and many were the solutions of the mystery attempted by them; each man was satisfied with his own conclusion, but no one else agreed with him.

Among the many that attempted to unravel the mystery of the figure was a certain priest. As he looked at the image, he noticed that when the sun shone on the figure, the shadow of the outstretched finger was discernible on the ground at some distance from the statue. He marked the spot, and waited until the night was come; at midnight, he began to dig where the shadow ceased: for three feet he found nothing but earth and stones; he renewed his labor, and felt his spade strike against

something hard: he continued his work with greater zeal, and found a trap-door, which he soon cleared, and proceeded to raise.

Below the door, a flight of marble steps descended into the earth, and a bright light streamed upward from below. Casting down his spade, the priest descended; at the foot of the stairs he entered a vast hall: a number of men habited in costly apparel, and sitting in solemn silence, occupied the centre; around, and on every side, were riches innumerable: piles of gold and enamelled vases; rich and glittering robes, and heaps of jewels of the brightest hue.

The hall was lighted by one jewel alone; a carbuncle so bright, so dazzling, that the priest could hardly bear to gaze upon it, where it stood in a corner of the hall. At the opposite end of the hall stood an armed archer, his bow was strung, and the arrow fitted to the string, and he seemed to take aim at the carbuncle; his brow blazed with reflected light, and on it was written, "*I am, that I am; my shaft is inevitable: yon glittering jewel cannot escape its stroke.*"

Beyond the great hall appeared another chamber, into which the priest, amazed at what he saw, entered. It was fitted as a bed-chamber, couches of every kind ornamented it, and many beautiful women, arrayed in robes as costly as those worn in the great hall, occupied the chamber. Here too all was mute: the beautiful damsels sat in silence.

Still the priest went onward. There were rooms after rooms, stables filled with horses and asses, and granaries stored with abundant forage. He placed his hand on the horses, they were cold, lifeless stone. Servants stood round about, their lips were closed—all was silent as the grave; and yet what was there wanting—what but life?

"I have seen to-day, what no man will believe," said the priest, as he re-entered the great hall; "let me take something whereby to prove the credit of my story."

As he thus spake to himself, he saw some vases and jewel-handled knives on a marble table beside him; he raised his hand, he clasped them, he placed them in the bosom of his garment—all was dark.

The archer had shot with his arrow; the carbuncle was



broken into a thousand pieces—a thick darkness covered the place; hour after hour he wandered about the halls and passages—all was dark—all was cold—all was desolate; the stairs seemed to have fled, he found no opening, and he laid him down and died a miserable death, amid those piles of gold and jewels, his only companions the lifeless images of stone. His secret died with him.

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“Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*, seems to have had some such tale as this in his mind, in his scene in the *House of Riches*,” remarked Herbert.

“You allude to the fiend watching Sir Guyon, and hoping that he will be tempted to snatch some of the treasures of the subterraneous palace, so freely displayed to his view.”

“Sir Guyon fares better than your priest,” replied Herbert; “he resists the temptation, and escapes the threatened doom; as the poet says,—

‘Thereat the fiend his nashing teeth did grate,  
And grieved so long to lack his greedy prey;  
For well he weened, that so glorious bait  
Would tempt his guest to take thereof assay;  
Had he so done, he had him snatched away,  
More light than Culver in the falcon’s fist.’”

“Pope Sylvester, I presume,” said Thompson, “was a clever mechanician, and a good astronomer, as far as knowledge extended in his day.”

“Precisely so, and hence all the wondrous tales of his magic,” rejoined Lathom. “Born in France, and naturally of an acquisitive mind, he proceeded to Spain, to gain in the Saracenic university of Seville, some little of the eastern sciences. Arithmetic and astronomy, or, as Malmesbury calls the last, astrology, were then flourishing in Spain, and when introduced by him into his native country, soon gained for him the reputation of a magician.”

“Friar Bacon experienced in this country,” remarked Herbert, “that a knowledge of mechanics sufficient to create automata, of acoustics to regulate the transmission of sounds through long concealed pipes, and of astronomy to attempt some predictions of the weather from planetary movements, was quite enough to ensure him the name of magician among our rude ancestors.”

“One of the magic arts attributed to Gerbert,” remarked Lathom, “clearly indicates, that a knowledge of mechanism was the source of this reputation in his case. Malmesbury tells us that Gerbert framed a bridge, beyond which were golden horses of gigantic size, with riders of gold, richly glit-

tering with jewels and embroidery. A party attempted to pass the bridge, in order to steal the treasures on the further side. As the first stept on the bridge, it rose gradually in the air, and stood perpendicularly on one end. A brazen man rose from beneath, and as he struck the water with a mace of brass, the sky was overshadowed, and all was thick darkness."

"Setting aside the darkness," said Thompson, "the result of accident, or an addition of the chroniclers, a little clever mechanism will account for the moveable bridge of Gerbert."

"The same explanation applies to the ever-burning lamp of the Rosicrucians, held in the hand of a figure armed with a mace, with which he dashes the lamp to atoms, on the entrance of any person into the secret vault."

"Most undoubtedly, Herbert," said Thompson; "for in this instance, the legend describes the figure as raising his hand at the first step of the intruder, preparing to strike as he draws nearer and nearer, and at last, when almost within reach, the secret springs on which he is walking dash down the armed hand of the figure, and the lamp and the secret perish in darkness."

"The tales of natural magic," said Herbert, "remind me of the legends of one of the James's of Scotland, in the subterraneous cavern of Halidon Hill."

"I hardly know to what legend you allude," replied Lathom.

"The one in which the king enters a long hall, where a hundred knights stand on either side, each with his armour on, and his horse ready caparisoned by his side. At the end of the hall stand a bugle and sword. All is silence; the knights stand as statues, and their war-horses do not seem to breathe. The whole charm depends upon which is performed first, the bugle blown, or the sword drawn from its scabbard. The king seizes the bugle; the effect is, that the whole melts into darkness, and the charm is gone."

"As you have led the way to traditions of the northern part of our island," said Lathom, "one form, if not the original one of the legend, which Scott has worked up in his *Marmion*, will not be out of place. I allude to the encounter of *Marmion* with *De Wilton*, under the guise of the spectral champion of the Pictish camp."

"Your old monk's book would have been a treasure to Sir Walter Scott," said Herbert.

"That he would duly have appreciated its contents, no one can doubt," replied Lathom, "but he was so well read in the later forms of the legends, which he would have found in its pages, that though apparently unknown to him, he required but little of its aid. Our writer would wish his readers to see in this legend an allegory of the discomfiture of the devil armed with pride, by the Christian armed with faith. I will call it by the name of

#### THE DEMON KNIGHT OF THE VANDAL CAMP.

ON the borders of the diocese of Ely, stands an old castle, now crumbling into ruins, below which is a place called by

the people Wandlesbury ; commemorating by this name the camp of the Vandals, which they pitched hard by this castle, after laying waste the country and cruelly slaughtering the inhabitants. The camp was on the summit of a hill, on a round plain : round about it ran a trench which

“ The Vandal race  
—— long since in blood did trace ;  
The moor around was brown and bare,  
The space within was green and fair,  
The spot the village children knew,  
For there the wild flowers earliest grew ;  
But wo betide the wandering wight,  
That treads its circle in the night ?  
The breadth across, a bowshot clear,  
Gives ample space for full career :  
Opposed to the four points of heaven,  
By four deep gaps was entrance given.”

Wo indeed to the adventurous man who dared to go armed into that camp, and call upon an adversary to meet him. Even as he called, another knight rode into the camp, armed at all points, and met the challenger in combat. The encounter was always fatal to one of the combatants.

The knight Albert sat in the hall of the castle of Wandlesbury, and shared the hospitality of the lord. At night, after supper, the household closed round the great fire, and each man in his turn told his tale of arms, love, or sorcery. The demon knight of the Vandal camp figured in many a tale, and Albert hastened to prove the truth of the legend. It was in vain that the lord of the castle endeavoured to dissuade his guest from seeking the phantom knight. Armed at all points, the English knight sallied from the castle gate ; and his trusty squire, a youth of noble blood, rode by his master's side.

Some hours passed : the hall was sadly silent during the knight's absence, for they all feared the worst for him ; anon, a horn was heard at the gate, the warder hastened to open the doors, and the knight rode into the castle court ; his squire followed him close, and he led by the bridle a horse of perfect form and figure, of enormous size, and coal black.

The knight hastened to the hall ; all clustered round him to

hear his tale ; but the good lord of the castle bade them first release him of his armour, and bring in refreshment. One by one the pieces of his armour were taken off, and neither wound nor bruise appeared ; at last they proceeded to take off one of his cuishes : it was filled with blood, and even then a few drops were seen to ooze from a slight wound in the thigh. His wound drest, his fatigue refreshed with good wine and meat, the lord of the castle requested the knight's account of his meeting with the demon champion.

"My lord," replied the English knight, "you know how, in despite of your earnest remonstrances, I rode from your castle gate. The moon was bright and clear, and I soon reached the entrance of the Vandal camp : without a pause I rode in, and blew my bugle.

'Methought an answer met my ear,—  
Yet was the blast so low and drear,  
So hollow and so faintly blown,  
It might be echo of my own.'

I waited for a moment in doubt,

'Then sudden in the ring I view,  
In form distinct of shape and hue,  
A mounted champion rise.'

Without a word, the demon prepared for the charge ; I raised my shield, couched my lance, and rushed to the attaint : we both staggered with the charge ; our lances broke in half, but the points glided harmlessly from our armour. I still pressed on, and my adversary's horse stumbled and fell : the demon was rolled on the ground. In a moment I was by his side, and seized his horse's rein ; the demon seemed to revive ; he saw my action, snatched a portion of his broken lance, and darted i at me as a javelin. It struck me on my thigh, but in my eagerness I felt it not. In a moment

"He seem'd to vanish from my sight :  
The moonbeam droop'd, and deepest night  
Sunk down upon the heath."

Had I not that dark black horse as a witness of the combat, I should begin to doubt whether I had met the demon."

"Let us see the demon's steed," said the old lord, after he had thanked the knight for his relation of the adventure ; " even now the dawn is about to break, and we must seek some little rest before day shines out."

In the court-yard they found the black steed ; his eye lustrous, his neck proudly arched, his coat of shining black, and a glittering war saddle on its back. The first streaks of the dawn began to appear as they entered the castle yard ; the black steed grew restless, and tried to break from the hands of the groom ; he champed his bit, snorted as in pain and anger, and struck the ground with his feet, until the sparks flew. The cock crowed—the black steed had disappeared.

Every year, on the self-same night, at that self-same hour, did the wound of the English knight burst out afresh, and torment him with severe anguish ; to his dying day he bore this memorial of his encounter with the demon champion of the Vandal camp.

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"You have made good use of Scott's version of the tale in *Marmion*," said Thompson, "to whom I should think your version of the story was hardly known."

"No ; if I remember rightly, he gives the old Durham tale of Ralph Bulmer as its immediate source, and the strange tale of the Bohemian Knights as related by Heywood, in his *Hierarchy of the Blessed Angels*."

"The introduction to the story recalls the custom so adroitly used by Chaucer to introduce his *Canterbury tales*," remarked Herbert ; "tale-telling round the fire."

"When there was neither juggler nor minstrel present," replied Lathom, "it seems to have been the custom of our ancestors to entertain themselves by relating or hearing a series of adventures."

"So that Chaucer's plan, at first sight so ingenious an invention, is in truth an equally ingenious adaptation of an ancient fashion."

"But to return to our demonology," said Lathom : "what notion was more common than that spirits could assume the human form and live on earth, and mingle as mortals in social life ? This belief we find illustrated by the author or authors of the *Gesta*."

"The stay, however, of these spirits is generally but a lease of life for so many years," remarked Herbert.

"Generally ; but not in the case which my author gravely lays down as true, under the title of

## THE SEDUCTIONS OF THE EVIL ONE.

It often happens that the devils are permitted to transform themselves into angels of light, or to assume the human form, in order to foster in human hearts whatever is wicked. So did it happen in France, when Valentine was bishop of Arles.

On the very borders of his diocese stood a knight's castle, with lofty and strong battlements. The knight had travelled in many lands, and seen many nations, that none others had looked upon, or heard of. He was a good man, and a constant attendant on the services of the Church. His wife was very fair to look upon; her figure was light and tall; her face delicately white, and her eyes ever bright, and sparkling with almost unearthly brilliancy. Attracted by cries of distress, whilst on one of his distant pilgrimages, he had hastened into a dark wood, where he discovered this fair lady, almost denuded of her garments, bound to a tree, and being beaten with rods by two men of fierce countenances and powerful frames.

His sword flashed in the air as the knight rode against the men; with one blow he struck down the nearest of the lady's torturers; with the second, he pierced the breast of the other monster; whilst with a third stroke of his trenchant blade, he cut in pieces the cords that bound the lady to the tree.

The lady's tale was simple; she was the daughter of a powerful prince of a far-off land; had been seized by those in whose hands the knight discovered her; carried for days and months over seas and lands, and at last bound to the tree, and scourged because she would not yield to the desires of her tormentors. She knew not where her father's kingdom lay, and its name was unknown even to the knight, though he had travelled far and often.

After a time, the knight married the lady of the wood; happy were they by their union, for he loved her dearly, and the lady seemed to return his love. One thing alone grieved the good knight. Every day that she came to the service of the Church, she stayed no longer than the beginning of the consecration of the Elements of the Sacrament. Often and often had the good knight remonstrated with his wife on her conduct, and

sought from her some reason for her action. There was ever some excuse, but it was always unsatisfactory.

One holiday the knight and the lady were at church. The priest was proceeding to the celebration of the Sacrament, and the lady rose as usual.

"Nay," said the knight, forcibly arresting his wife's departure ; "nay, not for this once."

The lady struggled, her eyes gleamed with redoubled brilliancy, and her whole body seemed wrung with violent pain.

"In the name of God, depart not," said the knight.

That holy name was all-powerful. The bodily form of the lady melted away, and was seen no more ; whilst, with a cry of anguish and of terror, an evil spirit of monstrous form rose from the ground, clave the chapel roof asunder, and disappeared in the air.

"Such stories might be multiplied by hundreds," said Herbert. "Every country has its good and evil angels that live among men and assume their forms."

"It illustrates the curious fact," remarked Lathom, "that the earliest accusations of sorcery in Christian ages are connected with relapses from the faith of Christ. The Anglo-Saxon laws against witchcraft are levelled against those who still adhered to the heathen practices of their ancestors, or sought to combine the pure faith of the Bible with the superstitions of their ancestral idolatry."

"Was not such the fact in the south of Europe?" said Herbert: "the still lingering worship of the gods and goddesses of the woods was visited as sorcery. The demons do but occupy their places under forms, and with opinions, gradually adapted to the religious opinions of the age."

"Many a secret meeting for the worship of God has been made the foundation of the mysteries of a witch's sabbath," said Lathom ; "sorcery was a common charge against the early Christians when they met in their secret caves and hiding-places; it was an equally current accusation centuries afterwards, when the Albigenes and Waldenses held their religious assemblages in secret, for fear of the power of that church whose teaching they seceded from."

"The same charges were made, in Sweden and Scotland, in the seven-teenth century, against witches, as four centuries before, so little changed is superstition," said Herbert.

"We must beat a truce," said Lathom, "and be content to leave the rest of our illustrations of natural magic, witchcraft, and demoniacal agency, until our next meeting."

“Good night then,” said Thompson, “remember the witches’ time of night approaches—

‘ The owl is abroad, the bat, and the toad,  
And so is the cat-a-mountain,  
The ant and the mole, set both in a hole,  
And the frog peeps out of the fountain.’ ”



## CHAPTER X.

THE THREE MAXIMS—The Monk's Errors in History—THE TRIALS OF EUSTACE—Sources of its incidents—Colonel Gardiner—S. Hubert—Early English Romance of Sir Isumbras.

"WHAT marvellous tale of sorcery are we to be regaled with to-night?" asked Thompson, when the tenth evening with the old story-tellers came round.

"We must adjourn that subject for to-night; for I have chanced on a point, in illustration of one of the tales intended for this evening's reading that will require another day's looking up."

"Are we to go to bed supperless, then?"

"No, no; not quite: here are two specimens, that will both amuse and, I hope, instruct us. To those who remember the Turkish tales, and have not forgotten the story of 'the King, the Sofi, and the Surgeon,' the three maxims of Domitian will hardly appear a novelty. But without further preface, I will commence the monk's account of the three maxims, for each of which Domitian thankfully gave a thousand florins."

## THE THREE MAXIMS.

THERE was an emperor of Rome named Domitian, a good and a wise prince, who suffered no offenders to escape. There was a high feast in his hall, the tables glittered with gold and silver, and groaned with plenteous provision: his nobles feasted with him—

'And 'twas merry with all

In the king's great hall,

When his nobles and kinsmen, great and small,

Were keeping their Christmas holiday.'

The porter in his lodge made his fire blaze brightly, and solaced himself with Christmas cheer; every now and then grumbling at his office, that kept him from the gaities of the retainers' hall. The wind blew cold, the sleet fell quick, as the bell of the king's gate sounded heavy and dull.

"Who comes now?" grumbled the porter; "a pretty night to turn out from fire and food. Why, the very bell itself finds

it too cold to clank loudly. Well, well—duty is duty: some say it's a pleasure—humph! Hilloa, friend, who are you? what do you want, man?"

The traveller whom the porter thus addressed was a tall, weather-beaten man, with long white hair that fluttered from beneath his cap of furs, and whose figure, naturally tall and robust, seemed taller and larger from the vast cloak of bearskins with which he was enveloped.

"I am a merchant from a far country," said the man; "many wonderful things do I bring to your emperor, if he will purchase of my valuables."

"Well, come in, come in, man," said the porter; "the king keeps high Christmas feast, and on this night all men may seek his presence. Wilt take some refreshment, good sir?"

"I am never hungry, nor thirsty, nor cold."

"I'm all—there—straight before you, good sir—the hall porter will usher you in—straight before," muttered the old porter, as he returned to his fire and his supper. "Never hungry, thirsty, nor cold—what a good poor man he would make; humph! he loses many a pleasure though," continued the porter, as he closed the door of the lodge.

The strange merchant presented himself to the hall porter, and was ushered by him into the presence of the emperor.

"Who have we here?" said Domitian, as the strange visiter made his obeisance. "What seekest thou of me?"

"I bring many things from far countries. Wilt thou buy of my curiosities?"

"Let us see them," rejoined Domitian.

"I have three maxims of especial wisdom and excellence, my lord."

"Let us hear them."

"Nay, my lord; if thou hearest them, and likest not, then I have lost both my maxims and my money."

"And if I pay without hearing them, and they are useless, I lose my time and my money. What is the price?"

"A thousand florins, my lord."

"A thousand florins for that of the which I know not what it is," replied the king.

"My lord," rejoined the merchant, "if the maxims do not stand you in good stead, I will return the money."

"Be it so then: let us hear your maxims."

"The first, my lord, is on this wise; NEVER BEGIN ANYTHING UNTIL YOU HAVE CALCULATED WHAT THE END WILL BE."

"I like your maxim much," said the king; "let it be recorded in the chronicles of the kingdom, inscribed on the walls and over the doors of my palaces and halls of justice, and interwoven on the borders of the linen of my table and my chamber."

"The second, my lord, is, NEVER LEAVE A HIGHWAY FOR A BYE-WAY."

"I see not the value of this maxim: but to the third."

"NEVER SLEEP IN THE HOUSE WHERE THE MASTER IS AN OLD MAN AND THE WIFE A YOUNG WOMAN. These three maxims, if attended to, my lord, will stand you in good stead."

"We shall see," said the king; "a year and a day for the trial of each, at the end of this time we will settle accounts."

"Good master," said the king's jester, "wilt sell thy chance of the thousand florins for my fool's cap?"

"Wait, and see what the end will be," rejoined the merchant; "a year and a day hence I will return to see how my first maxim has fared. Farewell, my lord. . ."

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The year and a day were nearly elapsed, and yet the first maxim had not been clearly proved. Domitian remained severely just, and the ill-intentioned of his nobles plotted his destruction in the hopes of indulging their vices more freely under the rule of his successor. Many were the plots they concocted to put him to death, but all were foiled by his foresight and prudence.

"Every failure," said the conspirators at a midnight meeting, "brings danger nearer to ourselves."

"Even so, brothers, but this time we will not fail," said one of the number; "do ye not mind that I am the king's barber, every day he bares his throat to my razor, it is but one slash, and we are free; promise me the crown: in return for this, I will give you freedom by the king's death, and free license during my reign."

"It is well spoken," cried all the conspirators; "the barber shall be our king."

On the next morning, the barber entered the chamber of Domitian, and prepared to shave the king. The razor was stropped, the lather spread upon the royal chin, and the towel fastened round the royal breast. On the edge of the napkin were these words in letters of gold, "*Never begin anything until you have calculated what the end will be.*"

The barber's eye fell on these words, they arrested his attention, he paused in his labours.

"What am I about to do?" thought he to himself, "to kill the king, to gain his crown; am I sure of the crown? shall I not rather be slain miserably, and die amid unheard-of tortures and infamy? whilst those that plot with me will turn against me, and make me their scape-goat."

"Art dreaming, sir barber?" exclaimed the king

At the king's voice, the barber trembled exceedingly, he dropt the razor from his hand, and fell at his sovereign's feet.

"What means all this?"

"Oh, my good lord!" exclaimed the barber, as he knelt trembling at Domitian's feet, "this day was I to have killed thee; but I saw the maxim written on the napkin: I thought of the consequences, and now repent me of my wickedness. Mercy, my good lord, mercy!"

"Be faithful, and fear not," replied the king.

"The merchant, my lord the king," said a servant of the chamber, who entered at that moment, followed by the old merchant.

"Thou art come at a good time, sir merchant; the first maxim has been proved; it has saved my life: it was worthy of its price."

"Even as I expected, my lord, a year and a day hence expect me again."

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"We will trust no more to a single hand," said one of the

conspirators, when they met again after the barber's repentance; "this time we will all share."

"I propose," said one of the rebel lords, "an ambush on the road to Naples. Every year, on the day after Christmas, the king journeys thither; the bye-path near to the city gates is the nearest road, peradventure he will go that way."

When the Christmas night was over, the king prepared to journey to Naples; a great company of nobles, knights, and men at arms, went with him. Not far from the city, he came to the place where the highway and bye-path diverged.

"My lord," said an old noble, "the day is far spent, the sun sinks fast in the horizon; will not my lord turn by the bye-path, as it is far shorter than the high road?"

"Nay," said the king, "it's a year and a day since the merchant's first maxim saved my life; now will I test the second admonition, '*Never leave a highway for a bye-path,*' but go part of ye by that path, and prepare for me in the city; I and the rest will pursue the highway."

Onward rode the knights and the soldiers by the bye-path, and hastened towards the city; as they neared the ambush, the traitors sprang upon them, for they thought the king was among them. Every man slew his opponent, and there remained not one of the king's company, to bear the tidings to the king, but a youth, a little page whom the conspirators did not remark during the attack.

At the city gates, the king found the merchant who had sold him his maxims.

"Halt, O king!" said he, "the second maxim has been proved."

"How so?" replied the king.

"The company that rode by the bye-path are slain, every one of them save this little page, who is here to tell the sad tale."

"Is this so, good youth?"

"Alas, my lord, it is too true: from behind the trees they rushed upon our company as we rode lightly and merrily, and no one, save your poor page, lives to tell the tale."

"For a second time is my life saved by thy maxim ; let it be inscribed in gold, 'NEVER LEAVE A HIGHWAY FOR A BYE-WAY.'"

"For a year and a day, O king, fare thee well."

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"A murrain on the old fool's maxims," grumbled the chief of the conspirators, when they discovered that the king had escaped their wicked design ; "we are beaten out of every plot, and had best submit to his dominion."

"Nay," exclaimed a young and licentious noble, "there is luck in odd numbers, let us have one more trial, a sink or a swim."

"I care not if we try once more," said the old rebel ; "but come, who suggests a scheme?"

"I, and I, and I!" exclaimed several at once ; but their schemes were pronounced futile.

"What say ye to this?" said the young man who had spoken before : "every year the king goes to the small village town, where his old nurse lives ; there is but one house in the village where he can be lodged, let us bribe the master of the house, that he slay our tyrant while he sleeps."

The plan was approved by the rebel lords, the bribe offered and accepted by the old man, to whose house the king always came. The king came as usual to the village town, and to his old lodgings. As he entered, the old man received him with humility and feigned delight, and a young damsel, not eighteen years of age, attended at the door step. The king noticed the damsel, he arrested his steps, and called to the old man.

"Good father," asked he, "is yonder damsel thy daughter, or thy niece?"

"Neither, my lord," replied the old man, "she is my newly-married wife."

"Away, away," said the king to his chamberlain, "prepare me a bed in another house, for I will not sleep here to-night."

"Even as my lord wishes," rejoined the chamberlain ; "but my lord knows there is no other house in this place fit for a king's residence, save this one ; here everything is prepared, everything commodious."

"I have spoken," replied the king; "remain thou here; I will sleep elsewhere."

In the night, the old man and his wife arose, stole on tiptoe to the chamber which was prepared for the king, and where the chamberlain now slept in the royal bed; all was dark as they approached the bed, and plunged a dagger into the breast of the sleeping noble.

"It is done," said they; "to bed, to bed."

Early the next morning, the king's page knocked at the door of the humble abode where the king had passed the night.

"Why so early, good page?" asked the king.

"My lord, the old merchant waits thy rising; and even now strange news is come from the village."

"Let the merchant and the messenger come in."

The merchant seemed greatly elated, his eye glistened with joy, and his figure appeared dilated beyond its ordinary height. The messenger was pale and trembling, and staring aghast with fear.

"My lord, my good lord," exclaimed the pallid messenger, "a horrible murder has been committed on your chamberlain; he lies dead in the royal bed."

"The third maxim is tried and proved," said the merchant.

"Give God the praise," said the king; "thy reward is earned: a robe of honor, and thrice thy bargained price; to the old man and his wife, immediate death."

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"What theological application does the author append to this clever tale?" said Herbert, "for moral it wants not, as it tells its own."

"The emperor is any good Christian; the porter, none other than *free will*; whilst the merchant represents our blessed Saviour. The florins are virtues, given in exchange for the maxims; the grace and favor of God. The conspirators are devils; the highway is the Ten Commandments; the bye-way, a bad life; the rebels in ambush, heretics."

"So far as it goes, I do not object to the explanation; it requires great additions, however," replied Herbert.

"Which the author considered to be compensated for by adding more characters than the tale contained, in several of his other explanations."

"Domitian is obliged to the old monk," said Thompson, "for such a pretty character of justice and mercy."

“ See again the system of compensation ; in the next story Adrian is as much traduced, as Domitian flattered in this. But, remember, the old monk was writing neither histories nor biographies ; any name that occurred to him served his purpose ; he looks more to the effect of his incidents, than to the names of his characters. With this prelude I will give you

#### THE TRIALS OF EUSTACE.

WHEN Trajan was emperor of Rome, Sir Placidus, a knight of great prowess, and a most skilful commander, was chief of the armies of the empire. Like his imperial master, he was merciful, just and charitable, but a worshipper of idols, a despiser of the Christian faith. His wife was worthy of his virtues, and was of one accord with him in his religion. Two sons had he, educated in all the magnificence that befitted their father's station ; but, as was to be expected, the faith of the parents was the faith of their children, they were idolators.

It was a fair soft day, the southerly wind blew lightly over the meadows, and the fleecy clouds, ever and anon obscuring the sun, proclaimed the hunters' day. Sir Placidus rode to the chase. His friends and his retainers were with him, and a right gallant company were they. A herd of deer was soon found, the dogs loosed from their leashes, the bugles sounded, and the whole of the company in full and eager pursuit. One stag of lofty stature, and many-branching antlered head, separated itself from the rest of the herd, and made for the depths of the neighboring forest. The company followed the herd, but Sir Placidus gave his attention to the noble animal, and tracked it through the mazes of the wood.

Swift and long was the chase. Sir Placidus rode after the stag, ever gaining just near enough to the noble animal, to inspire him with a hope of its ultimate capture, yet never so near as to strike it with his hunting spear. On, on they went with untiring speed. The wood and its thickets were passed, a lofty hill rose to the view. He pressed the stag up its sides, and gained rapidly on the chase. In a moment the stag turned and faced the knight ; he prepared to strike, but his hand was stayed as he saw between the horns of the creature a cross encircled with a ring of glorious light. Whilst he mused on the wonder



a voice addressed him. The stag seemed to speak thus to the knight.

“Why persecutest thou me, Placidus? for thy sake have I assumed this shape; I am the God whom thou ignorantly worshippest; I am Christ. Thine alms and thy prayers have gone up before me, and therefore am I now come. As thou dost hunt this stag, even so will I hunt thee.”

Placidus swooned at these words, and fell from his horse. How long he lay on the ground he knew not. When his senses returned, he cried in anguish.

“Tell me thy will, O Lord, that I may believe in thee, and perform it.”

Then replied the voice, “I am Christ, the son of the living God. I created heaven and earth, caused the light to arise, and divided it from the darkness. I appointed days, and seasons, and years. I formed man out of the dust of the earth, and for his sake took upon me his form. Crucified, and buried, on the third day I arose again.”

“All this I believe, Lord,” replied Placidus; “yea, and that thou art he who bringest back the wandering sinner.”

Then said the voice, “If thou believest, go into the city and be baptized.”

“Shall I reveal this unto my wife and children, Lord, that they also may believe?”

“Yea,” replied the voice; “return here on the morrow’s dawn, that thou mayest know of thy future life.”

Placidus returned to his wife, and told her all that had happened unto him; then did they believe, and were baptized, and their children with them. The knight was called Eustace, his wife Theosbyta, whilst to his two sons the names of Theosbytus and Agapetus were given in their baptism. On the morrow, the knight returned to the place where he had seen the vision.

“I implore thee, O Lord, to manifest thyself according to thy word,” prayed the knight.

Then the voice was heard, saying, “Blessed art thou, Eustace, in that thou hast been washed with the laver of my grace, and thereby overcome the devil. Now hast thou trodden him to dust, who beguiled thee. Now will thy fidelity be shown; for he

whom thou hast forsaken will rage continually against thee. Many things must thou undergo for my sake. Thou must become another Job ; fear not ; persevere ; my grace is sufficient for thee. In the end thou shalt conquer ; choose then, whether thou wilt experience thy trials in thine old age, or forthwith."

"Even as thou wilt, O Lord ; yet, if it may be so, try me now, and help me in my trial."

"Be bold, Eustace, my grace can support you." With these words, the voice died away, and was no more heard ; and Eustace, after prayer and praise to God, rose from his knees, and returned to his own house.

But a few days had elapsed, ere the trials of Job came upon Eustace and his family ; pestilence carried off his flocks and his herds, and his servants fled away, or died with their charges. Robbers plundered his palace, driving away the knight, his wife, and his sons, in poverty and nakedness. It was in vain that the emperor sought everywhere for the knight, for not the slightest trace of him could be found.

At length the unhappy fugitives, covered with such rags as they could obtain, reached the sea-shore, and besought a passage across the waters. The captain of the vessel was captivated with the beauty of Theosbyta, and consented to carry them over. No sooner were they on the further side, than he demanded of them money for their voyage.

"Good master," said Eustace, "I am poor and destitute, and have no money."

"Very well," replied the captain ; "thy wife will do as well ; I take her as my slave, she will sell for the passage money."

"With my life only will I part with her," exclaimed the knight, as his wife clung to him in her distress.

"As you please, master ; ho, men, seize the woman, and take her to my cabin ; as for the man and his brats, heave them overboard."

"Leave me, leave me, Eustace," murmured Theosbyta ; "save thyself and our children, I can but die once."

With many a hard struggle, Eustace consented, he clasped his two boys by their hands, and led them from the ship.

"Ah, my poor children !" he cried, "your poor mother is lost ;

in a strange land and in the power of a strange lord, must she lament her fate."

A few hours' travelling brought Eustace and his children to the bank of a broad and rapid river, the water of which ran so deep, that he feared to cross its stream with both his boys at one time; placing one therefore on the bank, under the shade of a bush, he clasped the eldest in his arms, and plunged into the river. The stream ran swiftly, and the bottom was treacherous; but at length he reached the further side, and placed Theosbytus on the bank. Again he plunged into the river. The middle of the stream was but fairly gained, when he saw a wolf creep from the wood close to which his younger son was placed; and approach the child. It was all in vain that he shouted, and strove to reach the shore; the wolf seized the child and bore it off, before its father's eyes. At that moment a loud roar from the other bank startled the bereaved father; he turned, and saw a lion carrying away his eldest son.

"Alas, alas!" exclaimed Eustace, as soon as he had reached the further bank of the river. "Once was I flourishing like a luxuriant tree, but now I am altogether blighted. Military ensigns were around me, and bands of armed men. Now I am alone in the world. My wife, my children are taken from me; the one to slavery, the others to death. O Lord, thou didst warn me that I must endure the perils of Job, are not these worse than that holy man's? In his greatest misery he had a couch whereon to rest his wearied limbs, and friends to compassionate him in his misfortunes. His wife, too, remained to him—mine is gone from me: place a bridle on my lips, lest I utter foolishness, and stand up against thee, O my God."

His heart relieved by these passionate expressions, the knight continued his travel; after many days of want and fatigue, he reached a far-off village, where he abode with one of the villagers, as his hired servant. For fifteen years he served his master faithfully, and at his death he succeeded to his cottage and his land.

Trajan still lived, but his fortunes did not prosper: his enemies became daily stronger and stronger, for Placidus no longer directed the movements of the imperial army, or urged on the

soldiers, by his example, to deeds of valor against the enemy. Often and often did the emperor think of his lost commander, and ceaseless were his endeavors to discover the place of his concealment.

Eustace was working in his fields about this time, little thinking of Trajan, or of Rome, when two men drew near, and after observing him for some time, and communing with each other, accosted the knight.

"Friend," said one of the men, "dost know in these parts a knight named Placidus and his two sons?"

The heart of Eustace was sore tried, when he saw the emissaries of Trajan. The sight of them recalled his previous honors in the world, and he still felt a lingering wish to retrace his steps. "Nay," he thought, "were I not alone, it were well to return; but for a solitary, this place is best." Then said he to the two men,

"There is no one about here, good sirs, of the name you ask after."

"It is but a fool's errand we are on, master, I fear," said the man; "we have travelled far and near after our old general, but no one knows aught of him."

"It is years since he left Rome, friends, is it not?" rejoined Eustace.

"Fifteen years and more; but come, comrade, we must go onwards."

"Nay, sirs, come to my poor abode; what I have, is at your service."

The emissaries of Trajan gladly acceded to Eustace's request. The homely repast was soon placed on the board, and the men sat down to refresh themselves, whilst Eustace waited upon them. Again, the thoughts of his old home came thickly upon him; and he could not restrain his tears. He left the room where his guests were, bathed his face with water, and returned to wait on the two men.

"I have a strange presentiment," remarked one of the men during Eustace's absence, "that our good host is even he whom we search after. Marked you not how he hesitated when we first addressed him?"

“Ay, and even now he has left us with his eyes red with suppressed tears.”

“Let us try the last test, the sabre mark on his head which he received in the passage of the Danube, when he struck down the northern champion.”

As soon as Eustace returned the soldiers examined his head, and finding the wished-for mark, embraced their old general; the neighbors, too, came in, and the exploits of Eustace were soon in the mouths of the villagers.

For fifteen days they journeyed towards Rome, Eustace and his two guides; as they neared the imperial capital, the emperor came out to meet his old commander. Eustace would have fallen at his master's feet, but Trajan forbade him; and side by side, amid the congratulations and applauses of the people, the emperor and his long-lost servant entered Rome.

The return of Eustace inspired the people with confidence; thousands hurried from every village to volunteer as soldiers, and his only difficulty was to select who should be rejected. One contingent from a far-off village arrested his attention; it was headed by two youths of wonderful likeness the one to the other, and apparently within a year of the same age. They were tall in stature, of commanding features, and their selection, as leaders, by their comrades, did justice to their attainments, and the superiority of their manners. Pleased with the youths, Eustace placed them in the van of his army, and began his march against the invaders, who had reached within a few miles of the coast whereon he had disembarked from the ship of the barbarous captain.

Pitching his camp within sight of that of the enemy, the commander billeted the best of his troops in a small village that formed the rear of his position. A widow lady, of but few years, but sorely worn with grief, received the two youths into her house. About the mid-day meal, the youths conversed the one with the other of their early life.

“Of what I was when a child,” said the elder, “I know only this, that my father carried me over a broad river, and laid me under a bush whilst he returned to fetch my brother; but whilst he was gone, a lion came, seized me by the clothes, and bore me

into a wood hard by. My mother we lost on our journey nigh to a great sea, where she remained with a cruel captain who had seized her for his slave. As I was carried away by the lion, methought a wolf seized on my brother, whom my father had left on the other bank. The lion soon dropped me, for men with loud cries and stones pursued him and drove him from me. Then did they take me to the village where we have lived together so long."

"My brother, O my brother!" exclaimed the other youth, hardly able to restrain his emotions during the recital, "I am he whom the wolf carried off, saved from his jaws by the shepherds, as thou wast from the jaws of the lion."

The widow had listened to the wonderful story of the two young men. Much she marvelled at their preservation; on the morrow she sought the commander of the imperial forces; she found him in his tent, his officers were around him, and the two young men stood within the circle. The widow craved permission to return to her own country.

"Sir," she said, "I am a stranger in these parts: fifteen years have passed since I left Rome with my husband, once high in power, and rich, but then poor and in misery; we reached yonder sea, our two sons were with us, we crossed in a shipman's boat, but when we arrived on this side, he demanded money of my husband, and when he had it not to give him, he seized on me and carried me into slavery. Years lived I beneath his roof in sorrow and in pain; but it was in vain that he sought to do me evil, for God preserved me from his devices. At length, my master died, and I became free; since then I have labored honestly, and would now return to Rome, if, perchance, I may find my husband and my children."

"Theosbyta!" said the general in a low voice, raising his helmet as he spoke.

"Eustace! my husband!"

The general raised his fainting wife, and kissed her gently on her forehead. "Our sons, Theosbyta, we shall see no more; a lion and a wolf carried them off before mine eyes, as we crossed the river not many leagues from hence."

"Father! our father!" said the two youths, as they knelt before the general.

"Nay, doubt not, Eustace," said his wife, "last night I overheard the tale of their adventures; this is he whom the lion took; this one did the shepherds rescue from the jaws of the wolf."

The tale was soon retold; and Eustace convinced that he had recovered in one day his wife and his sons. Then loud blew the trumpets through the camp, and cheer upon cheer rang from the good soldiers, when their general came from his tent, leading his long-lost wife, and supported on either side by his sons. The enthusiasm aided them in obtaining the victory over the enemy. Every one loved their general, and rejoiced in his joy; and that day they fought for their home, their emperor, and their commander.

Trajan lived not to welcome home his honored general; his successor, however, spared not to receive Eustace with the honors his achievements deserved. The banquet hall was gorgeous with ornaments; and the banquet replete with delicacies and curiosities. On the emperor's right hand sat Eustace, and his sons occupied no mean place in the banquet hall.

"To-morrow," said the emperor, "we will sacrifice to the great gods of war, and offer our thanks for this thy victory."

"As my lord pleases," said Eustace; "one thing I pray, that my lord will not regard my absence from the temple as an intentional slight on his royal person."

"Absence, sir!" exclaimed the emperor; "I command your attendance; see that you and yours are before the altar of Mars at noon to-morrow; thou shalt offer there with thine own hands."

"I will cut off the hand that so offends," replied Eustace.

"Ah! a Christian—be it so—sacrifice or die!"

"Death then, my lord; I worship Christ, not idols."

"Let him save thee from the lions' mouths," exclaimed the impious emperor: "Ho, guards! this Christian and his sons to the beasts' den; come, my guests, to the arena."

"And me to my lord," said Theosbyta, advancing from the lower part of the hall.

"As thou wilt: come, sirs; our lions will be well fed."

The party reached the amphitheatre, it was crowded with spectators. Rumor had soon carried abroad the tidings that the triumphant general was to die by the lion's mouth, for his Christianity. Some pitied him for what they called his folly; "What, die for a little incense thrown on the fire!" Others gloried in his expected death, for they hated the new faith. A few in secret prayed to God, to give their brother strength to undergo his fearful martyrdom, for they were Christians.

Eustace stood in the arena; his wife knelt by his side, his sons stood before him to meet the lion's first bound. The crowd grew impatient—a sudden silence; a sound as of revolving hinges, and then a sullen roar, as with a bound the lion sprang into the centre of the amphitheatre. One look he cast on the youths; and then he bowed his head, crept to their feet and licked them; another, and another, was let loose; but the old lion kept guard over the family, and fought with the other lions, and drove them back to their dens.

"It is enough," said the emperor, "he has a charm against the teeth of beasts; we will test his powers against the heat of fire: prepare the brazen ox."

A fire was lighted beneath the animal, a vast hollow frame that represented an ox, and into the belly of which the victims were introduced through a door in the right side. As soon as it was heated to its utmost heat, the executioners hastened to throw their victims in; Eustace forbade them, and then clasping his wife in his arms, and followed by his sons, he moved slowly up the ladder that led to the horrid cell, and entered the belly of the brazen ox calmly and without fear.

For three days the fire was kept burning beneath the creature. On the third evening the beast was opened; within, lay Eustace, his wife, and his sons, as it were in a deep and placid sleep. Not a hair of their heads was burnt, nor was the smell of fire upon their persons.

So died they all: the father, the wife, and the children. The people buried them with honor, and remembered with sorrow the martyrdom of the Christian general.



"The scene of the conversion," said Thompson, "recalls to my mind Doddridge's account of Colonel Gardiner, converted from his licentious life by an almost similar vision of our Saviour on the cross, and by an address not less effective than the words heard by the Eustace of your tale."

"Few of my old monk's tales are more true, in their leading features," said Herbert, "than this of the trials of Eustace and his family. It has been told more than once as an authentic history, and you will find it alluded to in Butler's 'Lives of the Saints,' where it is stated, that a church at Rome was dedicated to the memory of St. Eustachius."

"Surely the incident of the stag and the cross is very similar to that in the legend of St. Herbert."

"Almost identical, Thompson," rejoined Herbert; "in the foreign pictures, the two incidents are generally depicted in nearly the same manner."

"Another curious similarity occurs in the early English romance of Sir Isumbras," said Lathom. "That knight's misfortunes came upon him in a very similar manner to poor Eustace's: the knight, his wife, and his three children wander on their pilgrimage to the Holy Land; she wrapped in his surcoat his scarlet mantle being divided among his three children. They so reach a river, and two of their children are carried off by a lion and leopard; one child, however, and the mother are left: then sings the old poet,

"Through the forest they went days three,  
Till they came to the Greekish sea;  
They grieved and were full wo!  
As they stood upon the land  
They saw a fleet come sailand (*sailing.*)  
Three hundred ships and mo. (*more*)  
With top castles set on loft,  
Richly then were they wrought,  
With joy and mickle pride:  
A heathen king was therein,  
That Christendom came to win,  
His power was full wide."

"The king, of course, plays the part of the cruel ship captain," said Herbert.

"Yes. Seven days' hunger drives the knight and his lady to the sultan's galley, to ask for bread: taken for spies, they are at first driven off, until the noble stature of the knight, and the fair complexion of the wife, 'bright as a blossom on a tree,' convince the Saracens that their piteous tale is true. To the knight the sultan offers rank, honours and wealth, if he will renounce Christianity and fight under the Moslem banners. Sir Isumbras refuses, and renews his petition for bread. Then, continues the poet

The sultan beheld that lady there  
Him thought an angel that she were,  
Comen a-down from heaven:

Man—I will give thee gold and fee,  
An thou that woman will sellen me,  
    More than thou can *never* (name).  
I will give thee a hundred pounds  
Of pennies that be whole and round,  
    And rich robes seven.  
She shall be queen of my land ;  
And all men bow unto her hand ;  
    And none withstand her steven (voice)  
Sir Isumbras said—Nay ;  
My wife I will not sell away,  
    Though ye me for her sloo (slew).  
I wedded her in goddis lay  
To hold her to my ending day,  
    Both for weal and woe.'

"A decided refusal to complete the bargain," said Thompson.

"Yet not so taken by the sultan ; the money is counted into the knight's cloak, the lady taken forcible possession of, and Sir Isumbras and his child carried on shore, and beat until hardly able to move. But here we must stop with the early English romance, having already gone beyond its similarity to the old monk's story. And now I must break off for to-night ; I know it is but a short allowance and shall be compensated for when we next meet."

## CHAPTER XI.

Another Chat about Witches and Witchcraft—Late Period of the Existence of Belief in Witches—QUEEN SEMIRAMIS—Elfin Armourers—The Sword of the Scandinavian King—Mystical Meaning of Tales of Magic—Anglo-Saxon Enigmas—CELESTINUS AND THE MILLER'S HORSE—THE EMPEROR CONRAD AND THE COUNT'S SON—Legend of the "Giant with the Golden Hairs."

"YOUR stories about sorcerers and sorcery, Lathom," said Herbert, "have made me consider a little as to the amount of truth on which such fictions may have been founded."

"Perhaps you believe in witches, magicians, and all that tribe, that gather deadly herbs by moonlight, and ride through the air on broomsticks," said Thompson, with a smile.

"May not Herbert fairly ask you," said Lathom, "whether there is any antecedent improbability in mortal beings obtaining, from the spirit of evil, a temporary superhuman power; or in the idea of Satan awarding the riches and honors of this world to those who will fall down and worship him?"

"Selden's apology for the law against witches in his time, shows a lurking belief," remarked Herbert. "'If,' says that sour old lawyer, 'one man believes that by turning his hat thrice and crying 'buz,' he could take away a fellow-creature's life, this were a just law made by the state, that whosoever should do so, should forfeit his life.'"

"He must have believed, or his logical mind would have seen, that a law waging war with intentions, which are incapable of fulfilment, is both wrong and mischievous."

"Well," said Herbert, "as good a lawyer as Selden, and a better man, did not fear to profess his belief in witchcraft, and to give his judicial countenance to trials for sorcery:—Sir Matthew Hale was ever ready to admit his belief in witches and witchcraft."

"To the lawyers you may add the learned antiquary and physician, Sir Thomas Brown, the author of the *Religio Medici*."

"But surely, Lathom, all this belief, as well as the practice of witch-tormenting, ceased about 1682," said Thompson.

"The belief in witchcraft has never yet been extinct, and the practice of witch-burning lasted forty years after that, at least, in Scotland. The act of James, so minutely describing witches and their acts, and so strenuously inciting the people to burn them, remained on the statute book until the ninth year of George the Second; and as late as 1722, the hereditary sheriff of Sutherlandshire condemned a poor woman to death as a witch."

"I believe I can carry down the belief at least a few years later than the date even of the last witch execution," remarked Herbert

"Among the poor and uneducated, undoubtedly?"

"Nay, Thompson, with them it remains even now; I speak not only of the educated, but of that class of men which is most conversant with evidence, and most addicted to discredit fictitious stories."

"What, the lawyers?"

"Even so," replied Lathom; "in 1730, William Forbes, in his *Institutes of the Law of Scotland*, published in that year, makes this remark: 'Nothing seems plainer to me, than that there have been witches, and that, perhaps, such are now actually existing; which I intend, God willing, to clear in a larger work concerning the criminal law.'"

"Did this large work appear?" said Thompson.

"I should think not; at least, it is not known."

"The old Jesuit from whom you got your version of the *Ungrateful Man*, has a story illustrative of a kind of witchcraft that all will admit to have been very prevalent in every age," said Thompson.

"What, will you believe in witchcraft in any form?"

"At all events, in one form—the witchcraft of love; my instance is the story of Semiramis and Ninus. I will read it you from the same version that Lathom used for his tale of *Vitalis and Massacio*."

#### THE QUEEN SEMIRAMIS.

"OF all my wives," said king Ninus to Semiramis, "it is you I love the best. None have charms and graces like you, and for you I would willingly resign them all."

"Let the king consider well what he says," replied Semiramis. "What if I were to take him at his word?"

"Do so," returned the monarch; "whilst beloved by you, I am indifferent to all others."

"So, then, if I asked it," said Semiramis, "you would banish all your other wives, and love me alone? I should be alone your consort, the partaker of your power, and queen of Assyria?"

"Queen of Assyria! Are you not so already," said Ninus, "since you reign, by your beauty, over its king?"

"No—no," answered his lovely mistress; "I am at present only a slave whom you love. I reign not; I merely charm. When I give an order, you are consulted before I am obeyed."

"And to reign, then, you think so great a pleasure?"

"Yes, to one who has never experienced it."

"And do you wish, then, to experience it? Would you like to reign a few days in my place?"

"Take care, O king! do not offer too much."

"No, I repeat it," said the captivated monarch. "Would you like, for one whole day, to be sovereign mistress of Assyria? If you would, I consent to it."

"And all which I command, then, shall be executed?"

"Yes, I will resign to you, for one entire day, my power and my golden sceptre."

"And when shall this be?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"I do," said Semiramis; and let her head fall upon the shoulder of the king, like a beautiful woman asking pardon for some caprice which has been yielded to.

The next morning, Semiramis called her women, and commanded them to dress her magnificently. On her head she wore a crown of precious stones, and appeared thus before Ninus. Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered the officers of the palace to assemble in the state chamber, and his golden sceptre to be brought from the treasury. He then entered the chamber, leading Semiramis by the hand. All prostrated themselves before the aspect of the king, who conducted Semiramis to the throne, and seated her upon it. Then ordering the whole assembly to rise, he announced to the court that they were to obey, during the whole day, Semiramis as himself. So saying, he took up the golden sceptre, and placing it in the hands of Semiramis—"Queen," said he, "I commit to you the emblem of sovereign power; take it, and command with sovereign authority. All here are your slaves, and I myself am nothing more than your servant for the whole of this day. Whoever shall be remiss in executing your orders, let him be punished as if he had disobeyed the commands of the king."

Having thus spoken, the king knelt down before Semiramis, who gave him, with a smile, her hand to kiss. The courtiers then passed in succession, each making oath to execute blindly the orders of Semiramis. When the ceremony was finished, the king made her his compliments, and asked her how she had managed to go through it with so grave and majestical an air.

"Whilst they were promising to obey me," said Semiramis,

"I was thinking what I should command each of them to do I have but one day of power, and I will employ it well."

The king laughed at this reply. Semiramis appeared more *piquante* and amiable than ever. "Let us see," said he, "how you will continue your part. By what orders will you begin?"

"Let the secretary of the king approach my throne," said Semiramis, with a loud voice.

The secretary approached—two slaves placed a little table before him.

"Write," said Semiramis: "'Under penalty of death, the governor of the citadel of Babylon is ordered to yield up the command of the citadel to him who shall bear to him this order.' Fold this order, seal it with the king's seal, and give it to me. Write now: 'Under penalty of death, the governor of the slaves of the palace is ordered to resign the command of the slaves into the hands of the person who shall present to him this order.' Fold, seal it with the king's seal, and deliver to me this decree. Write again: 'Under penalty of death, the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon is ordered to resign the command of the army to him who shall be the bearer of this order.' Fold, seal, and deliver to me this decree."

She took the three orders, thus dictated, and put them in her bosom. The whole court was struck with consternation; the king himself was surprised.

"Listen," said Semiramis. "In two hours hence let all the officers of the state come and offer me presents, as is the custom on the accession of new princes, and let a festival be prepared for this evening. Now, let all depart. Let my faithful servant Ninus alone remain. I have to consult him upon affairs of state."

When all the rest had gone out—"You see," said Semiramis, "that I know how to play the queen."

Ninus laughed.

"My beautiful queen," said he, "you play your part with astonishment. But, if your servant may dare question you, what would you do with the orders you have dictated?"

"I should be no longer queen, were I obliged to give an ac-

count of my actions. Nevertheless, this was my motive. I have a vengeance to execute against the three officers whom these orders menace."

"Vengeance—and wherefore?"

"The first, the governor of the citadel, is one-eyed, and frightens me every time I meet him; the second, the chief of the slaves, I hate, because he threatens me with rivals; the third, the general of the army, deprives me too often of your company; you are constantly in the camp."

This reply, in which caprice and flattery were mingled, enchanted Ninus. "Good," said he, laughing. "Here are the three first officers of the empire dismissed for very sufficient reasons."

The gentlemen of the court now came to present their gifts to the queen. Some gave precious stones; others, of a lower rank, flowers and fruits; and the slaves, having nothing to give, gave nothing but homage. Among these last, there were three young brothers, who had come from the Caucasus with Semiramis, and had rescued the caravan in which the women were, from an enormous tiger. When they passed before the throne—

"And you," said she to the three brothers, "have you no present to make to your queen?"

"No other," replied the first, Zopire, "than my life to defend her."

"None other," replied the second, Artaban, "than my sabre against her enemies."

"None other," replied the third, Assar, "than the respect and admiration which her presence inspires."

"Slaves," said Semiramis, "it is you who have made me the most valuable present of the whole court, and I will not be ungrateful. You who have offered me your sword against my enemies, take this order, carry it to the general of the army encamped under the walls of Babylon, give it to him, and see what he will do for you. You who have offered me your life for my defence, take this order to the governor of the citadel, and see what he will do for you; and you who offer me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, take this

order, give it to the commandant of the slaves of the palace and see what will be the result."

Never had Semiramis displayed so much gaiety, so much folly, and so much grace, and never was Ninus so captivated. Nor were her charms lessened in his eyes, when a slave not having executed promptly an insignificant order, she commanded his head to be struck off, which was immediately done.

Without bestowing a thought on this trivial matter, Ninus continued to converse with Semiramis till the evening and the *fête* arrived. When she entered the saloon which had been prepared for the occasion, a slave brought her a plate, in which was the head of the decapitated eunuch.—"Tis well," said she, after having examined it. "Place it on a stake in the court of the palace, that all may see it, and be you there on the spot to proclaim to every one, that the man to whom this head belonged lived three hours ago, but that having disobeyed my will, his head was separated from his body."

The *fête* was magnificent; a sumptuous banquet was prepared in the gardens, and Semiramis received the homage of all with a grace and majesty perfectly regal; she continually turned to and conversed with Ninus, rendering him the most distinguished honor. "You are," said she, "a foreign king, come to visit me in my palace. I must make your visit agreeable to you."

Shortly after the banquet was served, Semiramis confounded and reversed all ranks. Ninus was placed at the bottom of the table. He was the first to laugh at this caprice; and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be placed, without murmuring, according to the will of the queen. She seated near herself the three brothers from the Caucasus.

"Are my orders executed?" she demanded of them.

"Yes," replied they.

The *fête* was very gay. A slave having, by the force of habit, served the king first, Semiramis had him beaten with rods. His cries mingled with the laughter of the guests. Every one was inclined to merriment. It was a comedy, in which each played his part. Towards the end of the repast, when wine had added to the general gaiety, Semiramis rose from her elevated seat, and



said—"My lords, the treasurer of the empire has read me a list of those who this morning have brought me their gifts of congratulation on my joyful accession to the throne. One grandee alone of the court has failed to bring his gift."

"Who is it?" cried Ninus. "He must be punished severely."

"It is yourself, my lord—you who speak; what have you given to the queen this morning?"

Ninus rose, and came with a smiling countenance to whisper something into the ear of the queen. "The queen is insulted by her servant," exclaimed Semiramis.

"I embrace your knees to obtain my pardon, beautiful queen," said he; "pardon me, pardon me;" and he added in a lower tone, "I wish this *fête* were finished."

"You wish, then, that I should abdicate?" said Semiramis. "But no—I have still two hours to reign;" and at the same time she withdrew her hand, which the king was covering with kisses. "I pardon not," said she with a loud voice, "such an insult on the part of a slave. Slave, prepare thyself to die."

"Silly child that thou art," said Ninus, still on his knees, "yet will I give way to thy folly; but patience, thy reign will soon be over."

"You will not, then, be angry," said she in a whisper, "at something I am going to order at this moment."

"No," said he.

"Slaves!" said she aloud, "seize this man—seize this Ninus!"

Ninus, smiling, put himself into the hands of the slaves.

"Take him out of the saloon, lead him into the court of the seraglio, prepare everything for his death, and wait my orders."

The slaves obeyed, and Ninus followed them, laughing, into the court of the Seraglio. They passed by the head of the disobeying eunuch. Then Semiramis placed herself on a balcony. Ninus had suffered his hands to be tied.

"Hasten," said the queen, "hasten, Zopire, to the fortress; you to the camp, Artaban; Assar, do you secure all the gates of the palace."

The orders were given in a whisper, and executed immediately.

"Beautiful queen," said Ninus, laughing, "this comedy wants but its conclusion ; pray, let it be a prompt one."

"I will," said Semiramis. "Slaves, recollect the eunuch. Strike !"

They struck ; Ninus had hardly time to utter a cry : when his head fell upon the pavement, the smile was still upon his lips.

"Now, I am queen of Assyria," exclaimed Semiramis ; "and perish every one, like the eunuch and Ninus, who dare disobey my orders."

"The discovery of the sword by Sir Guido, in your tale of the Crusader," said Herbert, "reminds me of the elfin swords so common among the Scandinavian heroes."

"Such as the enchanted sword taken by a pirate from the tomb of a Norwegian monarch," suggested Lathom.

"Rather, perhaps, of those manufactured by the elves under compulsion, or from gratitude to some earthly warrior ; the famous sword *Tyrfing*, the weapon of the Scandinavian monarch Suafurlami, was one of these. This is the story as given by Scott, in the second volume of his *Scottish Minstrelsy* : 'The Scandinavian king, returning from hunting, bewildered himself among the mountains ; about sunset he beheld a large rock, and two dwarfs sitting before the mouth of a cavern. The king drew his sword, and intercepted their retreat by springing between them and their recess, and imposed upon them the following condition of safety :—That they should make for him a falchion, with a baldric and scabbard of pure gold, and a blade which would divide stones and iron as a garment, and which would render the wielder of it ever victorious in battle. The elves complied with his demand, and Suafurlain pursued his way home. Returning at the time appointed, the dwarfs delivered to him the famous sword *Tyrfing* ; then standing in the entrance of the cavern, spoke thus : "This sword, O king, shall destroy a man every time it is brandished, but it shall perform three atrocious deeds, and shall be thy bane." The king rushed forward with the charmed sword, and buried both its edges in the rock, but the dwarfs escaped into their recesses. This enchanted sword emitted rays like the sun, dazzling all against whom it was brandished ; it divided steel like water, and was never unsheathed without slaying a man.'"

"The supernatural skill in the fabrication of arms attributed to the northern elves," remarked Lathom, "seems to indicate some traces of historical truth. The Fins, who inhabited Scandinavia when Odin and his Asiatics invaded the country, retired to the mountains to avoid the tyranny of the new people. Far better acquainted, than the invaders could have been, with the mines of their country, a superior knowledge in the manufacture of arms may

be fairly awarded to them. And thus, in time, the oppressed Fins would come to be the dwarfish armorers of Scandinavian mythology."

"As theory is the fashion," said Thompson, "what say you to a geological foundation to many of your mythological wonders? Were not the great dragons of stone suddenly released from their rocky beds—the long serpents guarding treasure in deep pits—the closely-coiled snake of the cavern—were not many of these the gigantic antediluvian relics of our caves? Has not many an ichthyosaurus, in his earthy bed, been transformed into a deputy fiend, or even into the father of evil himself, keeping watch over some hoard of ill-gotten wealth; whilst the strange form of the huge pterodactyle, with its wings and claws, has been metamorphosed into the dragon of Wantley and his compeers?"

"Your theory, Thompson," rejoined Herbert, "may not be so baseless as you regard it. The entire series of the heathen mythology has been of old, and still is, in Germany, regarded as a mere mystical delineation of the phenomena of nature. The elements are said to have suggested the nature of the gods and their origin; the specific phenomena of nature may have suggested the various forms under which the divine race appears and acts. It was a very common practice among the astronomers of the days of Galileo, and even to a later period, to conceal their discoveries in enigmas. May we not, with some little appearance of reason, regard the fables of our ancestors, the knights, the dragons, the giants, the magicians and their followers, as in some respect an esoteric teaching of the philosophy of physics, a mystical setting forth of natural phenomena?"

"The love of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors for philosophical enigmas, as they may be called, was undoubtedly very great," rejoined Lathom; "I remember one given by Mr. Wright, in his introduction to Anglo-Saxon literature. It was in these words:—

'I saw tread over the turf  
Ten in all,  
Six brothers  
And their sister with them,  
They had a living soul:  
They langed their skins,  
Openly and manifestly,  
On the wall of the hall:  
To any one of them all  
It was none the worse,  
Nor his side the sorer:  
Although they should thus,  
Bereaved of covering,  
And awakened by the might  
Of the guardian of the skies,  
Bite, with their mouths,  
The rough leaves;

Clothing is renewed  
To those, who, before coming forth,  
Left their ornaments,  
Lying in their track,  
To depart over the earth.'"

"I shall not attempt to guess such an enigma, said Thompson.

"Its solution is the butterfly, the various transformations through which it passes from the grub until it rises with its beautiful wings, are intended to be described. But come, as we are on enigmas, what say you to this: 'We are a family of seventeen, all sisters; six others claim to belong to our race, but we account them illegitimate. We are born of iron, or of the feather that bears the bird heavenwards; by iron we die. Our fathers were three brothers, our mother's nature is uncertain. We teach him who desires to learn, and quickly and silently give words to him who requires them of us.'

"I see the solution," said Herbert, "but yet cannot work it out; it is, doubtless, the alphabet, in that day confined to seventeen true and six false letters; what puzzles me is the iron, and the natures of the mother and the father."

"The iron," said Latham, "is the style used in writing; the sharp point for marking, and the broad end to rub out with: the uncertainty of the mother's race arises from the pen being either of reed, or quill, or even of iron; the three brothers are the thumb and two fingers employed in writing."

"The 'uncertain mother' is peculiarly applicable to these times," said Thompson, with a smile, "when you may vary your pen from goose to swan, and from swan to crow; or choose between steel-pens of every size and shape, and delicate nibs of gold tipped with rubies."

"Come, we must leave our theories and enigmas, and return to our old story-tellers," said Herbert. "What tale is in preparation for us?"

"A little more demonology, as we have it in the story of

#### CELESTINUS AND THE MILLER'S HORSE.

ALEXANDER had an only son, named Celestinus, who was very dear to him; desirous of having him well instructed, he sent for a certain sage, and proffered his son to him for a pupil, promising a bountiful remuneration for his labor. The sage agreed, and took the boy home with him. Celestinus was a diligent scholar, and made great and satisfactory progress under the tuition of the philosopher.

One day, as the tutor and pupil were walking together through a meadow, their attention was directed to a horse grievously afflicted with the mange; he lay on the ground in the

middle of the field, and on either side of him two sheep were feeding, tied together by a rope which chanced to hang over the horse's back ; irritated by the rubbing of the cord, the poor horse rose, and naturally drew with him the two sheep. The weight of the sheep made the rope press more and more upon his poor back, and galled him dreadfully. Unable to endure the pain, the horse ran towards his master's home ; the faster he ran, the more the sheep knocked against his flanks, and by their weight ground the cord into the sores on his back ; with every struggle of the horse and his living burdens, the cord sank deeper into the wound.

On went the horse maddened with pain ; at last he reached the hut of his master, the miller, and dashed in with his burdens through the open door. No one was within, but a fire of logs burned brightly on the hearth ; plunging and striking with his hoofs, the horse scattered the burning logs about the house ; the flames caught the building, and soon surrounded the poor animal. Unable to move from the terror of the flames, there died the poor horse and the unlucky sheep, amid the ruins of the miller's hut.

"My son," said the tutor, when from afar he saw the end of the accident, "you have seen the beginning, the middle, and the end of this incident ; when you return to your study, make me some verses upon it, and show me wherefore the house was burned. If you fail, beware of the punishment."

It was all in vain that Celestinus tried to coin a verse or two on such a curious subject. He felt more than usually unpoetical ; and as for assigning a cause for the fire, he so puzzled himself with his own arguments, as at last to begin to doubt whether there was any cause at all. At length he left his room, and tried what a walk would do towards making him able to poetise.

"My son," said a venerable looking man that met him on his solitary ramble, "what makes you so sorrowful ?"

"Pray do not trouble yourself," replied the youth ; "it is quite useless to tell you of my trouble : you cannot help me."

"Nay, but my son—how can we decide until we hear the cause ?"

“Well, then, good father, I have got to make some verses on a mangy horse and two sheep, and I do not know how.”

“And to decide wherefore the hut, the horse, and the sheep were burnt.”

“Why, father, how do you know that?” exclaimed Celestinus.

“Though human to look at, I am not of this world,” replied the old man; “come, make a contract with me, henceforth to serve me, and care not for your master; and I will make you such a copy of verses as never were yet seen. Come, choose; you know the alternative—the philosopher flogs sharply.”

Celestinus hesitated a long time, but at last, through fear, he agreed to the devil’s proposal.

“Now then, my son,” said the devil, “write what I tell you; are you ready to begin?”

A mangy horse lay in a field,  
A sheep on either side;  
Across his back the rope was hung,  
To which the sheep were tied.

Teas’d by the rope, up rose the horse,  
With him the sheep up swung,  
On either flank, thus weighted well,  
The rope his withers wrung.

Clogg’d by his living load, he seeks  
Yon miller’s hut to gain;  
The rope wears deeper, and his pace  
Is quicken’d with the pain.

He minds not bolts, nor bars, nor logs  
That on the hearthstone burn;  
Nor fears with ready, scattering hoof,  
The flaming pile to spurn.

Wide flies the fire, above, around,  
The rafters catch the flame;  
Poor Dobbin, and his fleecy load,  
Are roasted in the same.

Had but that miller deigned at home,  
His careful watch to keep,  
He had not burnt his house, or horse,  
\* Nor roasted both his sheep.

Deighted with the verses, Celestinus hastened to his master on his return home. The philosopher read them with astonishment.

"Boy," said he, "whence did you steal these verses?"

"I did not steal them, sir."

"Come, come, boy—they are clearly not your own; tell me who made them for you."

"I dare not, master," replied the boy.

"Dare not, why dare not? Come, boy, tell me the truth, or abide a worse punishment than would have awaited you had you not brought me any verses."

Terrified at his master's threats, Celestinus revealed his interview with the devil in a human form, and his contract of service with him. Deeply grieved at the occurrence, the preceptor ceased not to talk with his pupil, until he had persuaded him, humbly and heartily, on his knees, to confess to God his grievous sin in his compact with the devil. His confederacy with the evil one thus renounced, Celestinus became a good and holy man, and, after a well-spent life, resigned his soul to God.



"Pray, Lathom, what moral did your old monk intend to draw from this diabolical poetry?" asked Thompson.

"His application is very recondite; the preceptor is a prelate of the Church; the mangy horse, a sinner covered with sins; the two sheep represent two preachers bound by the cord of charity; the miller's house is the world, and the fire, detraction. I must admit that the application, in this case, is far less valuable or intelligible than the story itself."

"In an old book of moral advice," said Herbert, "I found a description of three madmen, that reminded me much of the five kinds described by St. Peter, as related by your old writer. The first carried a fagot of wood, and because it was already too heavy for him, he added more wood to it, in the hopes of thereby making it lighter."

"And he," rejoined Lathom, "was a sinner, daily adding new sins to old, because unable to bear the weight of his original errors."

"The very same. The second madman drew water from a deep well with a sieve; his labor was incessant, and his progress just as slow. Can you explain the nature of his sin?"

"I can read the explanation," rejoined Lathom, "for I have this moment found out the source of your extract in my old monk's book. This madman was the man who does good, but does it sinfully, and therefore it is of no benefit. The third madman was far worse, he carried a beam in his chariot; and wishing to enter his court-yard, and finding the gate so narrow that it would not admit the beam, he whipped his horse until it tumbled both itself and its master into a deep well. The beam was worldly vanities, with which their possessor sought to enter into heaven, but by which he was cast down into hell."

"The belief in witchcraft," began Herbert, "is very well illustrated by a late publication of the Camden Society of London."

"Nay, nay, Reginald, no more of witches now," rejoined Lathom; "the subject deserves far more time, attention, and illustration than we can now afford it, and must be adjourned for the present. Let me conclude this evening with the tale of

#### THE EMPEROR CONRAD AND THE COUNT'S SON.

DURING the reign of the emperor Conrad, there lived a certain count of the name of Leopold, who had risen to high commands by his bravery and his knowledge. Every one regarded the count with favor, and loved him for his kindness to suitors, and his prowess against the enemies of the emperor. Conrad alone looked on his servant with an evil eye; for he envied his reputation, and would have taken to himself the glories he had acquired, and ascribed to himself those victories which Leopold had won.

The count, unable to endure the evil looks and hard words of the emperor, and fearful that in time his present anger would be turned into bitter hatred, suddenly left the court of Rome, and fled with his wife into the forest of the Appenines. There he toiled all day, and labored diligently to support himself and his spouse. There he knew not what the fear of impending evil was; he had no one to envy him, no one to covet his position or his property.

It was a bright sunny day, and the meridian sun glared with unwonted fierceness, even through the thick trees of the forest,



and rendered the air close and heavy from lack of a breeze to move even the highest leaves of the loftiest pines. The emperor pursued the chase with ardor ; urged on by the exhilarating cry of the hounds, he thought not of the denseness of the forest, or the tangled nature of its winding ways, until at last, tired and thirsty, he checked his horse in a dark close glade, and looked around for some hut where he might obtain rest and refreshment.

Many were the paths which the emperor and his attendants followed before they reached the cottage where Leopold lived in solitude ; the count recognized his sovereign, but Conrad knew not his old servant, nor was he recognized by any of the hunting train ; refreshments, such as the homely store could furnish, were soon placed before the emperor. It was now nigh to evening : already the glades of the forest were growing dark, and the devious paths more and more difficult to track out, even to the experienced eye of a woodman. It was useless to attempt to escape from the forest before the next morning. The attendants soon formed for themselves sylvan beds on the soft grass, and beneath the broad-spreading trees, their cloaks for coverlids, and the green mossy grass for their beds. The emperor fared better. One low trussel bed Leopold had in the lower room of his hut, this he resigned to the emperor.

Fatigued with his hard day's riding, Conrad soon fell asleep : how long he slept he knew not ; but when all was dark and still, both within and without the hut, a voice broke upon his ear.

"Take—take—take," said the voice.

Conrad rose and listened. "What," said he to himself, as he thought on the words, "what am I to take ? Take—take—take : what can the voice mean ?"

As he reflected on the singularity of the words, the emperor again fell asleep ; again a voice awoke him from his slumbers.

"Restore—restore—restore," said the mysterious voice.

"What means all this mystery ?" exclaimed the emperor. "First I was to take, take, take, and there is nothing for me to take : and now I am to restore. What can I restore, when I have taken nothing ?"

Again the emperor slept, and again the voice seemed to speak to him.

"Fly—fly—fly," said the voice this time, "for a child is now born, who shall become thy son-in-law."

It was early dawn when Conrad heard the voice the third time. He immediately arose, and inquired of his squires if they had heard a noise, and what had happened in the night.

"Naught," replied they, "my lord, but that a son was born to the poor woodman whilst you slept."

"Hah!" exclaimed Conrad, "a son—to mount—to horse—we will away."

The emperor and his train had hardly found their way out of the wood, when Conrad called two of his knights to him.

"Go," said he, "to the woodman's hut, take away the newborn child, kill it; and bring its heart to me, that I may know that you have performed my commands."

With sorrowful hearts the two knights returned towards the woodman's cottage. The babe was nestled in its mother's breast, and smiled on them as they seized it. Vain was the resistance of its mother, for she was alone; Leopold had gone into the wood, to his daily labor.

"I cannot strike the poor babe," said one knight to the other, as they left the hut in the forest, "do you play the butcher."

"Not I," replied the other; "I can strike down my adversary in fair fight, but not this poor babe."

At this moment a hare sprang across the path so close to the foremost of the knights, that he raised his hunting pole and struck it down.

"Comrade," said the other knight, "I perceive how we may make the emperor believe that we have obeyed his commands, and yet not take this poor babe's life—open the hare, take out its heart. As for the babe, we will place it on yonder high branch, where the wild beasts cannot get at it, until we have done our message to the emperor, then will I return and take this poor babe to my home, for I am childless."

Leaving the babe, the two knights went on their message to the emperor; but before they could return, a good duke rode by the tree where the babe was, and took compassion on it, and carried the child to his own house, where it was nurtured as his own son. As for the child, he grew up a man of fine form, the joy of his

adopted parents, eloquent in speech, and a general favorite at the emperor's court. For a time, Conrad was as pleased with the attainments of the young Henry, as he had been with those of his poor father; but time brought with it envy, and he soon hated the youth, as he had before the unfortunate count. A dreadful suspicion haunted Conrad's mind that he had been deceived by his knights, and that the youthful favorite of the people was the woodman's child, against whom he had been warned by the secret voice. The most cruel thoughts entered his mind, and he determined, this time, not to be deceived by his agents.

"Henry," said he to the young count, "I have a letter of the utmost importance that I wish to be delivered to my wife; to you I commit it, for you I can trust; haste, then, prepare for your journey, whilst I write the letter."

Henry retired to his apartments to prepare for his ride; he chose his best riding suit, and his strongest horse, desirous in every way to do honor to the Emperor's mission. Conrad went to his private room to prepare the letter.

"As soon as this letter reaches you," he wrote, "I command you to cause the bearer thereof to be put to death. See that this be done, as you value my love."

Henry received the letter, and prepared to commence his journey. As it happened, his horse cast one of its shoes, and he was compelled to wait until another could be forged. Unwilling that the emperor should know of the delay, the young man wandered into the royal chapel, and seating himself in one of the royal stalls, fell asleep.

There was a prying, crafty priest in the chapel, who had heard the message given to the young count, and wished very much to discover the secret of the message. Seeing the young man asleep, he silently approached the youth, and extracting the letter from the little silken bag in which it was enclosed, opened its folds, and read, with astonishment, the proposed wickedness.

"Poor youth," murmured the priest, "thou little thinkest on what errand you are riding. But, come, I will deceive this cruel emperor," continued he, as he erased the passage in which

Henry's death was commanded, and inserted these words: "Give him our daughter in marriage."

The letter altered and replaced, his horse re-shod, Henry set out on his journey, and soon arrived at the city where the queen dwelt. Presenting his letter to the queen, he was greatly surprised when she hailed him as her son-in-law, by virtue of the royal commands, and bade the priests and nobles of her court to assist in rendering the celebration of the nuptials as gorgeous as befitted the occasion.

It was in vain that Conrad raged against the deceit thus practised on him; one by one the wonderful facts of the young man's deliverance were revealed to him, and he could not but recognize in them all the hand of a protecting Providence. Deeply penitent for his many offences against God and man, he confirmed the marriage of his daughter, recalled the old count from his forest hut, and proclaimed the young Henry heir to his empire.

"There is a great family likeness between this tale of yours, and the German story of the Giant with the Golden Hair."

"In what respect?"

"In the manner in which the fortunate youth obtains the princess as his wife. In that legend, a king discovers the babe after a manner very similar to that in which Henry is found by Conrad, and—warned that the child is to be his son-in-law—he sends him on a message to his queen, with a letter of the same import as in your tale. Fatigued with his journey, the youth arrived at a robber's cottage, falls asleep, and during his rest the thieves alter the letter, as the priest does that borne by Henry. The effect is, of course, similar."

"But what of the golden-haired giant?" asked Herbert.

"He does not appear until the second part of the legend, and this is doubtless added on from some other tradition. You will find the whole story in Grimm's most amusing collection of German popular stories."

"With this tale, then, we conclude our evening's amusement."

"I am afraid it must be so, Herbert," rejoined Lathom; "I should not like to be left without material for to-morrow, our last meeting; and between this and then, I am unable to prepare any more tales."

## CHAPTER XII.

Love and Marriage—THE KNIGHT AND THE THREE QUESTIONS—Racing for a Wife—  
JONATHAN AND THE THREE TALISMANS—Tale of the Dwarf and the Three Soldiers—  
Conclusion.

"I HAVE been very much surprised at the almost entire absence of compulsory marriages from your tales; marriage, indeed, is the staple incident of the story, but the course of love seems to be allowed to run almost too smooth."

"Why, Herbert," said Frederick Thompson, with a smile, "were it not rank heresy to suppose that power, and wealth, and policy influenced marriages in those romantic days, when knights performed impossibilities, and ladies sang love ditties from high towers?"

"You must not delude yourselves that ladies were married in the tenth and eleventh centuries on principles very widely differing from those now prevailing. I could give you far worse examples than the wondrous nineteenth century furnishes."

"What?" exclaimed Herbert, "worse examples than eighty linked to eighteen because their properties adjoined? or a spendthrift title propped up by a youthful heiress, because the one wanted money and the other rank?"

"Hilloa, Master Reginald Herbert, methinks we speak feelingly; is there not something of the accepted lover and disappointed son-in-law in that exalted burst of indignation, eh, Lathom? can it be true that

'The lady she was willing,  
But the baron he say no.'

"Be it as it may," said Lathom, "we will solace our friend with an example or two of the approved ways of lady-winning in the tenth century. Which shall it be, the case of a successful racer or a clever resolver of riddles?"

"Oh, I will answer for Reginald; pray leave Miss Atalanta for the present, and favor us with the resolver of hard questions."

Here begins the tale of

THE KNIGHT AND THE THREE QUESTIONS.

A CERTAIN emperor had a very beautiful, but wilful, daughter, and he much wished to marry her, for she was his heir, but to all

his wishes she was deaf. At last she agreed to marry that person who should answer succinctly these three questions. The first question was, "What is the length, breadth, and depth of the four elements?" The second required a means of changing the north wind; and the third demanded by what means fire might be carried in the bosom without injury to the person.

Many and many were the nobles, knights, and princes that endeavored to answer the princess's questions. It was all in vain: some answered one, some another, but no one resolved all three, and each reserved his secret from his competitor, in the hopes of another and more successful trial. The emperor began to grow angry with his daughter, but she still persisted in her intentions, and her father did not like to compel her. At length, after many years, came a soldier from a foreign land, and when he heard of the questions of the princess, he volunteered for the trial. On the appointed day, the soldier entered the court of the palace accompanied by one attendant, who led an extremely fiery horse by the bridle. The king descended to the gate of the inner court-yard, and demanded the soldier's wishes.

"I come, my lord, to win thy daughter, by rightly answering her three questions; I pray thee propose them to me."

"Right willingly," rejoined the emperor. "If thou succeedest, my daughter, and the succession to my throne, is thine; but mark me, if thou failest, a sound whipping awaits thee as an impudent adventurer. Shall I propose the questions?"

"Even so, my lord—I am ready: a crown and a wife, or the whipping-post."

"Tell me, then, succinctly, how many feet there are in the length, breadth, and depth of the elements."

"Launcelot," said the soldier to his servant, "give the horse to a groom, and lie down on the ground."

The servant obeyed his master's orders, and the soldier carefully measured his length, his breath, and the thickness of his body.

"My lord," said the soldier, as soon as the measuring was complete, "the length of the elements is scarcely seven feet

the breadth is nearly three, and the depth does not exceed one."

"How mean you, sir; what has this to do with the elements?"

"My lord," rejoined the soldier, "man is made of the four elements: I have given you the measure of man, and therefore of those parts of which he is composed."

"You have answered well, sir soldier: now resolve this difficulty—how can the north wind be changed?"

"Launcelot, bring up Niger."

The servant brought up the horse at his master's command, and the soldier placed it with its head to the north; after a few minutes he administered to it a potion, and at the same moment turned its head to the east; the horse that before had breathed fiercely now became quiet, and its breathing was soft and quiet.

"See, my lord, the wind is changed."

"How, sir soldier?" asked the emperor, "what has this to do with the wind?"

"My lord," rejoined the soldier, "who knows not that the life of every animal is in its breath, and that breath is air? When my horse looked northward, he breathed fiercely and snorted excessively. Lo, I gave him a potion and turned his head to the east, and now the same breath comes softly and quietly, for the wind is changed."

"Well done—well done, soldier! for these two answers thou shalt escape the whipping-post. Now resolve me this difficulty, How can fire be carried in the bosom without injury to the person?"

"Look and see, my lord."

With these words, the soldier stooped towards a fire that burned in the court-yard, and hastily seizing some of the burning wood, placed it in his bosom. Every one expected to see him injured, but after the fire had burned out the soldier threw the wood from his breast and there was neither scar nor burn on his flesh.

"Well hast thou performed thy task, O soldier," said the king. "My daughter is thine according to promise—the in-

heritance of my kingdom is also thine and hers; now tell me the secret whereby thou didst prevent the fire from burning thee."

"This stone is the talisman," replied the soldier, showing a small bright stone that he carried in his right hand. "Who-soever bears this about him shall be able to resist the hottest fire that man can light."

Loaded with riches and honors, the soldier married the princess, and they succeeded to the throne and the wealth of her father.

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"Your princess, Lathom, seems to have been one of those young ladies who never dream that husbands and wives are born for each other, but regard the former as especially provided for the benefit of the latter."

"I suspect the old monk, Thompson, thought very little about love matters, but rather looked to the appropriateness of his story for a religious application."

"Exactly so, Herbert," remarked Lathom, "the moral is decidedly the best part of this tale. The emperor is our Saviour; the daughter, the human soul. Measuring the elements, is typical of subduing the lust of the flesh. The fiery horse is a sinner changed by repentance; and the small bright stone, that conquers the power of fire, is a true and lively faith in our Saviour, utterly subjugating the fire of pride, luxury, and avarice."

"What is the tale of the marriage by racing?" asked Thompson.

"Hardly worth relating at length"

"Except as a hint to our poor friend Reginald."

"The lady is to be won by no one who cannot outrun her. After many failures, comes one called Abibas, a poor, but shrewd fellow. Knowing the failings of the young lady, he prepares a garland of roses, a beautiful silken girdle, and a golden ball, on which was written, 'whosoever plays with me, shall never be tired.' The race begins, and the lady is just passing her competitor, when he skilfully jerks the rose garland on to her head. Attracted by the smell of the flowers, and despising the slow pace of Abibas, the lady stops to admire, and Abibas gets well ahead. She soon throws away the garland, and is off again after her competitor; nearer and nearer she comes, when Abibas slyly drops the embroidered girdle in her path. She stops—admires—takes it up, and again loses ground. Again she throws away the tempting bait, and renews the race; the distance between her and her suitor is soon lessened, and the race draws towards its end. As a last resource, he casts the golden ball before her. She stops—reads the inscription—determines to try it for a moment—goes on and on with her pleasure, and is only awakened from her folly by the cries that hail Abibas as the winner of the race and the lady."



"What makes you look so solemn, Herbert? Can you not persuade the repudiating father in your case, to run a race with you for the lady."

"Tut—tut, Thompson; I was thinking whether any of those persons who promote or sanction what the world calls marriages of convenience, in which every one admits that love, or identity of feelings, has nothing at all to do, ever read the commencement of the exhortation in the marriage service. Surely it can never occur to them, that we are there told that marriage signifies unto us the mystical union between our Saviour and his Church."

"It were charity to suppose they were ignorant," replied Lathom; "but let us leave these speculations, we are by no means in a proper tone of mind for them, and are more ready to laugh, than to reason."

"Let us then return to our sorcerers and witches," said Thompson.

"Nay, rather let me demand your attention for a tale of some length, but not less interest, and which combines just sufficient magic in its incidents to satisfy Herbert's love of the marvellous. I will read you the story of

#### JONATHAN AND THE THREE TALISMANS.

DARIUS was a wise and prudent king; he had three sons whom he loved much, and amongst whom he divided his possessions. To the eldest he gave his kingdom; to the second, his personal wealth; to the third, a ring, a necklace, and a valuable carpet. These three gifts were charmed. The ring rendered any one who wore it beloved, and obtained for him whatsoever he desired. The necklace, if worn on the breast, enabled the wearer to realize every wish; whilst the cloth had such virtue, that whosoever sat upon it, and thought where he would be carried, found himself there almost before his thought was expressed. These three precious gifts the king conferred upon Jonathan his youngest son, to aid him in his studies; but his mother retained them during the earlier years of his youth; after a time his mother delivered to him the ring.

"Jonathan," she said, "take the first of thy father's bequests—this ring; guard it as a treasure. So long as you wear it every one shall love you, and whatsoever you wish shall be obtained by you; of one thing beware—an artful woman."

Jonathan with many thanks and protestations took the ring. Its magic effects were soon evident. Every one sought his society, and every one loved him. Though he had neither silver nor gold, house nor fields, he had but to wish for them, and lo, one gave him fields, and another houses, a third gold, a fourth mer-

chandize. Walking one day in the streets of Rome, he met a lady so beautiful to look at, that he could not restrain himself from following her, and eventually he had no happiness but in her society. She loved Jonathan, and Jonathan loved her.

"Dearest," said the lady one day, as Jonathan was enjoying her society, "how comes it that you immediately obtain everything you but wish for, and yet the good king did not leave thee his wealth, or his power?"

"It is a secret, Subtilia; a secret that I may not reveal, lest it lose its value."

"And do you profess to love me, Jonathan, and yet keep from me the secret of your power, your wealth, and your life?"

"Ask me not, dearest, for it may not be."

"Farewell then, Jonathan—thou lovest me not—never more will I love thee again."

"Nay, Subtilia, but thou canst not prevent thyself loving me as long as I wear this ring."

"Ah, Jonathan, the secret, the secret, you wear a magic ring."

"Fool that I was," exclaimed Jonathan, "in my haste I forgot my discretion; well, you know my secret—be honest, and keep it yourself."

"You have not told me all the properties of the ring; I must know all if thou wouldst have it kept a secret."

Subtilia at length elicited the secret from her lover. The source of his power once known to her, the next object of her plans was to obtain that power for herself.

"Thou art very wrong, Jonathan," said she, looking up into his face, with her dark black eyes; "surely thou art wrong to wear so precious a jewel on thy finger; some day, in the hurry of your occupation, you will lose the ring, and then your power is gone."

"There is some sense in what you say, Subtilia," replied Jonathan; "yet where shall I place it in security?"

"Let me be its guardian, dearest," said Subtilia, with a look of deep affection. "No one will seek such a treasure of me; and whensoever you wish for it, it will be ready to your hand; among the rest of my jewels it will be perfectly secure."

Jonathan acceded to her request, and placed the ring in her

possession. For a time all went well ; the ring was safe, and ready to his use, and the lady's love did not decrease. One day when he came to visit her as usual, he found Subtilia sitting on a couch, bathed in tears.

"Oh, my dear, dear lord," exclaimed she, casting herself at his feet ; "how can I dare to approach my lord ?"

"Why this anxiety, this sorrow, Subtilia ?" said Jonathan, as he raised her from the ground, and strove to kiss away her tears.

"Oh, my lord ! pardon me—the ring," ejaculated Subtilia.

"Ah ! the ring—what of the ring ?"

"It is gone, my lord—stolen."

"Gone ! how gone, woman ?" rejoined Jonathan, in anger.

"Ah, my good lord ; this morning I went to my jewel-box to take out such ornaments as might best please my lord, and lo, the ring was not there ; and now where it is, I know not."

"Farewell, Subtilia—I am ruined."

With these words Jonathan left the lady. It was all in vain that he searched everywhere for the ring ; it was of but a common form, and he dared not to reveal its secret, as once known no one would dream of resigning such a treasure. In his distress he returned to his mother, and told her all his misfortunes.

"My son," said his lady mother, "did I not warn thee of this very danger ? by the subtlety of this woman thou hast lost thy charmed jewel. Receive now thy father's second bequest—this necklace ; so long as you wear this on your breast, every wish of yours shall be fulfilled ; go in peace, and once more beware of female subtlety."

Overjoyed with his new acquisition, and unable to believe that Subtilia had deceived him about the loss of the ring, Jonathan returned to the city, and to the society of that fair, but deceitful, lady. For a time his secret remained within his own breast ; at length, however, he yielded to the blandishments of his lady-love, and disclosed to her the source of his prosperity. Long and subtle were the means by which Subtilia gained the knowledge of the secret of the necklace, and longer and more subtle the plans by which she at last gained it to her own possession. This too was lost, as the ring ; and Jonathan returned a second time to his mother.

"My son," said she, "these two times you have fallen a victim to female subtlety, the ring and the necklace are not lost; Subtilia has them both, and if you would succeed, you must regain them from her. Receive this, the third and last bequest of your royal father; seated on this carpet, you have but to wish to find yourself forthwith in whatever place you desire; go in peace, my son—for the third time beware of female subtlety."

"I will be revenged on this faithless woman," muttered Jonathan, as he entered Subtilia's house bearing the last bequest of Darius. "Subtilia," he said, when he entered the room in which she sat, "come, see the third bequest of the good king: this splendid carpet—here, sit down with me on it."

Subtilia was hardly seated on the carpet, ere Jonathan wished that they were in a desert place, far, far from the abode of man. His wish was hardly complete before they were both in a drear solitude, many hundreds of miles from a human abode, and where wild beasts and deadly serpents abounded.

"Subtilia!" exclaimed Jonathan; "thou art now in my power: restore the ring and the necklace, or die by the mouths of beasts, or the slow torture of famine; no human footstep ever treads these solitudes."

"We perish together, Jonathan."

"Delude not thyself so, false woman," rejoined Jonathan, in anger; "I have but to wish myself away, and find my wish accomplished; choose therefore—death, or the restoration of the ring and the necklace."

"I have his secret," muttered Subtilia to herself; and then with a most piteous voice, "my dear lord, I pray thee give me time—but an hour, or even less—before I decide."

"As you wish; until the sun touches the top of yonder pine tree, consider your choice."

Whilst the time was passing away, the heat of the day seduced Jonathan into a slight sleep. Subtilia saw the advantage; slowly, and softly, she drew away the carpet from beneath him, and as, awakened by her last efforts, he would have regained the magic carpet, she wished herself again at Rome, and passed from his sight. He was alone in the desert, whilst she revelled in

every luxury that could be obtained through the means of the three gifts of his royal father.

Jonathan meditated on his situation, and upbraided himself for his own foolishness: whether to bend his steps from that dreadful wilderness he knew not, but committing himself by prayer to God's especial protection, he followed a narrow path, and at length reached the banks of a large river. The river was not deep, and Jonathan essayed to pass it. Though the water was so hot that it burnt the flesh off his bones, he persevered, and at length reached the opposite bank. He essayed to taste of the stream, but it was sore bitter, and burned the roof of his mouth as he drank of it. Astonished at the properties of the river, Jonathan placed a small quantity of it in a glass vessel, and proceeded, with great pain, on his journey.

Hunger soon succeeded to thirst, and the solitary wanderer wist not how to assuage his bitter craving. As he wandered on, limping with pain, he suddenly cast his eyes on a fair and tempting tree, abounding in fruit of a rich and golden hue. Without one thought of thanks to God, Jonathan limped to the tree, and plucked eagerly of the fruit. The fair meal had hardly concluded, ere he was a leper from head to foot, the foul disease broke out over his body. Weeping and mourning for his misfortunes, he gathered of the hurtful fruit, and renewed his miserable wanderings.

Another hour of painful travel brought Jonathan to the bank of a troubled, turbid stream, whose depth appeared unfathomable, and whose waters were repugnant even to the thirsty man. Careless of his life, with one prayer to God, the wanderer stepped into the river, unconscious of its depth. It was shallow, and offered little resistance to his passage, though its stream seemed to roll onward with headlong violence. His burnt flesh, too, came again in all its original purity. Jonathan reached the bank, and on his bended knees gave thanks to God for his great kindness in relieving him from his pains. Of this stream, also, he took a small vase full, as a treasured medicine.

Still the wanderer continued his journey, hungry and a leper. No tree on either side of him gave any promise of sustenance, and he despaired of sustaining his fast fleeting strength. Anon

ne came to a low, crooked, cankerous-looking bush, with two or three withered, and apparently rotten, apples, on one of its branches; desperate with hunger, he seized one of the wretched fruits, and ate it. His hunger was assuaged; his leprosy was departed from him. Strength, health, and a free spirit seemed renewed in him, and plucking another of the withered fruits, he went on his way rejoicing.

By the virtue of that food he wandered on without feeling hunger; by the virtue of that water his flesh suffered not from his journey, and he knew not what fatigue was. After many days, he neared the gates of a walled city, and made as though he would have entered.

"Ho! sir traveller," said the gatekeeper, "whence comest thou—what art thou—and whither goest thou?"

"From Rome, good porter—a physician—"

"Stay," interrupted the porter; "a physician—you are in good fortune—canst cure a leprosy?"

"I can but try my skill."

"If you succeed with this case your fortune is made, friend; our king is ill of a leprosy. Whosoever will cure him, will receive great rewards; but death if he fails."

"I will undertake the cure," replied Jonathan; "lead me to the king."

Jonathan entered the palace, and was led to the chamber of the king, where he lay on his couch; wasted with disease, and covered from head to foot with a leprosy of the most virulent kind.

"A physician, my lord the king," said the attendant, "who would try to cure your disease."

"What, another victim?" rejoined the royal leper; "does he know the alternative?"

"My lord," said Jonathan, "I am aware of the terms, and accept them freely; by God's help I will cure my lord, or perish in the attempt. I pray my lord the king to eat of this fruit."

"What, this withered, rotten apple?" exclaimed the king.

"Even this, my lord."

The king took the fruit of the second tree, and ate it as Jona

than advised. In a moment his leprosy began to disappear, and the pimples to sink and become hardly visible.

"Thou art, indeed, a physician," exclaimed the king; "the promised reward is thine."

"Stay, my lord," said Jonathan, "we must restore the flesh to its original state."

With these words, he touched every mark on the king's body with the water of the second river, and the flesh returned fair and white as before the leprosy.

"Blessed physician, thy reward is doubled; stay, I pray thee, in our country."

"Nay, my lord, I may not. I must seek my own land, and all I ask is, that my lord will divide the half of my reward amongst the poor of this city."

Soon after this, Jonathan sailed from this city for Rome: arrived there, he circulated a report, that a great physician had arrived. Now it happened that Subtilia, in despite of all the talismans, lay grievously sick, and nigh unto death. The report of the arrival of the great physician comforted her, and she sent for Jonathan. He knew her again, but she knew him not, for he was greatly altered and disguised.

"Great master," said she in a faint voice, "I die."

"Death, lady, comes ever to those who confess not their sins against God and man, and defraud their friends; if thou hast done this my help is vain, without confession and restoration."

Then did Subtilia confess all her treachery against Jonathan, and how she had deprived him by her subtlety of the three talismans, and left him to die in a desert place.

"Woman," said Jonathan, "thy ill-used lover yet lives, and is prosperous; the talismans must be restored to him—where be they?"

"In yonder chest; here, take the keys, restore them to Jonathan, and give me of your medicine."

"Take this fruit—drink of this water."

"Mercy, mercy!" exclaimed Subtilia, "I am a leper—the flesh is burning away from my bones—I die—I die."

"Subtilia, thou hast met with thy reward—thou diest—and Jonathan is thy physician."

With one fearful look at Jonathan, and one agonized scream, the wretched woman fell back a corpse ; her diseased flesh already mouldering to destruction.

Jonathan regained his father's bequests, and returned to his mother ; the whole kingdom rejoiced at his return. Until his life's end he remembered the lessons he had learnt in his prosperity and his poverty, and he lived and died in peace with God and with man.

---

"Your tale, of course, boasts of a moral?"

"Yes ; a moral far from unreasonable. The emperor Darius is typical of our Saviour, as is generally the case in these tales : and the queen-mother is the Church. The two sons are the men of this world ; the third son typifies the good Christian. The lady, his great temptation and source of all his evils, is the flesh. She first obtains from him the ring of faith, and after that deprives him, by her devices, of the necklace of hope ; and in despite of these warnings, steals from him, at last, the cloth of charity. The bitter water, that burned away the flesh from the bones, is repentance, and the first fruit is heartfelt remorse : the second river is repentance before God, and the unpromising fruit represents the deeds of faith, prayer, self-denial, and charity."

"You have left the leprous king and the ship still unexplained."

"The former is but a type of a sinful man, the other is intended to represent the Divine command, but the application seems forced and inappropriate."

"You have another link between the East and West in this tale," remarked Herbert. "The talisman of the magic cloth may be found in the Arabian Nights, in the story of Prince Ahmed, and the Fairy Pari Banou."

"All the three talismans proclaim the eastern origin of the story," rejoined Lathom ; "and besides this, its entire structure resembles the tale of Fortunatus, to which few have hesitated to assign an eastern origin."

"Many of the incidents of your story are to be found in the old German nursery tale of the Dwarf and the Three Soldiers."

"Not unlikely ; but the tale in question is so little known to me, that I cannot trace the likeness."

"The tale, in a few words, is this," replied Thompson. "Three poor soldiers obtain from a dwarf three gifts ; a cloak, a purse, and a horse ; one and all equally useful in promoting their worldly advantage. A crafty princess steals all these gifts, and the soldiers are once more poor. Driven by hunger, one of the three eats of an apple-tree by the road-side, and forthwith his nose grows, not by inches, but by miles. The friendly dwarf,



in pity of his misery, cures him by administering another kind of apple; and the nose shrinks as quickly as it had grown.

"Now comes the revenge on the princess. The old soldier offers some of the fatal apples for sale; the princess buys and eats; her nose grows without ceasing. Under pretence of curing her, the old soldier, disguised as a doctor, makes her nose grow more and more, and at length having terrified her into restoring the dwarf's gifts, kindly gives her a piece of the second kind of apples, and cures her of the nasal protuberance."

"And now that we have concluded our criticisms," said Herbert, "let us give all due praise to the admirable instruction contained in this last narrative."

"May we not extend our praise to all the tales?"

"As critics, well intentioned towards the writers, and especially towards this translation, we must not set much store on our criticism. We need not, however, fear to give our own opinions, and therefore I agree with you that great praise may with reason be given to all the tales we have heard, and to no one more than that with which our last evening, I fear, must now conclude. One thing I would ask you, Lathom; you spoke of the want of the usual accessories to fiction in these old monk's stories. One or two slips have not escaped me; but unless you have re-produced many of the tales, the credit of great experience in writing fictions must be allowed to the authors of the Gesta."

"I do not mean to deny that I have re-written many of these tales, and in some places introduced a little embroidery, but nowhere have I done more than re-set the old jewels, and put old pictures into new frames."

"This, then, is our last evening with the old story-tellers," said Thompson; "to-morrow, Herbert and I are off for a week of home, whilst you are left here to——"

"To reset some more old jewels, should these, through your report, obtain favor and acceptance with my friends"



# LIFE IN GERMANY

OR A VISIT TO THE SPRINGS OF GERMANY BY "AN OLD MAN" IN  
SEARCH OF HEALTH.

BY SIR FRANCIS HEAD,

LATE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA.



## PREFACE.

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THE writer of this trifling Volume was suddenly sentenced, in the cold evening of his life, to drink the mineral waters of one of the bubbling springs, or brunnen, of Nassau. In his own opinion, his constitution was not worth so troublesome a repair ; but, being outvoted, he bowed and departed.

On reaching the point of his destination, he found not only water-bibbing—bathing—and ambulation to be the orders of the day, but it was moreover insisted upon, that the mind was to be relaxed inversely as the body was to be strengthened. During this severe regimen, he was driven to amuse himself in his old age by blowing, as he tottled about, a few literary Bubbles. His hasty sketches of whatever chanced for the moment to please either his eyes, or his mind, were only made—*because he had nothing else in the world to do* ; and he now offers them to that vast and highly respectable class of people who read from exactly the self-same motive.

The critic must, of course, declare this production to be vain—empty—light—hollow—superficial . . . but it is the nature of Bubbles to be so.

“ The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them.”

*Macbeth, Act I, Scene 3*



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# LIFE IN GERMANY.

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## THE VOYAGE.

By the time I reached the Custom-house Stairs, the paddles of the Rotterdam steamboat were actually in motion, and I had scarcely hurried across a plank, when I heard it fall splash into the muddy water which separated me farther and farther from the wharf. Still later than myself, passengers were now seen chasing the vessel in boats, and there was a confusion on deck, which I gladly availed myself of, by securing, close to the helmsman, a corner, where, muffled in the ample folds of an old boat-cloak, I felt I might quietly enjoy an incognito ; for, as the sole object of my expedition was to do myself as much good and as little harm as possible, I considered it would be a pity to wear out my constitution by any travelling exclamations in the Thames.

The hatches being now opened, the huge pile of trunks, black portmanteaus, and gaudy carpet-bags, which had threatened at first to obstruct my prospect, was rapidly stowed away ; and, as the vessel, hissing and smoking, glided, or rather scuffled, by Deptford, Greenwich, Woolwich, &c., a very motley group of fellow-passengers were all occupied in making remarks of more or less importance. Some justly prided themselves on being able to read aloud inscriptions on shore, which others had declared, from their immense distance, to be illegible ;—some, bending forward, modestly asked for information ; some, standing particularly upright, pompously imparted it. At times, wondering eyes, both male and female, were seen radiating in all directions ; then all were concentrated on an approaching sister steamboat, which, steering an opposite course, soon rapidly passed us ; the gilt figure at her head, the splashing of the paddles, and the name

written over her stern, occasioning observations which burst into existence nearly as simultaneously as the thunder and lightning of heaven ;—handkerchiefs were waved, and bipeds of both sexes seemed to be delighted, save and except one mild, gloomy, inquisitive little man, who went bleating like a lamb from one fellow-passenger to another, without getting even from me any answer to this harmless question, “ whether we had or had not passed yet the men hanging in chains ? ”

As soon as we got below Gravesend, the small volume of life, which, with feelings of good fellowship to all men, I had thus been calmly reviewing, began to assume a graver tone ; and, as page after page presented itself to my notice, I observed that notes of interrogation and marks of admiration were types not so often to be met with as the comma, the colon . . . and, above all, . . . the full stop.

The wind, as it freshened with the sun, seemed to check all exuberance of fancy ; and, as the puny river-wave rose, conversation around me lulled and lulled into a dead calm. A few people, particularly some ladies, suddenly at last broke silence, giving utterance to a mass of heavy matter-of-fact ejaculation, directed rather to fishes than to men. Certain colors in the picture now began rapidly to alter—the red rose gradually looked like the lily—brown skin changed itself into dirty yellow, and I observed two heavy cheeks of warm, comfortable, fat flesh gradually assume the appearance of cold wrinkled tallow.

Off Margate, a sort of hole-and-corner system very soon began to prevail, and one human being after another, slowly descending heels foremost, vanished from deck into a substratum, or infernal region, where there was moaning and groaning, and gnashing of teeth ; and, as head after head thus solemnly sank from my view, I gradually threw aside the folds of my ægis, until, finding myself alone, I hailed and inhaled with pleasure the cool fresh breeze which had thus caused me to be left, as I wished to be, by myself.

The gale now delightfully increased—(ages ago I had been too often exposed to it to suffer from its effect) ;—and, as wave after wave became tipped with white, there flitted before my mind a hundred recollections chasing one another, which I never thought

to have re-enjoyed ;—occasionally they were interrupted by the salt spray, and as it dashed into my face, I felt my lank grizzled eyebrows curl themselves up as if they wished me once again to view the world in the lovely prismatic colors of “Auld lang syne.” Already was my cure half effected, and the soot of London, being thus washed from my brow, I felt a re-animation of mind and a vigor of frame which made me long for the moment when, like the sun bursting from behind a cloud, I might cast aside my shadowy mantle ; however, I never moved from my nook, until the darkness of night at last encouraging me, without fear of observation, to walk the deck, “I paced along upon the giddy footing of the hatches,” till, tired of these vibrations, I stood for a few moments at the gangway.

There was no moon—a star only here and there was to be seen ; yet, as the fire-propelled vessel cut her way, the paddles, by shivering in succession each wave to atoms, produced a phosphoric sparkling, resembling immense lanthorns at her side ; and while these beacons distinctly proclaimed where the vessel actually *was*, a pale shining stream of light issued from her keel, which, for a ship’s length or two, told fainter and fainter where she *had been*.

The ideas which rush into the mind, on contemplating by night, out of sight of land, the sea, are as dark, as mysterious, as unfathomable, and as indescribable, as the vast ocean itself. One sees but little—yet that little, caught here and there, so much resembles some of the attributes of the Great Power which created us, that the mind, trembling under the immensity of the conceptions it engenders, is lost in feelings which human beings cannot impart to each other. In the hurricane which one meets with in southern latitudes, most of us probably have looked in vain for the waves which have been described to be “mountain-high ;” but though the outline has been exaggerated, is there not a terror in the filling in of the picture which no human artist can delineate ? and in the raging of the tempest—in the darkness which the lightning makes visible—who is there among us that has not fancied he has caught a shadow of the wrath, and a momentary glimmering of the mercy, of the Almighty ?

Impressed with these hackneyed feelings, I slowly returned to

my nook, and all being obscure, except just the red, rough countenance of the helmsman, feebly illuminated by the light in the binnacle, I laid myself down, and sometimes nodding a little, and sometimes dozing, I enjoyed for many hours a sort of half-sleep, of which I stood in no little need.

As soon as we had crossed the Brill, the vessel being at once in smooth water, the passengers successively emerged from their graves below, until, in a couple of hours, their ghastly countenances all were on deck.

A bell, as if in hysterics, now rung most violently, as a signal to the town of Rotterdam. The word of command, "STOP HER!" was loudly vociferated by a bluff, short, Dirk Hatteraick-looking pilot, who had come on board off the Brill. "Stop her!" was just heard faintly echoed from below, by the invisible, exhausted sallow being, who had had, during the voyage, charge of the engine. The paddles, in obedience to the mandate, ceased—then gave two turns—ceased,—turned once again—paused,—gave one last struggle, when, our voyage being over, the vessel's side slightly bumped against the pier.

With a noise like one of Congreve's rockets, the now useless steam was immediately exploded by the pale being below; and, in a few seconds, half the passengers were seen on shore, hurrying in different directions about a town full of canals and spirit-shops.

"Compared with Greece and Italy—Holland is but a platter-faced, cold gin-and-water country after all!" said I to myself as I entered the great gate of the *Hotel des Pays Bas*; "and a heavy, barge-built, web-footed race are its inhabitants," I added, as I passed a huge amphibious wench on the stairs, who, with her stern towards me, was sluicing the windows with water: "however, there is fresh air, and that, with solitude, is all I here desire!" This frail sentimental sentence was hardly concluded, when a Dutch waiter (whose figure I will not misrepresent by calling him "garçon") popped a long carte, or bill of fare, into my hands, which severely reproved me for having many other wants besides those so simply expressed in my soliloquy.

As I did not feel equal to appearing in public, I had dinner apart in my own room; and, as soon as I came to that part of the cere-

mony called dessert, I gradually raised my eyes from the field of battle, until, leaning backwards in my chair to ruminate, I could not help first admiring, for a few moments, the height and immense size of an apartment, in which there seemed to be elbow-room for a giant.

Close before the window was the great river upon whose glassy surface I had often and often been a traveller ; and, flowing beneath me, it occurred to me, as I sipped my wine, that in its transit, or course of existence, it had attained at Rotterdam, as nearly as possible, the same period in its life as my own. Its birth, its froward infancy, and its wayward youth, were remote distances to which even fancy could now scarcely re-transport us. In its full vigor, the Rhine had been doomed turbulently to struggle with difficulties and obstructions which had seemed almost capable of arresting it in its course ; and if there was now nothing left in its existence worth admiring—if its best scenery had vanished—if its boundaries had become flat and its banks insipid, still there was an expansion in its broader surface, and a deep settled stillness in its course, which seemed to offer tranquillity instead of ecstasy, and perfect contentment instead of imperfect joy. I felt that in the whole course of the river there was no part of it I desired to exchange for the water slowly flowing before me ; and though it must very shortly, I knew, be lost in the ocean, that great emblem of eternity, yet in every yard of its existence that fate had been foretold to it.

Not feeling disposed again so immediately to endure the confinement of a vessel, I walked out, and succeeded in hiring a carriage, which, in two days, took me to Cologne, and the following morning I embarked, *at six o'clock*, in another steamboat, which was to reach Coblenz in eleven hours.

As everybody, now-a-days, has been up the Rhine, I will only say, that I started in a fog, and, for a couple of hours, was very coolly enveloped in it. My *compagnons de voyage* were tri-colored—Dutch, German, and French ; and, excepting always myself, there was nothing English—nothing, at least, but a board, which sufficiently explained the hungry, insatiable inquisitiveness of our travellers. The black speechless thing hung near the tiller, and

upon it there was painted, in white letters, the following sentence, which I copied literatim :—

“ Enfering any conversation with the Steersner and Pilotes is desired to be forborn.”

On account of the fog, we could see nothing, yet, once or twice, we steered towards the tinkling invitation of a bell ; stopped for a moment—took in passengers, and proceeded. The manner in which these Rhine steam-vessels receive and deliver passengers, carriages, and horses, is most admirable ; at each little village, the birth of a new traveller, or the death or departure of an old one, does not detain the vessel ten seconds ; but the little ceremony being over, on it instantly proceeds, worming and winding its way towards its destination.

Formerly, and until lately, a few barges, towed by horses, were occasionally seen toiling against the torrent of the Rhine, while immense rafts of timber, curiously connected together, floated indolently downwards to their market ; in history, therefore, this uncommercial river was known principally for its violence, its difficulties, and its dangers. Excepting to the painter, its points most distinguished were those where armies had succeeded in crossing, or where soldiers had perished in vainly attempting to do so ; but the power of steam, bringing its real character into existence, has lately developed peaceful properties which it was not known to have possessed. The stream which once relentlessly destroyed mankind, now gives to thousands their bread ;—that which once separated nations, now brings them together ;—national prejudices, which, it was once impiously argued, this river was wisely intended to maintain, are, by its waters, now softened and decomposed : in short, the Rhine affords another proof that there is nothing really barren in creation but man's conceptions—nothing defective but his own judgment, and that what he looked upon as a barrier in Europe, was created to become one of the great pavés of the world.

As the vessel proceeded towards Coblenz, it continually paused in its fairy course, apparently to barter and traffic in the prisoners it contained—sometimes stopping off one little village, it ex-

changed an infirm old man for two country girls ; and then, as if laughing at its bargain, gaily proceeding, it paused before another picturesque hamlet, to give three Prussian soldiers of the 36th regiment for a husband, a mother, and a child ; once it delivered an old woman, and got nothing ;—then, luckily, it received two carriages for a horse, and next it stopped a second to take up a tall, thin, itinerant poet, who, as soon as he had collected from every passenger a small contribution, for having recited two or three little pieces, was dropped at the next village, ready to board the steam vessel coming down from Mainz.

In one of these cartels, or exchanges of prisoners, we received on board Sir —— and Lady——, a young fashionable English couple, who having had occasion, a fortnight before, to go together to St. George's Church, had (like dogs suffering from hydrophobia or tin canisters) been running straight forwards ever since. As hard as they could drive, they had posted to Dover—hurried across to Calais—thence to Brussels—snapped a glance at the ripe corn waving on the field of Waterloo—stared at the relics of that great *Saint*, old Charlemagne, on the high altar of Aix-la-Chapelle, and at last sought for rest and connubial refuge at Cöln ; but the celebrated water of that town, having in its manufacture evidently abstracted all perfume from the atmosphere, they could not endure the dirt and smell of the place, and therefore had proceeded by land towards Coblenz ; but, as they were changing horses at a small village, seeing our steam-boat in view, they ordered a party of peasants to draw their carriage to the banks of the river, and as soon as our vessel, which came smoking alongside, began to hiss, they, their rosy, flesh-colored French maid, their dark, chocolate-colored chariot, and their brown, ill-looking Italian courier, came on board.

As soon as this young London couple lightly stepped on deck, I saw, at one glance, that without at all priding themselves on their abilities, they fancied, and indeed justly fancied, that they belonged to that class of society which, in England, so modestly calls itself—*good*. That it was not healthy society—that its victims were exposed to late hours, crowded rooms, and impure air, was evident enough from the contrast which existed between their complexions, and that of their healthy country attendant ; how-

ever, they seemed not only to be perfectly satisfied with themselves, and the clique which they had left behind them, but to have a distaste for everything else they saw. Towards some German ladies, who had slightly bowed to them as they passed, they looked with a vacant haughty stare, as if they conceived there must be some mistake, and as if, at all events, it would be necessary to keep such people off. Yet, after all, there was no great harm in these two young persons: that, in the countries which they were about to visit, they would be fitted only for each other, was sadly evident; however, on the other hand, it was also evidently their wish not to extend their acquaintance. Their heads were lanterns, illuminated with no more brains than barely sufficient to light them on their way; and so, like the babes in the wood, they sat together, hand-in-hand, regardless of everything in creation but themselves.

For running their carriage down to the shore, the brown confidential courier, whose maxim was, of course, to pay little and charge much, offered the gang of peasants some kreuzers, which amounted, in English currency, to about sixpence. This they refused, and the captain of the party, while arguing with the flint-skinning courier, was actually carried off by our steamboat, which, like time and tide, waited for no man. The poor fellow, finding that the Italian was immovable, came aft to the elegant English couple, who were still leaning towards each other like the Siamese boys. He pleaded his case, stated his services, declared his poverty, and, in a manly voice, prayed for redress. The dandy listened—looked at his boots, which were evidently pinching him,—listened—passed four white fingers through the curls of his jet-black hair—showed the point of a pink tongue gently playing with a front tooth, and when the vulgar story was at an end, without moving a muscle in his countenance, in a sickly tone of voice, he pronounced his verdict as follows . . . . .

“*Allez!*”

The creditor tried again, but the debtor sat as silent and as inanimate as a corpse. However, all this time the steamboat dragging the poor peasant out of his way, he protested in a few angry exclamations against the injustice with which he had been treated (a sentiment I was very sorry to hear more than once



mildly whispered by many a quiet-looking German), and descending the vessel's side into a small boat, which had just brought us a new captive, he landed at a village from which he had about eight miles to walk, to join his comrades.

It is with no satirical feeling that I have related this little occurrence. To hurt the feelings of "gay beings born to flutter but a day"—to break such a pair of young, flimsy butterflies upon the wheel, affords me neither amusement nor delight; but the everyday occurrence of English travellers committing our well-earned national character for justice and liberality to the base, slave-driving hand of a courier, is a practice which, as well as the bad taste of acting the part of a London dandy on the great theatre of Europe, ought to be checked.

As we proceeded up the Rhine, there issued from one of the old romantic castles we were passing a party of young English lads, whose appearance (as soon as they came on board), did ample justice to their country; and, comparing them, while they walked the deck, with the rest of their fellow-prisoners, I could not help more than once fancying that I saw a determination in their step, a latent character in their attitudes, and a vigor in their young frames, which being interpreted, said—

"We dare do all that doth become a man,  
He who dares more—is none!"

Besides these young collegians, an English gentleman came on board, who appeared quite delighted to join their party. He was a stout man, of about fifty, tall, well-dressed, evidently wealthy, and as ruddy as our mild wholesome air could make him. Not only had he a high color, but there was a net-work of red veins in his cheeks, which seemed as if not even death could drive it away: his face shone from excessive cleanliness, and though his nose certainly was not long, there was a sort of round bull-dog honesty in his face, which it was quite delightful to gaze upon. I overheard this good man inform his countrymen, who had surrounded him in a group, that he had never before been out of England—and that, to tell the truth, he never wished to quit it again! "It's surely beautiful scenery!" observed one of his au-

ditors, pointing to the outline of a ruin which, with the rock upon which it stood, seemed flying away behind us. "Yes, yes!" replied the florid traveller. "But, Sir! it's the dirtiness of the people I complain of. Their cookery is dirty—they are dirty in their persons—dirty in their habits—that shocking trick of smoking (pointing to a fat German who was enjoying this pleasure close by his side, and who I rather suspect perfectly understood English) is dirty—depend upon it, they are what we should call, Sir, a very dirty race!" "Do you speak the language?" said one of the young listeners with a smile which was very awkwardly repressed. "Oh, no!" replied the well-fed gentleman, laughing good-naturedly; "I know nothing of their language. I pay for all I eat, and I find, by paying, I can get anything I want. '*Mangez! changez!*' is quite foreign language enough, Sir, for me;" and having to the first word suited his action, by pointing with his fore-finger to his mouth, and to explain the second, having rubbed his thumb against the self-same finger, as if it were counting out money, he joined the roar of laughter which his two French words had caused, and then very good-naturedly paced the deck by himself.

The jagged spires of Coblenz now came in sight, and every Englishman walked to the head of the vessel to see them, while several of the inhabitants of the city, with less curiosity, occupied themselves in leisurely getting together their luggage. For a moment, as we glided by the Moselle on our right, we looked up the course of that lovely river, which here delivers up its waters to the Rhine; in a few minutes the bell on board rang, and continued to ring, until we found ourselves firmly moored to the pier of Coblenz. Most of the passengers went into the town. I, however, crossing the bridge of boats, took up my quarters at the Cheval Blanc, a large hotel, standing immediately beneath that towering rock so magnificently crowned by the celebrated fortress of Ehrenbreitstein.

## THE JOURNEY.

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THE next day, starting from Coblenz while the morning air was still pure and fresh, I bade adieu to the picturesque river behind me, and travelling on a capital macadamized road which cuts across the duchy of Nassau from Coblenz to Mainz, I immediately began to ascend the mountains, which on all sides were beautifully covered with wood. In about two hours, descending into a narrow valley, I passed through Bad-Ems, a small village, which composed of hovels for its inhabitants, and, comparatively speaking, palaces for its guests, is pleasantly enough situated on the bank of a stream of water (the Lahn), imprisoned on every side by mountains which I should think very few of its visitors would be disposed to scale ; and, from the little I saw of this place, I must own I felt no great disposition to remain in it. Its outline, though much admired, gives a cramped, contracted picture of the resources and amusements of the place, and as I drove through it (my postilion, with huge orange-colored worsted tassels at his back, proudly playing a discordant voluntary on his horn), I particularly remarked some stiff, formal little walks, up and down which many well-dressed strangers were slowly promenading ; but the truth is, that Ems is a regular, fashionable watering-place.

Many people, I fully admit, go there to drink the waters only because they are salutary, but a very great many more visit it from different motives ; and it is sad, as well as odd enough, that young ladies who are in a consumption, and old ladies who have a number of gaudy bonnets to display, find it equally desirable to come to Bad-Ems. This mixture of sickness and finery—this confusion between the hectic flush and red and white ribands—in

short, the dance of death is not the particular sort of folly I am fond of; and, though I wish to deprive no human being of his hobby-horse, yet I must repeat I was glad enough to leave dukes and duchesses, princes and ambassadors (whose carriages I saw standing in one single narrow street), to be cooped up together in the hot expensive little valley of Ems, —an existence to my humble taste, not altogether unlike that which the foul witch Sycorax inflicted upon Ariel, when, “in her most unmitigable rage,” she left him “hitched in a cloven pine.”

On leaving Ems, the road passing through the old mouldering town of Nassau, and under the beautiful ruins of the ducal Stamm-Schloß in its neighborhood, by a very steep acclivity, continues to ascend until it mounts at last into a sort of upper country, from various points of which are to be seen extensive views of the exalted duchy of Nassau, the features of which are on a very large scale.

No one, I think, can breathe this dry, fresh air for a single moment, or gaze for an instant on the peculiar color of the sky, without both smelling and seeing that he is in a country very considerably above the level of the sea; yet this upper story, when it be once attained, is by no means what can be termed a mountainous country. On the contrary, the province is composed either of flat table-land abruptly intersected by valleys, or rather of an undulation of hills and dales on an immense scale. In the great tract thus displayed to view, scarcely a habitation is to be seen, and for a considerable time I could not help wondering what had become of the people who had sown the crops (as far as I could see they were in solitude waving around me), and who of course were somewhere or other lurking in ambush for the harvest: however, their humble abodes are almost all concealed in steep ravines, or watercourses, which in every direction intersect the whole of the region I have described. A bird's-eye view would, of course, detect these little villages, but from any one point, as the eye roams over the surface, they are not to be seen. The duchy, which is completely unenclosed, for there is not even a fence to the orchards, appears like a royal park on a gigantic scale, about one-half being in corn-fields or uncultivated land, and the remainder in patches of woods and forests, which in

shape and position resemble artificial plantations. The province, as far as one can see, thus seems to declare that it has but one lord and master, and the various views it presents are really very grand and imposing. A considerable portion of the wood grows among crags and rocks ; and among the open land there is a great deal of what is evidently a mining country, with much indicating the existence of both iron and silver. The crops of wheat, oats, and barley are rather light, yet they are very much better than one would expect from the ground from which they grow ; but this is the effect of the extraordinarily heavy dews which, during the whole summer, may be said, once in twenty-four hours, to irrigate the land.

The small steep ravines I have mentioned are the most romantic little spots that can well be conceived. The rugged sides of the hills which contain them are generally clothed with oak or beech trees, feathering to the very bottom, where a strip of green, rich, grassy land full of springs, scarcely broader than, and very much resembling, the moat of an old castle, is all that divides the one wooded eminence from the other ; and it is into these secluded gardens, these smiling happy valleys, that the inhabitants of Nassau have humbly crept for shelter. These valleys are often scarcely broad enough to contain the single street which forms the village, and from such little abodes, looking upwards, one would fancy that one were living in a mountainous country ; but, climb the hill—break the little petty barrier that imprisons you, and from the height, gently undulating before you, is the vast magnificent country I have described. In short, in the two prospects, one reads the old story—one sees the common picture of human life. Beneath lies the little contracted nook in which we were born, studded with trifling objects, each of which we once fancied to be highly important ; every little rock has its name, and every inch of ground belongs to one man, and therefore does not belong to another ; but, lying prostrate before us, is a great picture of the world, and until he has seen it, no one born and bred below could fancy how vast are its dimensions, or how truly insignificant are the billows of that puddle in a storm from which he has somehow or other managed to escape. But without metaphor, nothing can be more striking than the contrast which exists

between the little valleys of this duchy, and the great country which soars above them!

With respect to the climate of Nassau, without presuming to dictate upon that subject, I will, while my postilion is jolting me along, request the reader to decipher for himself hieroglyphics which I think sufficiently explain it. In short, I beg leave to offer him the milk of information—warm as I suck it from the cow.

At this moment, everything, see! is smiling; the trees are in full leaf; the crop in full bearing. In no part of Devonshire or Herefordshire have I ever seen such rich crops of apples, the trees being here surrounded with a scaffolding of poles, which after all seem scarcely sufficient to save the boughs from breaking under their load; but I ask—How comes the vine to be absent from this gay scene? the low country and even the lower part of Nassau, we all know, teems with vineyards, and for some way have they crawled up the sides of the mountain; the reason, therefore, for their not appearing in the high ground is surely one very legible character of the climate.

Again, at all the bendings of the valleys, why do the trees appear so stunted in their growth and why are so many of them stagheaded? They must surely have some sad serious reasons for wearing this appearance, and surely any one may guess what it is that in the winter rushes by them with such violence, that, instinctively, they seem more anxious to grow beneath the soil than above it. Again, under that hot, oppressive sun which is now hurrying every crop to maturity, why do not the inhabitants look like Neapolitans and other indolent Lazzaroni-living people?—how comes it that their features are so hard? Can the *sun* have beaten them into that shape?

Why are the houses they live in huddled together in the valleys, instead of enjoying the magnificent prospect before me? Why do the wealthiest habitations look to the south, and why are the roofs of the houses built or pitched so perpendicularly that it seems as if nothing could rest upon their surface? Why are the windows so small and the walls so thick? I might torment my reader with many other questions, such as why, in this large country, is there scarcely a bird to be seen? but I dare say he

has already determined for himself, whether the lofty province of Nassau, during the winter, be hot or cold ; in short, what must be its climate at the moment when the Rhine and the expanse of low country, lying about 1200 feet beneath it, is frozen and covered with snow ?

Yet whatever may be the climate of the upper country of Nassau, the duchy, taken altogether, may fairly be said to contribute more than an average share towards the luxuries and comforts of mankind. Besides fine timber-trees of oak, beech, birch, and fir, there are crops of corn of every sort, as well as potatoes which would not be despised in England ; several of the wines (for instance, those on the estates of Hochheim, Eberbach, Rudesheim, and Johannisburg) are the finest on the Rhine, while there are fruits, such as apples, pears, cherries, apricots, strawberries, raspberries (the two latter growing wild), &c., &c., in the greatest abundance.

Not only are there mines of the precious metals and of iron, but there is also coal, which we all know will, when the gigantic powers of steam are developed, become the nucleus of every nation's wealth. In addition to all this, the duchy is celebrated over the whole of Germany for its mineral waters ; and certainly if they be at all equal to the reputation they have acquired, Nassau may be said to contribute to mankind what is infinitely better than all wealth, namely—health.

From its hills burst mineral streams of various descriptions, and besides the Selters or Seltzer water, which is drunk as a luxury in every quarter of the globe, there are bright, sparkling remedies prescribed for almost every disorder under the sun : for instance, should the reader be consumptive, or, what is much more probable, be dyspeptic, let him hurry to Ems ; if he wishes to instil iron into his jaded system, and brace up his muscles, let him go to Langen-Schwalbach ; if his brain should require calming, his nerves soothing, and his skin softening, let him glide onwards to Schlangenbad—the serpent's bath ; but if he should be rheumatic in his limbs, or if mercury should be running riot in his system, let him hasten, “ body and bones,” to Wiesbaden, where, they say, by being parboiled in the Kochbrunnen (boiling spring), all his troubles will evaporate.

To these different waters of Nassau flock annually thousands and thousands of people from all parts of Germany; and so celebrated are they for the cures which they have effected, that not only do people come even from Russia, Poland, Denmark, &c., but a vast quantity of the waters, in stone bottles, is annually sent to these remote countries. Yet it is odd enough, that the number of English, who have visited the mineral springs of Nassau, bears no proportion to that of any other nation of Europe, although Spa, and some other continental watering-places, have been much deserted by foreigners, on account of the quantity of the British who have thronged there; but somehow or other, our country people are like locusts, for they not only fly in myriads to distant countries, but, as they travel, they congregate in clouds, and, therefore, either are they found absolutely eating up a foreign country, or not one of them is to be seen there! How many thousands and hundreds of thousands of English, with their mouths, eyes, and purses wide open, have followed each other, in mournful succession, up and down the Rhine; and yet, though Nassau has stood absolutely in their path, I believe I may assert that not twenty families have taken up their abode at Langen-Schwalbach or Schlangenbad in the course of the last twenty years; and yet there is no country on earth that could turn out annually more consumptive, rheumatic, and dyspeptic patients than old England! In process of time, the little duchy will, no doubt, be as well known as Cheltenham, Malvern, &c.; however, until fashion, that painted direction-post, points her finger towards it, it will continue (so far as we are concerned) to exist, as it really does, *in nubibus*.

There are 56,712 human habitations in the duchy of Nassau, and 355,815 human beings to live in them. Of these, 188,244 are Protestants, 161,535 are Catholics; there are 191 Mennonites or dissenters; and scattered among these bleak hills, just as their race is mysteriously scattered over the face of the globe, there are 5845 Jews. The Duke of Nassau is the cacique, king, emperor, or commander-in-chief of the province; and people here are everlastingly talking of THE Duke, as in England they talk of *the* sun, *the* moon, or any other luminary of which there exists only one in our system. He is certainly the sovereign lord



of this lofty country ; and travelling along, I have just observed a certain little bough sticking out of every tenth sheaf of corn, the meaning of which is, no doubt, perfectly well understood both by him and the peasant : in short, in all the principal villages there are barns built on purpose for receiving this tribute, with a man, paid by the Duke, for collecting it.

In approaching Langen-Schwalbach, being of course anxious, as early as possible, to get a glimpse of a town which I had already determined to inhabit for a few days, I did all in my power to explain this feeling to the dull, gaudy fellow who drove me ; but whenever I inquired for Langen-Schwalbach, so often did the mute creature point with a long German whip to the open country, as if it existed directly before him ; but, no, not a human habitation could I discover ! However, as I proceeded onwards, the whip, in reply to my repeated interrogatories to its dumb owner, began to show a sort of magnetical dip, until, at last, it pointed almost perpendicularly downwards into a ravine, which was now immediately beneath me ; yet though I could see, as I thought, almost to the bottom of it, still not a vestige of a town was to be seen. However, the whip was quite right, for, in a very few seconds, peeping up from the very bottom of the valley, I perceived, like poplar trees, a couple of church steeples ; then suddenly came in sight a long narrow village of slated roofs, and, in a very few seconds, I found my carriage rattling and trumpeting along a street, until it stopped at the Goldene Kette, or, as we should call it, the Golden Chain.

The master of this hotel appeared to be a most civil, obliging person ; and though his house was nearly full, yet he suddenly felt so much respect either for me or for the contents of my wallet—which, in descending from the carriage, I had placed, for a moment, in his hands—that he used many arguments to persuade us both to become noble appendages to his fine Golden Chain : yet there were certain noises, uncertain smells, and a degree of bustle in his house which did not at all suit me ; and, therefore, at once, mercifully annihilating his hopes by a grave bow which could not be misinterpreted, I slowly walked into the street to select for myself a private lodging, and, for a considerable time, experienced very great difficulty. With hands clasped behind

me, in vain did I slowly stroll about, looking out for anything as all like a paper or a board in a window ; and I was beginning to fear that there were no lodging-houses in the town, when I at last found out that there were very few which were not. I therefore selected a clean, quiet-looking dwelling ; and, finding the inside equal to the out, I at once engaged apartments.

The next morning (having been refreshed by a good night's rest), I put a small note-book into my pocket, and having learnt that in the whole valley there was no English blood, except the little that was within my own black silk waistcoat, I felt that, without fear of interruption, I might go where I liked, do what I liked, and sketch the outline of whatever either pleased my eye or amused my fancy. My first duty, however, evidently was to understand the geography of the town, or rather village, of Langen-Schwalbach, which I found to be in the shape of the letter Y, or (throwing, as I wish to do, literature aside) of a long-handled wo-pronged fork. The village is 1500 paces in length—that is to say, the prongs are each about 500 yards, and the lower street, or handle of the fork, is about 1000 yards.

On the first glimpse of the buildings from the heights, my eyes had been particularly attracted by high, irregular slated roofs, many of which were fantastically ornamented with little spires, about two feet high, but it now appeared that the buildings themselves were constructed even more irregularly than their roofs. The village is composed of houses of all sizes, shapes, and colors ; some, having been lately plastered, and painted yellow, white, or pale green, have a modern appearance, while others wear a dress about as old as the hills which surround them. Of these latter, some are standing with their sides towards the streets, others look at you with their gables ; some overhang the passenger, as if they intended to crush him ; some shrink backwards, as if, like misanthropes, they loathed him, or, like maidens, they feared him ; some lean sideways, as if they were suffering from a painful disorder in their hips ; many, apparently from curiosity, have advanced, while a few, in disgust, have retired a step or two.

All the best dwellings in the town are "hofs," or lodging-houses, having jalousies, or Venetian blinds, to the windows ; and I must own I did not expect to find in so remote a situation houses

of such large dimensions. For instance, the Allee Saal has nineteen windows in front; the great "Indien Hof" is three stories high, with sixteen windows in each; the "Pariser Hof" has twelve, and several others have eight and ten.

Of late years a number of the largest houses have been plastered on the outside, but the appearance of the rest is highly picturesque. They are built of wood and unburnt bricks, but the immense quantity of timber which has been consumed would clearly indicate the vicinity of a large forest, even if one could not see its dark foliage towering on every side above the town. Wood having been of so little value, it has been crammed into the houses, as if the builder's object had been to hide away as much of it as possible. The whole fabric is a network of timber of all lengths, shapes, and sizes; and these limbs, sometimes rudely sculptured, often bent into every possible contortion, form a confused picture of rustic architecture, which, amid such wild mountain scenery, one cannot refuse to admire. The interstices between all this woodwork are filled up with brown, unburnt bricks, so soft and porous, that in our moist climate they would in one winter be decomposed, while a very few seasons would also rot the timbers which they connect: however, such is evidently the dryness of mountain air, that buildings can exist here in this rude state, and indeed have existed, for several hundred years, with the woodwork unpainted.

In rambling about the three streets, one is surprised, at first, at observing that apparently there is scarcely a shop in the town! Before three or four windows, carcasses of sheep, or of young calves but a few days old, are seen hanging by their heels; and loaves of bread are placed for sale before a very few doors; but, generally speaking, the dwellings are either "Hofs" for lodgers, or they appear to be a set of nondescript private-houses; nevertheless, by patiently probing, the little shop is at last discovered. In one of these secluded dens one can buy coffee, sugar, butter, nails, cotton, chocolate, ribands, brandy, etc. Still, however, there is no external display of any such articles, for the crowd of rich people who, like the swallows, visit during the summer weeks the sparkling water of Langen-Schwalbach, live at "hofs," whose proprietors well enough know where to search

for what they want. During so short a residence, these fashionable visitors require no new clothes, nails, brimstone, or coarse linen. It is, therefore, useless for the little shopkeeper to attempt to gain *their* custom; and as, during the rest of the year, the village exists in simplicity, quietness, and obscurity, the inhabitants knowing each other, require neither signs nor inscriptions. Peasants coming to Langen-Schwalbach from other villages, inquire for the sort of shop which will suit them; or if they want (as they generally do) tobacco, oil, or some rancid commodity, their noses are quite intelligent enough to lead them to the doors they ought to enter; indeed, I myself very soon found that it was quite possible thus to hunt for my own game.

I have already stated that Langen-Schwalbach is like a kitchen fork, the handle of which is the lower or old part of the town; the prongs representing two streets built in ravines, down each of which a small stream of water descends. The Stahl brunnen (steel spring) is at the head of the town, at the upper extremity of the right prong. Close to the point of the other prong is the Wein brunnen (wine spring), and about 600 yards up the same valley is situated the fashionable brunnen of Pauline. Between these three points, brunnens, or wells, the visitors at Langen-Schwalbach, with proper intervals for rest and food, are everlastingly vibrating. Backwards and forwards, "down the middle and up again," the strangers are seen walking, or rather crawling, with a constancy that is really quite astonishing. Among the number there may be here and there a Cœlebs in search of a wife, and a very few *sets* of much smaller feet may, *impari passu*, be occasionally seen pursuing nothing but their mammas; however, generally speaking, the whole troop is chasing one and the same game: they are all searching for the same treasure—in short, they are seeking for health: but it is now necessary that the reader should be informed by what means they hope to attain it.

In the time of the Romans, Schwalbach, which means literally the swallow's stream, was a forest containing an immense sulphurous fountain famed for its medicinal effects. In proportion as it rose into notice, hovels, huts, and houses were erected; until a small street or village was thus gradually established on the north and south of the well. There was little to offer to the

stranger but its waters ; yet, health being a commodity which people have always been willing enough to purchase, the medicine was abundantly drunk, and in the same proportion the little hamlet continued to grow, until it justly attained and claimed for itself the appellation of Langen (long) Schwalbach.

About sixty years ago the Stahl and Wein brunnen were discovered. The springs were found to be quite different from the old one, inasmuch as, instead of being only sulphurous, they were both strongly impregnated with iron and carbonic acid gas. Instead, therefore, of merely purifying the blood, they boldly undertook to strengthen the human frame ; and, in proportion as they attracted notice, so the old original brunnen became neglected. About three years ago a new spring was discovered in the valley above the Wein brunnen ; this did not contain quite so much iron as the Stahl or Wein brunnen ; but possessing other ingredients (among them that of novelty) which were declared to be more salutary, it was patronized by Dr. Fenner, as being preferable to the brimstone as well as other brunnen in the country. It was accordingly called Pauline, after the present Duchess of Nassau, and is now the fashionable brunnen, or well of Langen-Schwalbach.

The village doctors, however, disagree on the subject ; and Dr. Stritter, a very mild, sensible man, recommends his patients to the strong Stahl brunnen, almost as positively as Dr. Fenner sentences his victims to the Pauline. Which is right, and which is wrong, is one of the mysteries of this world ; but as the cunning Jews all go to the Stahl brunnen, I strongly suspect that they have some good reason for this departure from the fashion.

As I observed people of all shapes, ages, and constitutions swallowing the waters of Langen-Schwalbach, I felt that, being absolutely on the brink of the brunnen, I might, at least as an experiment, join this awkward squad—that it would be quite time enough to desert if I should find reason to do so—in short, that by trying the waters I should have a surer proof whether they agreed with me or not, than by listening to the conflicting opinions of all the doctors in the universe. However, not knowing exactly in what quantities to take them,—having learnt that Dr. Fenner himself had the greatest number of patients, and that moreover

being a one-eyed man he was much the easiest to be found, I walked towards the shady walk near the Allee Saal, resolving eventually to consult him; however, in turning a sharp corner, happening almost to run against a gentleman in black, "*cui lumen ademptum*," I gravely accosted him, and finding, as I did in one moment, that I was right, in the middle of the street I began to explain that he saw before him a wheel that wanted a new tire,—a shoe which required a new sole—a worn-out vessel seeking the hand of the tinker; in short, that feeling very old, I merely wanted to become young again.

Dr. Fenner is what would be called in England "a regular character," and being a shrewd, clever fellow, he evidently finds it answer, and endeavors to maintain a singularity of manner, which with his one eye (the other having been extinguished in a college duel) serves to bring him into general notice. As soon as my gloomy tale was concluded, the Doctor, who had been patiently walking at my side, stopped dead short, and when I turned round to look for him, there I saw him with his right arm extended, its fore-finger and thumb clenched, as if holding snuff, while its other three digits horizontally extended like the hand of a direction-post. With his heels close together, he stood as lean and as erect as a ramrod, the black patch which like a hatchment hung over the window of his departed eye being supported by a riband wound diagonally round his head. "*Monsieur!*" said he (for he speaks a little French), "*Monsieur!*" he repeated, "*à six heures du matin vous prendrez à la Pauline trois verres! trois verres à la Pauline!*" he repeated. "*A dix heures vous prendrez un bain—en sortant du bain vous prendrez : . . .* (he paused, and after several seconds of deep thought, he added) . . . *encore deux verres, et à cinq heures du soir, Monsieur, vous prendrez . . .* (another long pause) . . . *encore trois verres! Monsieur! ces eaux vous feront beaucoup de bien! !*"

The arm of the sibyl now fell to his side, like the limb of a telegraph which had just concluded its intelligence. The Doctor made me a low bow, spun round upon his heel, "and so he vanished."

I had not exactly bargained for bathing in, as well as drinking, the waters; however, feeling in great good-humor with the little

world I was inhabiting, I was willing to go with (i. e. *into*) its stream, and as I found that almost every visitor was daily soaked for an hour or two, I could not but admit that what was prescribed for such geese, might also be very good sauce for the gander; and that at all events a bath would at least have the advantage of drowning for me one hour per day, in case I should find four-and-twenty of such visitors more than I wanted.

In a very few days I got quite accustomed to what a sailor would call the "fresh water life" which had been prescribed for me; and as no clock in the universe could be more regular than my behavior, an account of one day's performances, multiplied by the number I remained, will give the reader, very nearly, the history or picture of an existence at Langen-Schwalbach.

## THE REVEILLÉ.



At a quarter-past five I arose, and as soon after as possible left the "hof." Every house was open, the streets already swept, the inhabitants all up, the living world appeared broad awake, and there was nothing to denote the earliness of the hour, but the delicious freshness of the cool mountain air, which as yet, unenfeebled by the sun, just beaming above the hill, was in that pure state in which it had been all night long slumbering in the valley. The face of nature seemed beaming with health, and though there were no larks at Schwalbach gently "to carol at the morn," yet immense red German slugs were everywhere in my path, looking wetter, colder, fatter, and happier than they or I have words to express. They had evidently been gorging themselves during the night, and were now crawling into shelter to sleep away the day.

As soon as, getting from beneath the shaded walk of the Allee Saal, I reached the green valley leading to the Pauline brunnen, it was quite delightful to look at the grass, as it sparkled in the sun, every green blade being laden with dew in such heavy particles, that there seemed to be quite as much water as grass; indeed the crop was actually bending under the weight of nourishment which, during the deep silence of night, Nature had liberally imparted to it; and it was evident that the sun would have to rise high in the heavens before it could attain strength enough to rob the turf of this fertilizing and delicious treasure.

At this early hour, I found but few people on the walks, and on reaching the brunnen, the first agreeable thing I received there was a smile from a very honest, homely, healthy, old woman, who having seen me approaching, had selected from her table my glass, the handle of which she had marked by a piece of tape.



"Guten morgen!" she muttered, and then, without at all deranging the hospitality of her smile, stooping down, she dashed the vessel into the brunnē beneath her feet, and in a sort of civil hurry (lest any of its spirit should escape), she presented me with a glass of her eau médicinale. Clear as crystal, sparkling with carbonic acid gas, and effervescing quite as much as champagne, it was nevertheless miserably cold; and the first morning, what with the gas, and what with the cold temperature of this cold iron water, it was about as much as I could do to swallow it; and, for a few seconds, feeling as if it had sluiced my stomach completely by surprise, I stood hardly knowing what was about to happen, when, instead of my teeth chattering, as I expected, I felt the water suddenly grow warm within my waistcoat, and a slight intoxication, or rather exhilaration succeeded.

As I have always had an unconquerable aversion to walking backwards and forwards on a formal parade, as soon as I had drunk my first glass I at once commenced ascending the hill which rises immediately from the brunnē. Paths in zigzags are cut in various directions through the wood, but so steep, that very few of the water-drinkers like to encounter them. I found the trees to be oak and beech, the ground beneath being covered with grass and heather, among which were, growing wild, quantities of ripe strawberries and raspberries. The large red snails were in great abundance, and immense black beetles were also in the paths, heaving at, and pushing upwards, round balls of dung, &c., very much bigger than themselves; the grass and heather were soaked with dew, and even the strawberries looked much too wet to be eaten. However, I may observe, that while drinking mineral waters, all fruit, wet or dry, is forbidden. Smothered up in wood, there was, of course, nothing to be seen; but as soon as I gained the summit of the hill, a very pretty hexagonal rustic hut, built of trees with the bark on, and thatched with heather, presented itself. The sides were open, excepting two, which were built up of sticks and moss. A rough circular table was in the middle, upon which two or three young people had cut their names; and round the inner circumference of the hut there was a bench, on which I was glad enough to rest, while I enjoyed the extensive prospect.

The features of this picture, so different from anything to be seen in England, were exceedingly large, and the round rolling clouds seemed bigger even than the distant mountains upon which they rested. Not a fence was to be seen, but dark patches of wood, of various shapes and sizes, were apparently dropped down upon the cultivated surface of the country, which, as far as the eye could reach, looked like the fairy park of some huge giant. In the foreground, however, small fields, and little narrow strips of land, denoted the existence of a great number of poor proprietors ; and even if Langen-Schwalbach had not been seen crouching at the bottom of its deep valley, it would have been quite evident that, in the immediate neighborhood, there must be, somewhere or other, a town ; for, in many places, the divisions of land were so small, that one could plainly distinguish provender growing for the poor man's cow,—the little patch of rye which was to become bread for his children,—and the half-acre of potatoes which was to help them through the winter. Close to the town these divisions and sub-divisions were exceedingly small ; but when every little family had been provided for, the fields grew larger ; and, at a short distance from where I sat, there were crops, ripe and waving, which were evidently intended for a larger and more distant market.

As soon as I had sufficiently enjoyed the freshness and the freedom of this interesting landscape, it was curious to look down from the hut upon the walk which leads from the Allee Saal to the brunnen or well of Pauline ; for, by this time, all ranks of people had arisen from their beds, and the sun being now warm, the *beau monde* of Langen-Schwalbach was seen slowly loitering up and down the promenade.

At the rate of about a mile and a half an hour, I observed several hundred quiet people crawling through and fretting away that narrow portion of their existence which lay between one glass of cold iron water and another. If an individual were to be sentenced to such a life, which in fact has all the fatigue without the pleasing sociability of the tread-mill, he would call it melancholy beyond endurance ; yet there is no pill which fashion cannot gild, or which habit cannot sweeten. I remarked that the men were dressed, generally, in loose, ill-made, snuff-colored great

coats, with awkward travelling caps, of various shapes, instead of hats. The picture, therefore, taking it altogether, was a homely one; but, although there were no particularly elegant or fashionable-looking people, although their gait was by no means attractive, yet even, from the lofty distant hut, I felt it was impossible to help admiring the good sense and good feeling with which all the elements of this German community appeared to be harmonizing one with the other. There was no jostling, or crowding; no apparent competition; no turning round to stare at strangers. There was no "martial look nor lordly stride," but real genuine good breeding seemed natural to all: it is true there was nothing which bore a very high aristocratic polish: yet it was equally evident that the substance of their society was intrinsically good enough not to require it.

The behavior of such a motley assemblage of people, who belonged, of course, to all ranks and conditions of life, in my humble opinion, did them and their country very great credit. It was quite evident that every man on the promenade, whatever might have been his birth, was desirous to behave like a gentleman; and that there was no one, however exalted might be his station, who wished to do any more.

That young lady, rather more quietly dressed than the rest of her sex, is the Princess Leuenstein; her countenance (could it but be seen from the hut) is as unassuming as her dress, and her manners as quiet as her bonnet. Her husband, who is one of the group of gentlemen behind her, is mild, gentleman-like, and (if in these days such a title may, without offence, be given to a young man), I would add—he is modest.

There are one or two other princes on the promenade, with a very fair sprinkling of dukes, counts, barons, &c.

"There they go, all together in a row!"

but though they congregate,—though like birds of a feather they flock together, is there, I ask, anything arrogant in their behavior? and that respect which they meet with from every one, does it not seem to be honestly their due? That uncommonly awkward, short, little couple who walk holding each other by the hand, and who, apropos to nothing, occasionally break playfully into a trot,

are a Jew and Jewess lately married ; and, as it is whispered that they have some mysterious reason for drinking the waters, the uxorious anxiety with which the little man presents the glass of cold comfort to his herring-made partner does not pass completely unobserved. That slow gentleman, with such an immense body, who seems to be acquainted with the most select people on the walk, is an ambassador, who goes nowhere—no, not even to mineral waters, without his French cook,—a circumstance quite enough to make everybody speak well of him—a very honest, good-natured man he seems to be ; but as he walks, can anything be more evident than that his own cook is killing him, and what possible benefit can a few glasses of cold water do to a corporation which Falstaff's belt would be too short to encircle ?

Often and often have I pitied Diogenes for having lived in a tub ; but this poor ambassador is infinitely worse off, for the tub, it is too evident, lives in *him*, and carry it about with him he must wherever he goes ; but, without smiling at any more of my water companions, it is time I should descend to drink my second and third glass. One would think that this deluge of cold water would leave little room for tea and sugar ; but miraculous as it may sound, by the time I got to my “ Hof,” there was as much stowage in the vessel as when she sailed ; besides this, the steel created a rebellious appetite which it was very difficult to govern.

As soon as breakfast was over, I generally enjoyed the luxury of idling about the town ; and, in passing the shop of a blacksmith, who lived opposite to the Goldene Kette, the manner in which he tackled and shod the vicious horse always amused me. On the outside wall of the house, two rings were firmly fixed ; to one of which the head of the patient was lashed close to the ground ; the hind foot, to be shod, stretched out to the utmost extent of the leg, was then secured to the other ring about five feet high, by a cord which passed through a cloven hitch, fixed to the root of the poor creature's tail.

The hind foot was consequently very much higher than the head ; indeed, it was so exalted, and pulled so heavily at the tail, that the animal seemed to be quite anxious to keep his other feet on *terra firma*. With one hoof in the heavens, it did not suit him to kick ; with his nose pointing to the infernal regions, he could

not conveniently rear ; and as the devil himself was apparently pulling at his tail, the horse at last gave up the point, and quietly submitted to be shod.

Nearly opposite to this blacksmith, sitting under the projecting eaves of the Goldene Kette, there were to be seen, every day, a row of women with immense baskets of fruit, which they had brought over the hills, on their heads. The cherries were of the largest and finest description, while the quantity of their stones lying on the paved street, was quite sufficient to show at what a cheap rate they were sold. Plums, apricots, greengages, apples, and pears, were also in the greatest profusion ; however, in passing these baskets, strangers were strictly ordered to avert their eyes. In short, whenever raw fruit and mineral water unexpectedly meet each other in the human stomach, a sort of bubble-and-squeak contest invariably takes place—the one always endeavoring to turn the other out of the house.

The crowd of idle boys, who like wasps were always hovering round these fruit-selling women, I often observed very amusingly dispersed by the arrival of some German grandee in his huge travelling carriage. For at least a couple of minutes before the thing appeared, the postilion, as he descended the mountain, was heard attempting to notify to the town the vast importance of his cargo, by playing on his trumpet a tune which, in tone and flourish, exactly resembled that which, in London, announces the approach of Punch. There is something always particularly harsh and discordant in the notes of a trumpet badly blown ; but when placed to the lips of a great lumbering German postilion, who, half smothered in his big boots and tawdry finery, has, besides this crooked instrument, to hold the reins of two wheel horses, as well as of two leaders, his attempt, in such deep affliction, to be musical, is comic in the extreme ; and, when the fellow at last arrived at the Goldene Kette, playing a tune which I expected every moment would make the head of Judy pop out of the carriage, one could not help feeling that, if the money which that trumpet must have cost had been spent in a pair of better spurs, it would have been of much more advantage and comfort to the traveller ; but German posting always reminds me of that well-known

remark which the Black Prince was one day heard to utter, as he was struggling with all his might to shave a pig.

However, though I most willingly join my fellow-countrymen in ridiculing the tawdry heavy equipment of the German postilion, one's nose always feeling disposed to turn itself upwards at the sight of a horseman awkwardly encumbered with great, unmeaning, yellow worsted tassels, and other broad ornaments, which seem better adapted to our four-post bedsteads than to a rider, yet I reluctantly acknowledged that I do verily believe their horses are much more scientifically harnessed, for slow heavy draught, than ours are in England.

Many years have now elapsed since I first observed that, somehow or other, the horses on the Continent manage to pull a heavy carriage up a steep hill, or along a dead level, with greater ease to themselves than our English horses. Let any unprejudiced person attentively observe with what little apparent fatigue three small ill-conditioned animals will draw not only his own carriage, but very often that huge overgrown vehicle, the French diligence, or the German eil-wagen, and I think he must admit that, somewhere or other, there exists a mystery.

But the whole equipment is so unsightly—the rope harness is so rude—the horses without blinkers look so wild—there is so much bluster and noise in the postilion, that, far from paying any compliment to the turn-out, one is very much disposed at once to condemn the whole thing, and not caring a straw whether such horses be fatigued or not, to make no other remark than that, in England, we should have travelled at nearly twice the rate, with one-tenth of the noise.

But neither the rate nor the noise is the question which I wish to consider, for our superiority in the former, and our inferiority in the latter, cannot be doubted. The thing I want, if possible, to account for, is, how such small weak horses *do* manage to draw one's carriage up hill, with so much unaccountable ease to themselves.

Now, in English, French, and German harness, there exist, as it were, three degrees of comparison, in the manner in which the head of the horse is treated; for, in England, it is elevated, or borne up, by what we call the bearing-rein; in France it is left

as nature placed it (there being to common French harness no bearing-rein); while, in Germany, the head is tied down to the lower extremity of the collar, or else the collar is so made that the animal is by it deprived of the power of raising his head.

Now, it is undeniable that the English extreme and the German extreme cannot both be right; and passing over for a moment the French method, which is, in fact, the state of nature, let us for a moment consider which is best, to bear a horse's head *up*, as in England, or to pull it *downwards*, as in Germany. In my humble opinion, both are wrong: still there is some science in the German error; whereas in our treatment of the poor animal, we go directly against all mechanical calculation.

In a state of nature, the wild horse (as everybody knows) has two distinct gaits or attitudes. If man, or any still wilder beast, come suddenly upon him, up goes his head; and as he first stalks and then trots gently away, with ears erect, snorting with his nose, and proudly snuffing up the air, as if exulting in his freedom; as each fore-leg darts before the other, one sees before one a picture of doubt, astonishment, and hesitation,—all of which feelings seem to rein him, like a troop-horse, on his haunches; but attempt to pursue him, and the moment he defies you—the moment, determining to escape, he shakes his head, and lays himself to his work, how completely does he alter his attitude!—for then down goes his head, and from his ears to the tip of his tail, there is in his vertebræ an undulating action which seems to propel him, which works him along, and which, it is evident, you could not deprive him of, without materially diminishing his speed.

Now, in harness, the horse has naturally the same two gaits or attitudes; and it is quite true that he can start away with a carriage, either in the one or the other; but the means by which he succeeds in this effort, the physical powers which, in each case, he calls into action, are essentially different: for in the one attitude he works by his muscles, and in the other by his own dead, or rather living, weight. In order to grind corn, if any man were to erect a steam-engine over a fine, strong, running stream, we should all say to him, “Why do you not allow your wheel to be turned by cold water instead of by hot? Why do

you not avail yourself of the *weight* of the water, instead of expending your capital in converting it into the power of steam? In short, why do you not use the simple resource which nature has presented ready made to your hand?" In the same way, the Germans might say to us, "We acknowledge that a horse *can* drag a carriage by the power of his muscles, but why do you not allow them to drag it by his *weight*?"

In France, and particularly in Germany, horses do draw by their weight; and it is to encourage them to raise up their backs, and lean downwards with their heads, that the German collars are made in the way I have described; that with a certain degree of rude science, the horse's nose is tied to the bottom of his collar, and that the postilion at starting, speaking gently to him, allows him to get himself into a proper attitude for his draught.

The horse thus treated, leans against the resistance which he meets with, and his weight being infinitely greater than his draught (I mean the balance being in his favor), the carriage follows him without much more strain or effort on his part, than if he were idly leaning his chest against his manger. It is true the flesh of his shoulder may become sore from severe pressure, but his sinews and muscles are comparatively at rest.

Now, as a contrast to this picture of the German horse, let any one observe a pair of English post-horses dragging a heavy weight up a hill, and he will at once see that the poor creatures are working by their muscles, and that it is by sinews and main strength the resistance is overcome; but how can it be otherwise? for their heads are considerably higher than nature intended them to be even in *walking*, in a state of liberty, carrying nothing but themselves. The balance of their bodies is, therefore, absolutely turned *against*, instead of leaning in favor of, their draught, and thus cruelly deprived of the mechanical advantage of weight which everywhere else in the universe is duly appreciated, the noble spirit of our high-fed horses induces them to strain and drag the carriage forwards by their muscles; and, if the reader will but pass his hands down the back sinews of any of our stage-coach or post-chaise horses, he will soon feel (though not so keenly as they do) what is the fatal consequence. It is true that, in ascending a very steep hill, an English postilion will



occasionally unhook the bearing-reins of his horses ; but the poor jaded creatures, trained for years to work in a false attitude, can not, in one moment, get themselves into the scientific position which the German horses are habitually encouraged to adopt ; besides this, we are so sharp with our horses—we keep them so constantly on the *qui vive*, or, as we term it, in hand—that we are always driving them from the use of their weight to the application of their sinews.

That the figure and attitude of a horse, working by his sinews, are infinitely prouder than when he is working by his weight (there may exist, however, false pride among horses as well as among men), I most readily admit, and, therefore, for carriages of luxury, when the weight bears little proportion to the powers of the two noble animals, I acknowledge that the sinews are more than sufficient for the slight labor required ; but to bear up the head of a poor horse at plough, or at any slow, heavy work, is, I humbly submit, a barbarous error, which ought not to be persisted in.

I may be quite wrong in the way in which I have just endeavored to account for the fact that horses on the Continent draw heavy weights with apparently greater ease to themselves than our horses, and I almost hope that I am wrong ; for laughing, as we all do at the German and French harness ; sneering, as we do, at their ropes, and wondering out loud, as we always do, why they do not copy us, it would not be a little provoking were we, in spite of our fine harness, to find out, that for slow, heavy draught, it is better to tie a horse's nose *downwards*, like the German, than *upwards*, like the English, and that the French way of leaving them at liberty is better than both.

## THE BATH.

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THE eager step with which I always walked towards the strong steel bath is almost indescribable. Health is such an inestimable blessing ; it colors so highly the little picture of life ; it sweetens so exquisitely the small cup of our existence ; it is so like sunshine, in the absence of which the world, with all its beauties, would be, as it once was, "without form and void," that I can conceive nothing which a man ought more eagerly to do than get between the stones of that mill which is to grind him young again, particularly when, as in my case, the operation was to be attended with no pain. When, therefore, I had once left my Hof to walk to the bath, I felt as if no power on earth could arrest my progress.

The oblong slated building, which contains the famous waters of Langen-Schwalbach, is plain and unassuming in its elevation, and very sensibly adapted to its purpose. The outside walls are plastered, and colored a very light red. There are five-and-twenty windows in front with an arcade or covered walk beneath them, supported by an equal number of pilasters, connected together by Saxon arches. On entering the main door, which is in the centre, the great staircase is immediately in front ; and close to it, on the left, there sits a man, from whom the person about to bathe purchases his ticket, for which he pays forty-eight kreuzers, about sixteen pence.

The Pauline spring is conducted to the baths on the upper story ; the Wein brunnen supplies those below on the left of the staircase ; the strong Stahl, or steel brunnen, those on the right ; all these baths opening into passages, which, in both stories, extend the whole length of the building. At the commencement of

each hour, there was always a great bustle between the people about to be washed and those who had just undergone the operation. A man and woman attend above and below, and, quite regardless of their sex, every person was trying to prevail upon either of these attendants to let the old water out of the bath, and to turn the hot and cold cocks which were to replenish it. Restlessness and anxiety were depicted in every countenance; however, in a few minutes, a calm having ensued, the water was heard rushing into fifteen or sixteen baths on each floor. Soon again the poor pair were badgered and tormented by various voices, from trebles down to contrabasso, all calling them to stop the cocks. With a thermometer in one hand, a great wooden shovel in the other, and a face as wet as if it had just emerged from the water, each servant hurried from one bath to another, adjusting them all to about  $25^{\circ}$  of Reaumur. Door after door was then heard to shut, and in a few minutes the passage became once again silent. A sort of wicker basket, containing a pan of burning embers, was afterwards given to any person who, for the sake of enjoying warm towels, was willing to breathe poisonous carbonic acid gas.

As soon as the patient was ready to enter his bath, the first feeling which crossed his naked mind, as he stood shivering on the brink, was a disinclination to dip even his foot into a mixture which looked about as thick as a horse-pond, and about the color of mullagitawny soap. However, having come as far as Langenschwalbach, there was nothing to say, but "*en avant*;" and so, descending the steps, I got into stuff so deeply colored with the red oxide of iron, that the body, when a couple of inches below the surface, was invisible. The temperature of the water felt neither hot nor cold; but I was no sooner immersed in it than I felt it was evidently of a strengthening, bracing nature, and I could almost have fancied myself lying with a set of hides in a tan-pit. The half-hour which every day I was sentenced to spend in this red decoction was by far the longest in the twenty-four hours; and I was always very glad when my chronometer, which I regularly hung on a nail before my eyes, pointed permission to me to extricate myself from the mess. While the body was floating, hardly knowing whether to sink or swim, I found it was

very difficult for the mind to enjoy any sort of recreation, or to reflect for two minutes on any one subject ; and as, half shivering, I lay watching the minute-hand of my dial, it appeared the slowest traveller in existence.

These baths are said to be very apt to produce head-ache, sleepiness, and other slightly apoplectic symptoms ; but surely such effects must proceed from the silly habit of not immersing the head. The frame of man has beneficently been made capable of existing under the line, or near either of the poles of the earth. We know it can even live in an oven in which meat is baking ; but surely, if it were possible to send one-half of the body to Iceland, while the other was reclining on the banks of Fernando Po, the trial would be exceedingly severe ; inasmuch as nature, never having contemplated such a vagary, has not thought it necessary to provide against it. In a less degree, the same argument applies to bathing, particularly in mineral waters ; for even the common pressure of water on the portion of the body which is immersed in it, tends mechanically to push or force the blood towards that part (the head) enjoying a rarer medium ; but when it is taken into calculation that the mineral mixture of Schwalbach acts on the body not only mechanically, by pressure, but medicinally, being a very strong astringent, there needs no wizard to account for the unpleasant sensations so often complained of.

For the above reason, I resolved that my head should fare alike with the rest of my system ; in short, that it deserved to be strengthened as much as my limbs. It was equally old—had accompanied them in all their little troubles ; and, moreover, often and often, when *they* had sunk down to rest, had it been forced to contemplate and provide for the dangers and vicissitudes of the next day. I therefore applied no half remedy—submitted to no partial operation—but resolved that if the waters of Langen-Schwalbach were to make me invulnerable, the box which held my brains should humbly, but equally, partake of the blessing.

The way in which I bathed, with the reasons which induced me to do so, were mentioned to Dr. Fenner. He made no objection, but in silence shrugged up his shoulders. However, the fact is, in this instance as well as in many others, he is obliged to pre

scribe no more than human nature is willing to comply with. And as Germans are not much in the habit of washing their heads,—and even if they were, as they would certainly refuse to dip their skulls into a mixture that stains the hair a deep red color, upon which common soap has not the slightest detergent effect,—the doctor probably feels that he would only lose his influence were he publicly to undergo the defeat of being driven from a system which all his patients would agree to abominate ; indeed, one has only to look at the ladies' flannel dresses which hang in the yard to dry, to read the truth of the above assertion.

These garments having been several times immersed in the bath, are stained as deep a red as if they had been rubbed with ochre or brickdust ; yet the upper part of the flannel is quite as white, and indeed, by comparison, appears infinitely whiter than ever ; in short, without asking to see the owners, it is quite evident that, at Schwalbach, young ladies, and even old ones, cannot make up their minds to stain any part of their mysterious fabric which towers above their evening gowns ; and, though the rest of their lovely persons are as red as the limbs of the American Indian, yet their faces and cheeks bloom like the roses of York and Lancaster ; but laying all flannel arguments aside, the effect of these waters on the skin is so singular, that one has only to witness it to understand that it would be useless for the poor village doctor to prescribe to ladies more than a pie-bald application of the remedy.

Although, of course, in coming out of the bath, the patient rubs himself dry, and apparently perfectly clean, yet the rust, by exercise, comes out so profusely, that not only is the linen of those people who bathe stained, but even their sheets are similarly discolored ; the dandy's neckcloth becomes red ; and when the head has been immersed, the pillow in the morning looks as if a rusty thirteen-inch shell had been reposing on it.

To the servant who has cleaned the bath, filled it, and supplied it with towels, it is customary to give each day six kreuzers, amounting to twopence ; and as another example of the cheapness of German luxuries, I may observe, that if a person chooses, instead of walking, to be carried in a sedan-chair, and brought

back to his Hof, the price fixed for the two journeys is three-pence.

Having now taken my bath, the next part of my daily sentence was, "to return to the place from whence I came, and there" to drink two more glasses of water from the Pauline. The weather having been unusually hot, in walking to the bath, I was generally very much overpowered by the heat of the sun; but on leaving the mixture to walk to the Pauline, I always felt as if his rays were not as strong as myself; I really fancied that they glanced from my frame as from a polished cuirass; and, far from suffering, I enjoyed the walk, always remarking that the cold evaporation proceeding from wet hair formed an additional reason for preventing the blood from rushing upwards. The glass of cold sparkling water which, under the mid-day sun, I received after quitting the bath, from the healthy looking old goddess of the Pauline, was delicious beyond the powers of description. It was infinitely more refreshing than iced soda water, and the idea that it was doing good instead of harm—that it was medicine, not luxury, added to it a flavor which the mind, as well as the body, seemed to enjoy.

What with the iron in my skin, the rust in my hair, and the warmth which this strengthening mixture imparted to my waistcoat, I always felt an unconquerable inclination to face the hill; and, selecting a different path from the one I had taken in the morning, I seldom stopped until I had reached the tip-top of one of the many eminences which overhang the promenade and its *beau monde*.

The climate of this high table-land was always invigorating; and although the sun was the same planet which was scorching the saunterers in the valley beneath, yet its rays did not take the same hold upon the rare, subtle mountain air.

At this hour the peasants had descended into the town to dine. The fields were, consequently, deserted; yet it was pleasing to see where they had been toiling, and how much of the corn they had cut since yesterday. I derived pleasure from looking at the large heap of potatoes they had been extracting, and from observing that they had already begun to plough the stubble which only two days ago had been standing corn. Though neither man, wo-

man, nor child were to be seen, it was, nevertheless, quite evident that they could only just have vanished; and though I had no fellow-creature to converse with, yet I enjoyed an old-fashioned pleasure in tracing on the ground marks where at least human beings had been.

Quite by myself I was loitering on these heights, when I heard the troop of Langen-Schwalbach cows coming through the great wood on my left; and wanting, at the moment, something to do, diving into the forest I soon succeeded in joining the gang. They were driven by a man and a woman, who received for every cow under their care forty-two kreuzers, or fourteen pence, for the six summer months: for this humble remuneration they drove the cows of Schwalbach every morning into the great woods, to enjoy air and a very little food; three times a-day they conducted them home to be milked, and in the evening as often re-ascended to the forest. At the hours of assembling, the man blew a long, crooked, tin horn, which the cows and their proprietors equally well understood. Everybody must be aware, that it is not a very easy job to keep a set of cows together in a forest, as the young ones, especially, are always endeavoring to go astray; however, the two guides had each a curious sort of instrument by which they managed to keep them in excellent subjection. It consisted of a neavy stick about two feet long, with six iron rings, so placed that they could be shaken up and down; and, certainly, if it were to be exhibited at Smithfield, no being there, human or inhuman, would ever guess that it was invented for driving cows; and were he even to be told so, he would not conceive how it could possibly be used for that purpose. Yet, in Nassau, it is the regular engine for propelling cattle of every description.

In driving the cows through the wood, I observed that the man and woman each kept on one flank, the herd leisurely proceeding before them; but if any of the cows attempted to stray—if any of them presumed to lie down—or if any of them appeared to be in too earnest conversation with a great lumbering creature of her own species, distinguished by a ring through his nose, and a bright iron chain round his neck, the man, and especially the woman, gave two or three shakes with the rings, and if that lecture was not sufficient, the stick, rings and all, flew through the air, inflict-

ing a blow which really appeared sufficient to break a rib, and certainly much more than sufficient to dislodge an eye.

It was easy to calculate the force of this uncouth weapon, by the fear the poor animals entertained of it; and I observed, that no sooner did the woman shake it at an erring, disobedient cow, than the creature at once gave up the point, and hurried forwards.

In the stillness of the forest, nothing could sound wilder than the sudden rattling of these rings, and almost could one fancy that beings in chains were running between the trees. A less severe discipline would, probably, not be sufficient. However, I must record that the severity was exercised with a considerable proportion of discretion; for I particularly remarked that, when cows were in a certain interesting situation, their rude drivers, with unerring aim, always pelted them on the hocks.

Leaving the cows, and descending the mountain's side, I strolled through the little mountain hamlet of Wambach. In the middle of this simple retreat, there stood, overtopping most of the other dwellings, a tall slender hut, on the thatched roof of which was a wooden pent-house, containing a bell, which, three times a-day, tolled for reveille, noon-tide meal, and curfew. As the human tongue speaks by the impulse of the mind, so did this humble clapper move in obedience to the dictates of a *village watch*, which, when out of order, the parish was bound to repair.

From the upper windows of the principal house, I saw suspended festoons or strings of apples cut in slices, and exposed to the sun to dry. A lad, smoking his pipe, was driving his mother's cow to fetch grass from the valley. Women, with pails in their hands, were proceeding towards the spring for water; others were returning to their homes heavily laden with fagots, while several of their idle children were loitering about before their doors.

But, as I had still another dose of water to drink from the Pauline, I hastened to the brunnēn, and having emptied my glass (which, like the outside of a bottle of iced water, was instantaneously covered by condensation with dew), I found that it was time to prepare myself (as I beg leave to prepare my reader) for that very lengthy ceremony—a German dinner.



## THE DINNER.



DURING the fashionable season at Langen-Schwalbach, the dinner hour at all the Saals is one o'clock. From about noon scarcely a stranger is to be seen; but a few minutes before the bell strikes one, the town exhibits a picture curious enough, when it is contrasted with the simple costume of the villagers, and the wild-looking country which surrounds them. From all the hofs and lodging houses, a set of denüre, quiet-looking, well-dressed people are suddenly disgorged, who, at a sort of funeral pace, slowly advance towards the Allee Saal, the Goldene Kette, the Kaiser Saal, and one or two other houses, *où l'on dine*. The ladies are not dressed in bonnets, but in caps, most of which are quiet, the rest being of those indescribable shapes which are to be seen in London or Paris. Whether the stiff-stand-up frippery of bright-red ribands was meant to represent a house on fire, or purgatory itself—whether those immense white ornaments were intended for reefs of coral or not—it is out of my department even to guess—ladies' caps being riddles only to be explained by themselves.

With no one to affront them—with no fine powdered footman to attend them—with nothing but their appetites to direct them—and with their own quiet conduct to protect them—old ladies, young ladies, elderly gentlemen, and young ones, were seen slowly and silently picking their way over the rough pavement. There was no greediness in their looks; nor, as they proceeded, did they lick their lips, or show any other signs of possessing any appetite at all; they looked much more as if they were coming from a meal, than going to one: in short, they seemed to be thinking of anything in the dictionary but the word *dinner*. And when one contrasted or weighed the quietness of their demeanor against the

enormous quantity of provisions they were placidly about to consume, one could not help admitting that these Germans had certainly more self-possession, and could better muzzle their feelings, than many of the best-behaved people in the universe.

Seated at the table of the Allee Saal, I counted a hundred and eighty people at dinner in one room. To say, in a single word, whether the fare was good or bad, would be quite impossible, it being so completely different to anything ever met with in England.

To my simple taste, the cooking is most horrid; still there were now and then some dishes, particularly sweet ones, which I thought excellent. With respect to the made-dishes, of which there was a great variety, I beg to offer to the reader a formula I invented, which will teach him (should he ever come to Germany) what to expect. The simple rule is this:—Let him taste the dish, and if it be not sour, he may be quite certain that it is greasy;—again, if it be not greasy, let him not eat thereof, for then it is sure to be sour. With regard to the order of the dishes, that, too, is unlike anything which Mrs. Glasse ever thought of. After soup, which all over the world is the alpha of the gourmand's alphabet, the barren meat from which the said soup has been extracted is produced. Of course it is dry, tasteless, withered-looking stuff, which a Grosvenor-square cat would not touch with its whisker; but this dish is always attended by a couple of satellites—the one a quantity of cucumbers dressed in vinegar, the other a black greasy sauce: and if you dare to accept a piece of this flaccid beef, you are instantly thrown between Scylla and Charybdis; for so sure as you decline the indigestible cucumber, souse comes into your plate a deluge of the greasy sauce! After the company have eaten heavily of messes which it would be impossible to describe, in comes some nice salmon—then fowls—then puddings—then meat again—then stewed fruit; and after the English stranger has fallen back in his chair quite beaten, a leg of mutton majestically makes its appearance!

I dined just two days at the Saals, and then bade adieu to them for ever. Nothing which this world affords could induce me to feed in this gross manner. The pig who lives in his sty would have some excuse; but it is really quite shocking to see any other

animal overpowering himself at mid-day with such a mixture and superabundance of food. Yet only think what a compliment all this is to the mineral waters of Langen-Schwalbach; for if people who come here, and live in this way morning, noon, and night, can, as I really believe they do, return to their homes in better health than they departed, how much more benefit ought any one to derive, who, maintaining a life of simplicity and temperance, would resolve to give them a fair trial? In short, if the cold iron waters of the Pauline can be of real service to a stomach full of vinegar and grease, how much more effectually ought they to tinker up and repair the inside of him who has sense enough to sue them *in forma pauperis*!

Dr. Fenner was told that I had given up dining in public, as I preferred a single dish at home; and he was then asked, with a scrutinizing look, whether eating so much was not surely very bad for those who were drinking the waters? The poor doctor quietly shrugged up his shoulders,—silently looking at his shoes,—and what else could he have done? Himself an inhabitant of Langen-Schwalbach, of course he was obliged to feel the pulse of his own fellow-citizens, as well as that of the stranger; and into what a fever would he have thrown all the innkeepers—what a convulsion would he have occasioned in the village itself—were he to have presumed to prescribe temperance to those wealthy visitors by whose gross intemperance the community hoped to prosper! He might as well have gone into the fields to burn the crops, as thus wickedly to blight the golden harvest which Langen-Schwalbach had calculated on reaping during the short visit of its consumptive guests.

Our dinner is now over; but I must not rise from the table of the Allee Saal, until I have made an '*amende honorable*' to those against whose vile cooking I have been railing, for it is only common justice to German society to offer an humble testimony that nothing can be more creditable to any nation: one can scarcely imagine a more pleasing picture of civilized life, than the mode in which society is conducted at these watering-places.

The company which comes to the brunnens for health, and which daily assembles at dinner, is of a most heterogeneous description, being composed of Princes, Dukes, Barons, Counts, &c.:

down to the petty shopkeeper, and even the Jew of Frankfort, Mainz, and other neighboring towns; in short, all the most jarring elements of society, at the same moment, enter the same room, to partake together the same one shilling and eight-penny dinner.

Even to a stranger like myself, it was easy to perceive that the company, as they seated themselves round the table, had herded together in parties and coteries, neither acquainted with each other, nor with much disposition to be acquainted—still, all those invaluable forms of society which connect the guests of any private individual were most strictly observed; and, from the natural good sense and breeding in the country, this happy combination was apparently effected without any effort. No one seemed to be under any restraint, yet there was no freezing formality at one end of the table, nor rude boisterous mirth at the other. With as honest good appetites as could belong to any set of people under the sun, I particularly remarked that there was no scrambling for favorite dishes;—to be sure, here and there an eye was seen twinkling a little brighter than usual, as it watched the progress of any approaching dish which appeared to be unusually sour or greasy, but there was no greediness, no impatience, and nothing which seemed for a single moment to interrupt the general harmony of the scene; and, though I scarcely heard a syllable of the buzz of conversation which surrounded me; although every moment I felt less and less disposed to attempt to eat what for some time had gradually been coagulating in my plate; yet, leaning back in my chair, I certainly did derive very great pleasure, and I hope a very rational enjoyment, in looking upon so pleasing a picture of civilized life.

In England we are too apt to designate, by the general term “society,” the particular class, clan, or clique in which we ourselves may happen to move, and if that little speck be sufficiently polished, people are generally quite satisfied with what they term “the present state of society;” yet there exists a very important difference between this ideal civilisation of a part or parts of a community, and the actual civilisation of the community as a whole; and surely no country can justly claim for itself that title, until not only can its various members move separately among each other, but until, if necessary, they can all meet and ac

together. Now, if this assertion be admitted, I fear it cannot be denied that we islanders are very far from being as highly polished as our continental neighbors, and that we but too often mistake odd provincial habits of our own invention, for the broad, useful current manners of the world.

In England, each class of society, like our different bands of trades, is governed by its own particular rules. There is a class of society which has very gravely, and for aught I care very properly, settled that certain food is to be eaten with a fork—that others are to be launched into the mouth with a spoon; and that to act against these rules (or whims), shows “that the man has not lived in *the world*.” At the other end of society there are, one has heard, also rules of honor, prescribing the sum to be put into a tin money-box, so often as the pipe shall be filled with tobacco, with various other laws of the same dark caste or complexion. These conventions, however, having been firmly established among each of the many classes into which our country people are subdivided, a very considerable degree of order is everywhere maintained; and, therefore, let a foreigner go into any sort of society in England, and he will find it is apparently living in happy obedience to its own laws; but if any chance or convulsion brings these various classes of society each laden with its own laws, into general contact, a sort of Babel confusion instantly takes place, each class loudly calling its neighbor to order in a language it cannot comprehend. Like the followers of different religions, the one has been taught a creed which has not even been heard of by the other; there is no sound bond of union—no reasonable understanding between the parties: in short, they resemble a set of regiments, each of which having been drilled according to the caprice or fancy of its colonel, appears in very high order on its own parade, yet, when all are brought together, form an unorganized and undisciplined army: and in support of this theory, is it not undeniably true, that it is practically impossible for all ranks of society to associate together in England with the same ease and inoffensive freedom which characterize similar meetings on the continent? And yet a German duke or a German baron is as proud of his rank, and rank is as much respected in his country as it is in our country.

There *must*, therefore, in England exist somewhere or other a radical fault. The upper classes will of course lay the blame on the lowest—the lowest will abuse the highest—but may not the error lie between the two? Does it not rather rest upon both? and is it not caused by the laws which regulate our small island society being odd, unmeaning, imaginary, and often fictitious, instead of being stamped with those large intelligible characters which make them at once legible to all the inhabitants of the globe?

For instance, on the continent, every child, almost before he learns his alphabet, before he is able even to crack a whip, is taught what is termed in Europe civility, a trifling example of which I witnessed this very morning. At nearly a league from Langen-Schwalbach, I walked up to a little boy who was flying a kite on the top of a hill, in the middle of a field of oat stubble. I said not a word to the child—scarcely looked at him—but as soon as I got close to him, the little village clod, who had never breathed anything thicker than his own mountain air, actually almost lost string, kite and all, in an effort quite irresistible which he made to bow to me, and take off his hat. Again, in the middle of the forest, I saw the other day three laboring boys laughing together, each of their mouths being, if possible, wider open than the others; however, as they separated, off went their caps, and they really took leave of each other in the very same sort of manner with which I yesterday saw the Landgrave of Hesse Homburg return a bow to a common postilion.

It is this general, well-founded, and acknowledged system which binds together all classes of society. It is this useful, sensible system which enables the master of the Allee Saal, as he walks about the room during dinner-time, occasionally to converse with the various descriptions of guests who have honored his table with their presence; for, however people in England would be shocked at such an idea, on the continent, so long as a person speaks and behaves correctly, he need not fear to give any one offence.

Now in England, as we all know, we have all sorts of manners, and a man actually scarcely dares to say which is the true idol to be worshipped. We have very noble aristocratic man-

ners ; we have the short, stumpy manners of the old-fashioned English country gentleman ; we have sick, dandified manners ; black-stock military manners ; “ your free and easy manners ” (which, by-the-bye, on the continent, would be translated “ *no manners at all* ).” We have the ledger, calf-skin manners of a steady man of business ; the last imported monkey or ultra-Parisian manners ; manners not only of a school-boy, but of the particular school to which he belongs ; and lastly, we have the parti-colored manners of the mobility, who, until they were taught the contrary, very falsely flattered themselves that on the throne they would find the “ ship, a-hoy ! ” manners of a “ true British sailor.”

Now, with respect to these motley manners, these “ black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,” which are about as different from each other as the manners of the various beasts collected by Noah in his ark, it may at once be observed, that (however we ourselves may admire them) there are very few of them indeed which are suited to the continent ; and, consequently, though Russians, Prussians, Austrians, French and Italians, to a certain degree, can anywhere assimilate together, yet, somehow or other, our manners—(never mind whether better or worse)—are different. Which, therefore, I am seriously disposed to ask of myself, are the most likely to be right ? the manners of “ the right little, tight little island,” or those of the inhabitants of the vast continent of Europe ?

The reader will, I fear, think that my dinner reflections have partaken of the acidity of the German mess which lay so long before me untouched in my plate ; and at my observations I fully expect he will shake his head, as I did when, afterwards, expecting to get something sweet, I found my mouth nearly filled with a substance very nearly related to sourerout. Should the old man’s remarks be unpalatable, they are not more so than was his meal ; and he begs to apologize for them by saying, that had he, as he much wished, been able to eat, he would not, against his will, have been driven to reflect.

## THE PROMENADE.

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A FEW minutes after the dessert had been placed on the table of the Allee Saal, one or two people from different chairs rose and glided away ; then up got as many more, until, in about a quarter of an hour, the whole company had quietly vanished, excepting here and there, around the vast circumference of the table, a couple, who, not having yet finished their phlegmatic, long-winded argument, sat like pairs of oxen, with their heads yoked together.

It being only three o'clock in the day, and as people did not begin to drink the waters again till about six, there was a long, heavy interval, which was spent very much in the way in which English cows pass their time when quite full of fine red clover,—bending their fore knees, they lie down on the grass to ruminate.

As it was very hot at this hour, the ladies, in groups of two, three and four, with coffee before them on small square tables, sat out together in the open air, under the shade of the trees. Most of them commenced knitting ; but, at this plethoric hour, I could not help observing that they made several hundred times as many stitches as remarks. A few of the young men, with cigars in their mouths, meandered, in dandified silence, through these parties of ladies ; but almost all the German lords of the creation had hidden themselves in holes and corners, to enjoy smoking their pipes ; and surely nothing can be more filthy—nothing can be a greater waste of time and intellect than this horrid habit. If tobacco were even a fragrant perfume, instead of stinking as it does, still the habit which makes it necessary to a human being to carry a large bag in one of his coat-pockets, and an unwieldy crooked pipe in the other, would be unmanly ; inasmuch as, besides creating an artificial want, it encumbers him with a real



burden, which, both on horseback and on foot, impedes his activity and his progress ; but when it turns out that this said artificial want is a nasty, vicious habit—when it is impossible to be clean if you indulge in it—when it makes your hair and clothes smell most loathsomely—when you absolutely pollute the fresh air as you pass through it ; when, besides all this, it corrodes the teeth, injures the stomach, and fills with red inflammatory particles the naturally cool, clear, white brain of man, it is quite astonishing that these Germans, who can act so sensibly during so many hours of the day, should not have strength of mind enough to trample their tobacco-bags under their feet—throwing their reeking, sooty pipes behind them, and learn (I will not say from the English, but from every bird and animal in a state of nature) to be clean : and certainly whatever faults there may be in our manners, our cleanliness is a virtue which above every nation *I* have ever visited, pre-eminently distinguishes us in the world.

During the time which was spent in this stinking vice, I observed that people neither interrupted each other, nor did they very much like to be interrupted ; in short, it was a sort of siesta with the eyes open, and with smoke coming out of the mouth. Sometimes gazing out of the window of his Hof, I saw a German baron, in a tawdry dressing-gown and scull-cap (with an immense ring on his dirty forefinger), smoking, and pretending to be thinking ; sometimes I winded a creature, who, in a similar attitude, was seated on the shady benches near the Stahl brunnen ; but these were only exceptions to the general rule, for most of the males had vanished, one knew not where, to convert themselves into automatons, which had all the smoky nuisance of the steam-engine—without its power.

At about half-past five or six o'clock, "the world" began to come to life again ; the ladies with their knitting needles lying in their laps, gradually began to talk to each other, some even attempting to laugh. Group rising after group, left the small white painted tables and empty coffee-cups round which they had been sitting, and in a short time, the walks to the three brunns in general, and to the Pauline in particular, were once again thronged with people ; and as slowly, and very slowly, they

walked backwards and forwards, one again saw German society in its most amiable and delightful point of view.

A few of the ladies, particularly those who had young children, were occasionally accompanied through the day by a nice steady, healthy-looking young woman, whose dress (being without cap or bonnet, with a plain cloth shawl thrown over a dark cotton gown) at once denoted that she was a servant. The distinction in her dress was marked in the extreme, yet it was pleasing to see that there was no necessity to carry it farther, the woman appearing to be so well behaved, that there was little fear of her giving offence. Whenever her mistress stopped to talk to any of her friends, this attendant became a harmless listener to the conversation, and when a couple of families, seated on a bank, were amusing each other with jokes and anecdotes, one saw by the countenances of these quiet-looking young people, who were also permitted to sit down, that they were enjoying the story quite as much as the rest.

In England, people would of course be shocked at the idea of thus associating with, or rather sitting in society with their servants, and on account of the manners of our servants it certainly would not be agreeable; however, if we had but one code, instead of having one hundred and fifty thousand (for I quite forgot to insert in my long list the manners of a fashionable lady's maid), this would not be the case; for then English servants, like German servants, would learn to sit in the presence of their superiors without giving any offence at all. But besides observing how harmlessly these German menials conducted themselves, I must own I could not help reflecting what an advantage it was, not only to them, but to the humble hovel to which, when they married, they would probably return—in short, to society, that they should have had an opportunity of witnessing the conduct, and of listening to the conversation of quiet, sensible, moral people, who had had the advantages of a good education.

Of course, if these young people were placed on high wages—tricked out with all the cast-off finery of their mistresses—and if laden with these elements of corruption, and hopelessly banished from the presence of their superiors, they were day after day, and night after night, to be stewed up together with stewards, butlers,

&c., in the devil's frying-pan—I mean, that den of narrow-minded iniquity, a house-keeper's room—of course, these strong, bony, useful servants would very soon dress as finely, and give themselves all those airs for which an English lady's maid is so celebrated even in her own country; but in Germany, good sense and poverty have as yet firmly and rigidly prescribed, not only the dress which is to distinguish servants from their masters, but that, with every rational indulgence, with every liberal opportunity of raising themselves in their own estimation, they shall be fed and treated in a manner and according to a scale, which, though superior, still bears a due relation to the humble station and habits in which they were born and bred. Of course, servants trained in this manner cost very little, yet if they are not naturally ill-disposed, there is everything to encourage them in good behavior, with little to lead them astray. They are certainly not, like our servants, clothed in satin, fine linen, and superfine cloth; nor, like Dives himself, do they fare sumptuously every day; but I believe they are all the happier, and infinitely more at their ease, for being kept to their natural station in life, instead of being permitted to ape an appearance for which their education has not fitted them, or repeat fine slip-slop sentiments which they do not understand.

However, it is not our servants who deserve to be blamed; they are quite right to receive high wages, wear veils, kid gloves, superfine cloth, give themselves airs, mock the manners of their lords and ladies, and to farcify below stairs the “comedy of errors” which they catch an occasional glimpse of above; in short, to do as little, consume as much, and be as expensive and troublesome as possible. No liberal person can blame *them*, but it is, I fear, on *our* heads that all their follies must rest; we have no one but ourselves to blame, and until a few of the principal families in England, for the credit and welfare of the country, agree together to lower the style and habits of their servants, and by a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether, to break the horrid system which at present prevails.—the distinction between the honest ploughman, who whistles along the fallow, and his white-faced, powdered-headed, silver-laced, scarlet-breeched, golden-gartered brother in London, must be as strikingly ridiculous as

ever : the one must remain an honor, the other a discredit, to the wealth of a country which (we all say unjustly) has been called by its enemy a "nation of shopkeepers."

If once the system were to be blown up, thousands of honest, well-meaning servants would, I believe, rejoice ; and while the aristocracy and wealthier classes would in fact be served at least as well as ever, the middle ranks, and especially all people of small incomes, would be relieved beyond description from an unnatural and unnecessary burden which but too often embitters all their little domestic arrangements. There can be no points of contrast between Germany and England more remarkable than that, in the one country, people of all incomes are supported and relieved in proportion to the number of their servants, while in the other they are tormented and oppressed. Again, that in the one country, servants humbly dressed, and humbly fed, live in a sort of exalted and honorable intercourse with their masters ; while, in the other, servants highly powdered and grossly fed, are treated *de haut en bas*, in a manner which is not to be seen on the Continent.

The enormous wealth of England is the commercial wonder of the world, yet every reflecting man who looks at our debt, at the immense fortunes of individuals, and at the levelling, unprincipled, radical spirit of the age, must see that there exists among us elements which may possibly some day or other furiously appear in collision. The great country may yet live to see distress ; and in the storm, our commercial integrity, like an overweighted vessel, may, for aught we know, founder and go down, stern foremost. I therefore most earnestly say, should this calamity ever befall us, let not foreigners be entitled, in preaching over our graves, to pronounce, "that we were a people who did not know how to enjoy prosperity—that our money, like our blood, flew to our heads—that our riches corrupted our minds—and that it was absolutely our enormous wealth which sunk us."

Without saying one other word, I will only again ask, is it or is it not the interest of our upper classes to countenance this island system ?

Should it be argued, that they ought not to be blamed because vulgar, narrow-minded people are foolish enough to ruin them

selves in a vain attempt to copy them, I reply, that they must make human nature, good and bad, not as it ought to be, but as it is; and that, after all, it is no bad compliment to the high station they hold, that the middle and lower classes will absolutely ruin themselves in overfeeding and overdressing their servants—in short, in following any bad example which such high authority may irrationally decree to be fashionable. But to return to the Promenade.

From everlastingly vibrating backwards and forwards on this walk, one gets so well acquainted with the faces of one's comrades, that it is easy to note the arrival of any stranger, who, however, after having made two or three turns, is considered as received into, and belonging to, the ambulatory community.

In constantly passing the people on the promenade, I occasionally heard a party talking French. During the military dominion of Napoleon, that language, of course, flooded the whole of the high duchy of Nassau as completely as almost the rest of Europe: a strong ebb of reaction, however, has of late years taken place; and in Prussia, for instance, the common people do not now like even to hear the language pronounced. On the other hand, thanks to Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and other worn-out literary laborers, now resting in their graves, our language is beginning to make an honest progress; and even in France it is becoming fashionable to display in society a literary flower or two culled from that North border, the *Jardin Anglais*.

As a passing stranger, the word I heard pronounced on the promenade the oftenest was “Ja! Ja!” and it really seemed to me that German women to all questions invariably answer in the affirmative, for “Ja! Ja!” was repeated by them, I know, from morning till night, and, for aught I know, from night till morning.

As almost every stranger at Langen-Schwalbach, as well as several of its inhabitants, were at this hour on the Promenade, the three brunnens were often surrounded by more open mouths than the women in attendance could supply. The old mother at the Pauline was therefore always assisted in the evening by her daughter, who, without being at all handsome, was, like her parent, a picture of robust, ruddy health; and to poor withered people, who came to them to drink, it was very satisfactory indeed to see

the practical effect which swallowing and baling out this water from morning till night had had on these two females ; and as they stood in the burning sun bending downwards into the brunnén, to fill the glasses which in all directions converged towards them, it was curious to observe the different description of people who from every point of Europe (except England) had surrounded one little well. As I earnestly looked at their various figures and faces, I could not help feeling that it was quite impossible for the goddess Pauline to cure them all : for I saw a tall, gaunt, brown, hard-featured, lantern-jawed officer, *à demi solde*, the sort of fellow that the French call "*un gros maigre*," drinking by the side of a red-faced, stuffy, stumpy, stunted little man, who seemed made on purpose to demonstrate that the human figure, like the telescope, could be made portable. "What in the world (I mumbled to myself) can be the matter with that very nice, fresh, comfortable, healthy-looking widow ? Or what does that huge, unwieldy man in the broad-brimmed hat require from the Pauline ?—Surely he is already about as full as he can hold ? And that poor sick girl, who has just borrowed the glass from her withered, wrinkled, skinny, little aunt ? Can the same prescription be good for them both ? A couple of nicely-dressed children are extending their little glasses to drink water with milk : and see ! that gang of countrymen, who have stopped their carts on the upper road, are racing and chasing each other down the bank to crowd round the brunnén ! Is it not curious to observe that in such a state of perspiration they can drink such deadly cold water with impunity ? But this really is the case ; and whether it is burning hot, or raining a deluge, this simple medicine is always agreeable, and no sooner is it swallowed, than, like the fire in the grate, it begins to warm its new mansion."

Such was the scene, and such was the effect, daily witnessed round one of nature's simplest and most beneficent remedies. All the drinkers seemed to be satisfied with the water, which, I believe, has only one virtue, that of strengthening the stomach ; yet it is this solitary quality which has made it cure almost every possible disorder of body and mind : for though people with an ankle resting on a knee sometimes mysteriously pointed to their toes, and sometimes as solemnly laid their hands upon their foreheads

yet I rather believe that almost every malady to which the human frame is subject, is either by highways or byways connected with the stomach; and I must own I never see a fashionable physician mysteriously counting the pulse of a plethoric patient, or, with a silver spoon on his tongue, importantly looking down his red, inflamed gullet (so properly termed by Johnson "the meat-pipe"), but I feel a desire to exclaim, "Why not tell the poor gentleman at once—*Sir! you've eaten too much, you've drunk too much, and you've not taken exercise enough!*" That these are the main causes of almost every one's illness, there can be no greater proof, than that those savage nations which live actively and temperately have only one great disorder—death. The human frame was not created imperfect—it is we ourselves who have made it so; there exists no donkey in creation so overladen as our stomachs, and it is because they groan under the weight so cruelly imposed upon them, that we see people driving them before them in herds to drink at one little brunnen.

A list of the strangers visiting Bad-Ems, Langen-Schwalbach, and Schlangenbad, is published twice a week, and circulated on all the promenades. From it, I find that there are 1200 visitors at Schwalbach alone—an immense number for so small a place. Still, the habits of the people are so quiet, that it does not at all bear the appearance of an English watering-place, and certainly I never before existed in a society where people are left so completely to go their own ways. Whether I stroll up and down the Promenade or about the town, whether I mount the hill or ramble into distant villages, no one seems to notice me any more than if I had been born there; and yet out of the 1200 strangers, I happened to be the only specimen to be seen of Old England. No one knows that I have given up feasting in public, for it is not the custom to dine always at the same house, but when one o'clock comes, people go to the Allee Saal, Goldene Kette, &c., just as they feel disposed at the moment.

There are no horses to be hired at Schwalbach, but a profusion of donkeys and mules. It is a pretty, gaudy sight to witness a group of these animals carrying ladies in their parti-colored bonnets, &c., descending one of the hills. The saddles are covered with coarse scarlet, or bright blue cloth, and the donkey.

always wears a fine red brow-band; nevertheless, under these brilliant colors, to the eye of a cognoscent, it is too easy to perceive that the poor creatures are sick in their hearts of their finery, and that they are tired, almost unto death, of carrying one large curious lady after another to see Hohenstein, Adolfseck, and other lions, which without metaphor are actually consuming the carcasses of these unhappy asses. The other day I myself hired one, but not being allowed to have the animal alone, I was obliged to submit to be followed by the owner, who, by order of the Duke, was dressed in a blue smock-frock, girded by a buff belt.

I found I could not produce the slightest effect on the animal's pace, but that if the man behind me only shook his stick, down went the creature's long ears, and on we trotted. By this arrangement, I was hurried by objects which I wished to look at, and obliged to crawl before what I was exceedingly anxious to leave behind; and altogether it was travelling so very much like a bag of sand, that ever since I have much preferred propelling myself.



## THE SCHWEIN-GENERAL.

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EVERY morning, at half-past five o'clock, I hear, as I am dressing the sudden blast of an immense long wooden horn, from which always proceed the same four notes. I have got quite accustomed to this wild *réveille*, and the vibration has scarcely subsided, it is still ringing among the distant hills, when, leisurely proceeding from almost every door in the street, behold a pig! Some, from their jaded, careworn, dragged appearance, are evidently leaving behind them a numerous litter; others are great, tall, monastic, melancholy-looking créaturés, which seem to have no other object left in this wretched world than to become bacon; while others are thin, tiny, light-hearted, brisk, petulant piglings, with the world and all its loves and sorrows before them. Of their own accord these creatures proceed down the street to join the herdsman, who occasionally continues to repeat the sorrowful blast from his horn.

Gregarious, or naturally fond of society, with one curl in their tails, and with their noses almost touching the ground, the pigs trot on, grunting to themselves and to their comrades, halting only whenever they come to anything they can manage to swallow.

I have observed that the old ones pass all the carcasses, which, trailing to the ground, are hanging before the butchers' shops, as if they were on a sort of *parole d'honneur* not to touch them; the middle-aged ones wistfully eye this meat, yet jog on also, while the piglings, who (so like mankind) have more appetite than judgment, can rarely resist taking a nibble; yet, no sooner does the dead calf begin again to move, than from the window immediately above out pops the head of a butcher, who, drinking his coffee,

whip in hand, inflicts a prompt punishment, sounding quite equal to the offence.

As I have stated, the pigs, generally speaking, proceed of their own accord; but shortly after they have passed, there comes down our street a little bareheaded, barefooted, stunted dab of a child, about eleven years old,—a Flibbertigibbet sort of a creature, which, in a drawing, one would express by a couple of blots, the small one for her head, and the other for her body; while, streaming from the latter, there would be a long line ending in a flourish, to express the immense whip which the child carries in its hand. This little goblin page, the whipper-in, attendant, or aide-de-camp of the old pig-driver, facetiously called, at Langen-Schwalbach, the “Schwein-general,” is a being no one looks at, and who looks at nobody. Whether the Hofs of Schwalbach are full of strangers or empty—whether the promenades are occupied by princes or peasants—whether the weather be good or bad, hot or rainy, she apparently never stops to consider; upon these insignificant subjects it is evident she never for a moment has reflected. But such a pair of eyes for a pig have perhaps seldom beamed from human sockets! The little intelligent urchin knows every house from which a pig ought to have proceeded; she can tell by the door being open or shut, and even by footmarks, whether the creature has joined the herd, or whether, having overslept itself, it is still snoring in its sty—a single glance determines whether she shall pass a yard or enter it; and if a pig, from indolence or greediness, be loitering on the road, the sting of the wasp cannot be sharper or more spiteful than the cut she gives it. As soon as, finishing with one street, she joins her General in the main road, the herd slowly proceed down the town.

On meeting them this morning they really appeared to have no hams at all; their bodies were as flat as if they had been squeezed in a vice; and when they turned sideways, their long sharp noses, and tucked-up bellies, gave to their profile the appearance of starved greyhounds.

As I gravely followed this grunting unearthly-looking herd of unclean spirits, through that low part of Langen-Schwalbach which is solely inhabited by Jews, I could not help fancying that I observed them holding their very breaths, as if a loathsome pes-

tilence were passing ; for though fat pork be a wicked luxury—a forbidden pleasure which the Jew has been supposed occasionally in secret to indulge in—yet one may easily imagine that such very lean ugly pigs have not charms enough to lead them astray.

Besides the little girl who brought up the rear, the herd was preceded by a boy of about fourteen, whose duty it was not to let the foremost, the more enterprising, or, in other words, the most empty pigs, advance too fast. In the middle of the drove, surrounded like a shepherd by his flock, slowly stalked the “SCHWEIN-GENERAL,” a wan, spectre-looking old man, worn out, or nearly so, by the arduous and every-day duty of conducting, against their wills, a gang of exactly the most obstinate animals in creation. A single glance at his jaundiced, ill-natured countenance was sufficient to satisfy one that his temper had been soured by the vexatious contrarieties and “untoward events” it had met with. In his left hand he held a staff to help himself onwards, while round his right shoulder hung one of the most terrific whips that could possibly be constructed. At the end of a short handle, turning upon a swivel, there was a lash about nine feet long, formed like the vertebræ of a snake, each joint being an iron ring, which, decreasing in size, was closely connected with its neighbor, by a band of hard greasy leather. The pliability, the weight, and the force of this iron whip rendered it an argument which the obstinacy even of the pig was unable to resist ; yet, as the old man proceeded down the town, he endeavored to speak kindly to the herd, and as the bulk of them preceded him, jostling each other, grumbling and grunting on their way, he occasionally exclaimed in a low, hollow, worn-out tone of encouragement, “Nina, Anina” (drawling of course very long on the last syllable).

If any little savory morsel caused a contention, stoppage, or constipation on the march, the old fellow slowly unwound his dreadful whip, and by merely whirling it round his head, like reading the Riot Act, he generally succeeded in dispersing the crowd ; but if they neglected this solemn warning, if their stomachs proved stronger than their judgment, and if the group of greedy pigs still continued to stagnate—“ARRIFF !” the old fellow exclaimed, and rushing forwards, the lash whirling round his head, he inflicted, with strength which no one could have fan-

cied he possessed, a smack that seemed absolutely to electrify the leader. As lightning shoots across the heavens, I observed the culprit fly forwards, and for many yards, continued to sidle towards the left, it was quite evident that the thorn was still smarting in his side ; and no wonder, poor fellow ! for the blow he received would almost have cut a piece out of a door.

As soon as the herd got out of the town they began gradually to ascend the rocky, barren mountain which appeared towering above them ; and then the labors of the Schwein-general and his staff became greater than ever : for as the animals from their solid column began to extend or deploy themselves into line, it was necessary constantly to ascend and descend the slippery hill, in order to outflank them. “ARRIFF !” vociferated the old man, striding after one of his rebellious subjects ; “Arriff !” in a shrill tone of voice, was re-echoed by the lad, as he ran after another : however, in due time, the drove reached the ground which was devoted for that day’s exercise, the whole mountain being thus taken in regular succession.

The Schwein-general now halted, and the pigs being no longer called upon to advance, but being left entirely to their own notions, I became exceedingly anxious attentively to observe them.

No wonder, poor reflecting creatures ! that they had come unwillingly to such a spot—for there appeared to be literally nothing for them to eat but hot stones and dust : however, making the best of the bargain, they all very vigorously set themselves to work. Looking up the hill, they dexterously began to lift up with their snouts the largest of the loose stones, and then grubbing their noses into the cool ground, I watched their proceedings for a very long time. Their tough wet snouts seemed to be sensible of the quality of everything they touched ; and thus out of the apparently barren ground they managed to get fibres of roots, to say nothing of worms, beetles, or any other travelling insects they met with. As they slowly advanced working up the hill, their ears most philosophically shading their eyes from the hot sun, I could not help feeling how little we appreciate the delicacy of several of their senses, and the extreme acuteness of their instinct.

There exists perhaps in creation no animal which has less justice and more injustice done to him by man than the pig

Gifted with every faculty of supplying himself, and of providing even against the approaching storm, which no creature is better capable of foretelling than a pig, we begin by putting an iron ring through the cartilage of the nose, and having thus barbarously deprived him of the power of searching for, and analyzing, his food, we generally condemn him for the rest of his life to solitary confinement in a sty.

While his faculties are still his own, only observe how, with a bark or snort, he starts if you approach him, and mark what shrewd intelligence there is in his bright twinkling little eye: but with pigs, as with mankind, idleness is the root of all evil. The poor animal finding that he has absolutely nothing to do—having no enjoyment,—nothing to look forward to but the pail which feeds him, naturally, most eagerly, or as we accuse him, most greedily, greets its arrival. Having no natural business or diversion—nothing to occupy his brain—the whole powers of his system are directed in the digestion of a superabundance of food. To encourage this, Nature assists him with sleep, which lulling his better faculties, leads his stomach to become the ruling power of his system—a tyrant that can bear no one's presence but his own. The poor pig, thus treated, gorges himself—sleeps—eats again—sleeps—awakens in a fright—screams—struggles against the blue apron—screams fainter and fainter—turns up the whites of his little eyes—and . . . . . dies!

It is probably from abhorring this picture, that I know of nothing which is more distressing to me than to witness an indolent man eating his own home-fed pork.

There is something so horribly similar between the life of the human being and that of his victim—their notions on all subjects are so unnaturally contracted—there is such a melancholy resemblance between the strutting residence in the village, and the stalking confinement of the sty—between the sound of the dinner-bell and the rattling of the pail—between snoring in the arm-chair and grunting in clean straw—that, when I contrast the “pig’s countenance” in the dish with that of his lord and master, who, with outstretched elbows, sits leaning over it, I own I always feel it is so hard the one should have killed the other—in short, there

is a sort of "Tu quoque, BRUTE!" moral in the picture, which to my mind is most painfully distressing.

But to return to the Schwein-general, whom, with his horn and whip, I have left on the steep side of a barren mountain.

In this situation do the pigs remain every morning for four hours, enjoying little else than air and exercise. At about nine or ten o'clock, they begin their march homewards, and nothing can form a greater contrast than their entry into their native town does to their exit from it.

Their eager anxiety to get to the dinner trough that awaits them is almost ungovernable; and they no sooner reach the first houses of the town, than a sort of "sauve qui peut" motion takes place: away each then starts towards his dulce domum; and it is really curious to stand still and watch how very quickly they canter by, greedily grunting and snuffling, as if they could smell with their stomachs, as well as their noses, the savory food which is awaiting them.

At half-past four, the same four notes of the same horn are heard again; the pigs once more assemble—once more tumble over the hot stones on the mountain—once more remain there for four hours—and in the evening once again return to their styes.

Such is the life of the pigs, not only of Langen-Schwalbach, but those of every village throughout a great part of Germany: every day of their existence, summer and winter, is spent in the way I have described. The squad consists here of about a hundred and fifty, and for each pig the poor old Schwein-general receives forty kreuzers (about 13*d.*) for six months' drilling of each recruit. His income, therefore, is about £20 a year, out of which he has to pay the board, lodging and clothing of his two aides-de-camp; and when one considers how unremittingly this poor fellow-creature has to contend with the gross appetites, sulky tempers, and pig-headed dispositions of the swinish multitude, surely not even the most riggardly reformer would wish to curtail his emoluments.

## THE LUTHERAN CHAPEL.

I HAVE just come from the little Lutheran chapel, and while the picture is fresh before my mind, I will endeavor to describe it.

On entering the church, the service I found had begun, and the first thing that struck me was, that the pulpit was empty, there being no minister of any sort or kind to be seen ! The congregation was chanting a psalm to very much the same sort of drawling tune which one hears in England ; yet the difference in their performance is very remarkable. As all were singing about as loud as they could, the chorus was certainly too much for the church : indeed, the sound had not only filled its walls, but streaming out of the doors and every aperture, it had rolled down the main street, where I had met it long before I reached the church. Yet, though it was certainly administered in too strong a dose, it was impossible to help acknowledging that it proceeded from a peasantry who had a gift or natural notion of music, quite superior to anything one meets with in an English village, or even in a London church. The song was simple, and the lungs from which it proceeded were too stout ; yet there was nothing to offend the ear ; in short, there were no bad faults to eradicate—no nasal whine—no vulgar tremulous mixture of two notes—no awkward attempts at musical finery—but in every bar there was tune and melody, and, with apparently no one to guide them, these native musicians proceeded with their psalm in perfect harmony and concert.

As this singing lasted nearly twenty minutes, I had plenty of time to look about me. The church, which, with its little spire, stands on a gentle eminence above the houses of the main street, is a small oblong building of four windows in length by two in

breadth; the glass in those recesses being composed of round, plain, unpainted panes, about the size of a common tea-saucer. The inside of the building is white-washed: a gallery of unpainted wood, supported by posts very rudely hewn, going nearly round three sides of it. There were no pews, but rows of benches occupied about three-fourths of the body of the church: the remaining quarter (which was opposite to the principal entrance-door) being elevated three steps above the rest. At the back of this little platform, leaning against the wall, there was a pulpit containing only one reading-desk, and above it a sounding-board, surmounted by a gilt image of the sun—the only ornament in the church. In front of the pulpit, between it and the congregation, I observed a small, high, oblong table, covered with a plain white table-cloth, and on the right and left of the pulpit there existed an odd-looking pew, latticed so closely that no one could see at all perfectly through it.

The three galleries were occupied by men dressed all alike in the common blue cloth Sunday clothes of the country. The benches beneath were filled with women; and as I glanced an eye from one row to another, it was impossible to help regretting the sad progress, or rather devastation, which fashion is making in the national costume even of the little village of Langen-Schwalbach. Three benches nearest to the door were filled with women all dressed in the old genuine “buy a broom” costume of this country—their odd little white caps—their open stays—and their fully-plaited short petticoats seeming to have been cast in one model; in short, they were clad in the native livery of their hills. Next to these were seated four rows of women and girls, who, nibbling at novelty, had ventured to exchange the caps of their female ancestors for plain horn combs; over their stays some had put cotton gowns, the colored patterns of which seemed to be vulgarly quarrelling among each other for precedence. Next came a row of women in caps, frilled and bedizened.

The Langen-Schwalbach ladies, who occupied the other two benches, and who were seated behind a row of boys immediately before the white table, had absolutely ventured to put on their heads bonnets with artificial flowers, &c.; in short, they had rigged themselves out as fine ladies—wore gloves—tight shoes—



blew their noses with handkerchiefs, evidently conceiving themselves (as indeed they were) fit for London, Paris, or any other brilliant speck in the fashionable world.

As soon as the singing was over, a dead pause ensued, which lasted for many seconds, and I was wondering from what part of the chapel the next human voice would proceed, when very indistinctly I saw something moving in one of the latticed pews—slowly it glided towards the stair of the pulpit, until, mounting above the lattice-work, the uncertain vision changed into a remarkably tall, portly gentleman in black, who was now clearly seen leisurely ascending towards the pulpit, on the right of which hung a large black slate, on which were written, in white chalk, the numbers 414 and 309.

As soon as the clergyman had very gravely glanced his eyes round the whole church, as if to recognize his congregation, he slowly, syllable by syllable, began an extempore address; and the first words had scarcely left his lips when I could not help feeling that I was listening to the deepest, the gravest, and the most impressive voice I ever remember to have heard. But the whole appearance and manner of the man quite surprised me, so completely superior was he to anything I had at all expected to have met with. Indeed, for many minutes, I had given up all hopes of hearing any clergyman at all; certainly not one whose every look, word and action seemed to proceed from the deepest thought and reflection. Dressed in a suit of common black clothes, he had apparently nothing to distinguish his holy vocation but the two white bands which are worn by our clergymen, and which appeared to be the only neckcloth he wore. In a loud calm tone of voice, which, perfectly devoid of energy, seemed to be directed not to the hearts but to the understanding of his hearers, he advocated a cause in which he evidently felt that he was triumphant; and the stillness of his attitude, the deep calmness of his voice, and the icy cold deliberation with which he spoke, proved that he was master not only of his subject, but of himself.

Every word he said was apparently visible in his eyes, as if reflected there from his brain. He stood neither entreating, commanding, nor forbidding; but like a man mathematically demonstrating a problem, he was, step by step, steadily laying before the

judgment of his readers truths and arguments which he well knew it was out of their power to deny. When he had reached his climax he suddenly changed his voice, and, apparently conscious of the victory he had gained, in a sort of half-deep tone he began to ask a series of questions, each of which was followed by a long pause ; and in these solemn moments, when his argument had gained its victory—when the fabric he had been raising was crowned with success—there was a benignity in the triumph of his unexpected smile, which I could not but admire, as the momentary joy seemed to arise more for the sake of others than for his own.

Occasionally during the discourse he raised a hand towards heaven—occasionally he firmly placed it on the bosom of his own dark cloth waistcoat, and then, slowly extending it towards his congregation, it fell again lifeless to his side ; yet these actions, trifling as they were, became very remarkable when contrasted with the motionless attention of the congregation.

At times, an old woman, with the knuckle of her shrivelled finger, would wipe an eye, as if the subject were stealing from her head to her heart ; but no show of feeling was apparent in the minister who was addressing her ; with apostolic dignity, he coldly proceeded with his argument, and amidst the storm, the tempest of her feelings, he calmly walked upon the wave ! Never did I before see a human being listened to with such statue-like attention.

As soon as the discourse was concluded, the psalm was given out—a general rustling of leaves was heard, and in a few moments the whole congregation began, with open barn-door mouths, to sing. During this operation the preacher did not sit up in his pulpit to be stared at, but his presence not being required there, he descended into his pew, where I could just faintly trace him through the lattice-work. Whether he sang or not I do not know ; he was probably resting after his fatigue.

The singing lasted a long time ; the tune and performance were much what I have already described, and when the psalm came to an end, the same dead pause ensued. It continued rather longer than before ; at last the front door of the lattice pew opened, and out walked the tall self-same clergyman in black.

As he slowly advanced along the little platform, there was a general rustling of the congregation shutting their books, until he stood directly in front of the little high table covered with the white cloth.

With the same pale, placid dignity of manner he pronounced a short blessing on the congregation, who all leant forwards, as if anxious to receive it, and then dropping his two arms, which, during this short ceremony, had been extended before him, he turned round, and as he slowly walked towards his latticed cell, the people all shuffled out the other way—until, in a few seconds, the small Lutheran chapel of Langen-Schwalbach was empty.

## THE NEW SCHOOL.



ONE morning, during breakfast, I observed several little children passing my window in their best clothes. The boys wore a sort of green sash of oak-leaves, which, coming over the right shoulder, crossed the back and breast, and then winding once round the waist, hung in two ends on the left side. The girls, dressed in common white frocks, had roses in their hair, and held green garlands in their hands. On inquiring the reason of the children being dressed in this way, I found out, with some difficulty, that there was to be a great festival and procession, to celebrate the taking possession of a new school, which, built by the town, was only just completed. Accordingly, following some of the little ones down the main street, I passed this village seminary, whose first birth-day was thus about to be commemorated. It was a substantial building, consisting of a centre, with two square projecting wings, and it was quite large enough to be taken by any stranger for the Hotel de Ville of Langen-Schwalbach. Wreaths of oak-leaves were suspended in front, and long verdant garlands of the same tree hung in festoons from one wing to the other. It was impossible to contrast the size of this building with the small houses in its neighborhood, without feeling how creditable it was to the inhabitants of so small a town thus to show that a portion of the wealth they had mildly sucked from the stranger's purse was so sensibly and patriotically expended. The scale of the building seemed to indicate that the peasants of Langen-Schwalbach were liberal enough to desire that their children should grow up more enlightened than themselves ; and as I passed it, I could not help recollecting, with feelings of deep regret, that although in England there is no art or trade that has not made great improvement

and progress, the cramped pater-noster system of our public schools, as well as of our universities, have too long remained almost the only pools stagnant in the country, a fact which can scarcely be reconciled with the rapid progress which our lower orders have lately made in useful knowledge.

After passing this new seminary, I continued descending the main street about one hundred yards, which brought me to a small crowd of people, standing before the old school, into the door of which, creeping under the arms of the people, child after child hurried and disappeared, like a bee going into its hive.

The old school of Langen-Schwalbach is one of the most ancient buildings in the town. Its elevation is fantastic, bordering on the grotesque. The gable seems to be nodding forwards, the humpbacked roof to be sinking in. The wooden framework of the house, composed of beams purposely bent into almost every form, has besides been very curiously hewn and carved, and on the front wall, placed most irregularly, there are several inscriptions, such as "*Ora et labora*," "1552," and then again a sentence in German, dated 1643, describing that in that year the house was repaired. There is also a grotesque image on the wall, of a child hugging a cornucopia, &c., &c. Nevertheless, though all the parts of this ancient edifice are very rude there is "a method in the madness" with which they are arranged, that, somehow or other, makes the *tout ensemble* very pleasing; and whether it be admitted to be good-looking or not, its venerable appearance almost any one would be disposed to respect.

I observed that no one entered this door but the children. However, as in this simple, civil country great privileges are granted to strangers (for here, like kings, they can hardly do wrong), I ascended an old rattle-trap staircase, until, coming to a landing-place, I found one large room on my left crammed full of little boys, and one on my right overflowing with little girls, these two chambers composing the whole of the building.

On the landing-place I met the three masters, all dressed very respectably in black cloth clothes. The senior was about forty years of age, the two others quiet, nice-looking young men of about twenty-six, one of whom, to my very great astonishment, addressed me in English. He spoke the language very well, said

he could read it with ease, but added that he had great difficulty in understanding it, unless when spoken very slowly ; in short, as an enjoyment during the long-winded evenings of winter, he had actually taught himself our hissing, crabbed language, which he had only heard spoken by a solitary Englishman whose acquaintance he had formed last year.

He seemed not only to be well acquainted with our English Authors, but talked very sensibly about the institutions and establishments of our country ; in short, he evidently knew a great deal more of England than England knows of Langen-Schwalbach, of the duchy of Nassau, or of many much vaster portions of the globe. He informed me that the school was composed of 150 boys, and about the same number of girls ;—that of these 300 children 180 were Protestants,—90 Catholics ; and that since the year 1827, the town having agreed to admit to the blessings and advantages of education the children of the Jews, there were twenty little boys of that persuasion, and one girl. Having witnessed the prejudice, and indeed hatred, which Christians and Jews in many countries mutually entertain towards each other, I was not a little surprised at the statement thus related to me.

After listening for some time to the tutor, he offered to show me the children, and accordingly with some difficulty we worked our way into the boys' room. It was a pretty sight to witness such an assemblage of little fellows with clean shining faces, and their native oak-leaves gave a freshness to the scene which was very delightful.

Among these white-haired laddies, most of whom were from four to eight years of age, it was quite unnecessary to inquire which were the Jew boys, for there each stood, as distinctly marked as their race is all over the face of the globe ; yet I must acknowledge they were by far the handsomest children in the room, looking much more like Spaniards than Germans. The chamber full of little girls would have pleased anybody, so nicely were they dressed, and apparently so well-behaved. Several were exceedingly pretty children, and the garlands they held in their hands, the wreaths of roses which bloomed on their heads, and the smiles that beamed on their faces, formed as pretty a mixture of the animal and vegetable creation as could well be imagined.

In one corner stood the only Jewish girl in the room, and Rebecca herself could not have had a handsomer nose, a pair of brighter eyes, or a more marked expression of countenance. She was more richly dressed than the other village girls—wore a necklace, and I observed a thick gold or brass ring on the forefinger of her left hand. We went several times from one room full of children to the other; and it was really pleasing to see in a state of such thoughtless innocence those who were to become the future possessors of the houses and property of Langenschwalbach. All of a sudden, a signal was given to the children to descend, and it became then quite as much as the three masters could do to make them go out of the room hand-in-hand. Down scrambled first the boys, and then more quietly followed the little girls, though not without one or two screams proceeding from those who in their hurry had dropped their garlands. One of these green hoops I picked up, and seeing a little girl crying her heart out, I gave it to her, and no balm of Gilead ever worked so sudden a cure, for away she ran, and joined her comrades, laughing.

As soon as the children had all left the two rooms, the three masters descended, and we followed them into the street, where the civil authorities of the town, and almost all the parents of the little ones, had assembled. With great difficulty the children were all collected together in a group, in the open air, exactly in front of the school; and when this arrangement was effected, the mayor, two Catholic ministers, two Protestant clergymen, and the three masters, stood exactly in front of the children, facing also the house from which they had proceeded. For some time, the masters and the four Christian ministers stood smiling and talking to each other; however, at last the mayor made a bow, everybody took off their hats, the ministers' countenances stiffened, and for a few seconds a dead silence ensued. At last the mayor with due ceremony took off his hat, when the youngest of the Lutheran ministers, advancing one step in front, commenced a long address to the children.

What he said I was not near enough to hear; but I saw constantly beaming in his countenance that sort of benevolent smile, which would be natural almost to any one, in addressing so very

youthful a congregation. Occasionally he pointed with his hand to heaven, and then, continuing his subject, smiled as if to cheer them on the way ; but the little toads, instead of attending to him, were all apparently eager to get to their fine new school, and with roses on their heads, and garlands in their hands, they seemed as if they did not feel that they stood in need of a routing dose of good advice ; in short, not one of them appeared to pay the slightest attention to a discourse which could not but have been very interesting to the parents. However, in one respect, I must own I was slightly disappointed ; the burden of the discourse must have been on the duties and future prospects of the children, and on the honors and advantages of the new school ; for I particularly remarked that not once did the clergyman point or address himself to the old building—not a single eye but my own was ever turned towards it, and none but myself seemed to feel for it any regret that it was about to lose a village importance which for so many years it had enjoyed. It was sentenced to be deserted, and walls which had long been enlivened by the cheerful sound of youthful voices, were in their old age suddenly to be bereft of all !

I could not help feeling for the old institution, and when the discourse was ended—when hats had returned to people's heads, and when the procession of children, followed by the ministers, had already begun to move, I could not for some time take my eyes off the old fabric. The date 1552, and the rude-looking image of the boy, particularly attracted my attention ; however, the old hive was deserted,—the bees had swarmed—had already hovered in the air, and to their new abode they had all flown away. Jostled from my position by people who were following the procession, I proceeded onwards with the crowd, but not without mumbling to myself—

Let others hail the rising sun,  
I bow to him whose course is run

As soon as the children reached their fine new abode, a band, which had been awaiting their arrival, struck up ; and in the open air they instantly sung a hymn. The doors were then thrown open, and in high glee the little creatures scrambled up the staircase, and the mayor, clergyman, and school-masters



having followed, a great rush was made by parents and spectators. I managed to gain a good place, but in very few moments the room was filled, and so jammed up with people, that they could scarcely raise their hands to wipe the perspiration which soon began to appear very copiously on all faces. It became dreadfully hot, and besides suffering from this cause, I felt by no means happy at a calculation which very unwelcomely kept forcing itself into my mind—namely, that the immense weight of human flesh which was for the first time trying new beams, might produce a consummation by no means “devoutly to be wished.”

As soon as order was established, and silence obtained, the Catholic minister addressed the children; and when he had finished, the tall Lutheran clergyman, whose description I have already given to the reader, followed in his deepest tone, and with his gravest demeanor; but it was all lost upon the children: indeed it was so hot, and we were so little at our ease, that all were very glad, indeed, to hear him conclude by the word “Amen!”

The children now sang another hymn, which, in a cooler climate, would have been quite beautiful; the mayor made a bow—the thing was at an end, and I believe every one was as much delighted as myself to get once again into pure fresh air.

As I had been told by the teacher that the children would dance and eat in the evening, at four o'clock, I went to the school at that hour, expecting that there would be what in England would be called “a ball and supper;” however, the supper had come first, and the remains of it were on two long tables. The feast which the little ones had been enjoying had consisted of a slice of white bread and a glass of Rhenish wine for each; and, as soon as I entered the room, two policemen bowed and begged me to be seated. They and their friends were evidently regaling themselves with the wine which had been furnished for the children; however, the little creatures did not seem to want it, and I was very glad to see it inflaming the eyes of the old party, and flushing their cheeks, instead of having a similar effect on the young ones.

It had been settled that the children were to dance; but they.

were much too young to care for such an amusement. The little boys had got together at one end of the room, and the girls were sitting laughing at the other, both groups being as happily independent as it was possible to be. Sometimes the boys amused themselves with a singing game—one chanting a line, and all the rest bursting in with the chorus, which, though it contained nearly as much laughter as music, showed that the youngsters were well enough conversant with both. The girls had also their song. As I left the room, several of the children were singing on the stairs—all were as happy as I had desired to see them; and yet I firmly believe that the whole festival I have described,—oak-leaves, roses, garlands, festoons, bread, wine, &c., altogether,—could not have cost the town of Langen-Schwalbach ten shillings! Nevertheless, in its history, the opening of a public establishment so useful to future generations, and so creditable to the present one, was an event of no inconsiderable importance.

## THE OLD PROTESTANT CHURCH.



THE old Protestant Church, at the lower extremity of Langen-Schwalbach, has not been preached in for about three years; and it being locked up, I had to call for admission at a house in the centre of the town. The man was not at home, but his wife (very busily employed in dressing, against its will, a squalling infant) pointed to the key, which I gravely took from a nail over her head. This venerable building stands, or rather totters, on a small eminence close to the road—long rents in its walls, and the ruinous, decayed state of the mortar, sufficiently denoting its great antiquity. The roof and spires are still covered with slates, which seem fluttering as if about to take their departure. The churchyard continues in the valley to be the only Christian receptacle for the dead; and within its narrow limits, Catholics, Lutherans, and Calvinists end their worldly differences by soundly sleeping together, side by side. Here and there a tree is seen standing at the head of a Protestant's grave; but, though the twig was exclusively planted there, yet its branches, like knowledge, have gradually extended themselves, until they now wave and droop alike over those who, thus joined in death, had, nevertheless, lived in paltry opposition to each other. The rank grass also grows with equal luxuriance over all, as if the turf, like the trees, was anxious to level all human animosities, and to become the winding-sheet or covering of Christian fraternities which ought never to have disputed.

In various parts of the cemetery I observed several worn-out, wooden, triangular monuments on the totter; while others were lying prostrate on the grass—the “*hic jacet*” being exactly as applicable to each of themselves as to that departed being,

whose life and death they had vainly presumed to commemorate. Although the inscriptions recorded by these frail historians were scarcely legible, yet roses and annual flowers, blooming on the grave, plainly showed that there was still in existence some friendly hand, some foot, some heart, that moved with kindly recollection towards the dead. Upon several recent graves of children there were placed, instead of tombstones, the wreaths of artificial flowers, which during their funeral had either rested upon the coffin, or had been carried in the hands of parents and friends. The sun and rain—the wind and storm—had blanched the artificial bloom from the red roses, and, of course, had sullied the purity of the white ones; yet this worthless finery, lying upon the newly-moved earth, had probably witnessed unaffected feelings, to which the cold, white marble monument is often a stranger. The little heap of perishable wreaths, so lightly piled one upon the other, was the act, the tribute, the effusion of the moment: it was all the mother had had to record her feelings; it was what she had left behind her, as she tore herself away; and though it could not, I own, be compared to an expensive monument sculptured by an artist, yet, resting above the coffin, it had one intrinsic value—at least, it had been left there by a friend!

At one corner of the churchyard, there was a grave which was only just completed. The living laborer had retired from it; the dead tenant had not yet arrived; but the moment I looked into it, I could not help feeling how any one of our body-snatchers would have rubbed his rough hands, and what rude raptures he would have enjoyed, at observing that the lid of the coffin would be deposited scarcely a foot and a half below the sod. However, in the little duchy of Nassau, human corpses have not yet become coin current in the realm; and whatever may be a man's troubles during his life, at Langen-Schwalbach he may truly say he will, at least, find rest in the grave.

I know it is very wrong—I know that one is always blamed for bringing before the mind of wealthy people any truth which is at all disagreeable to them; yet on the brink of this grave I could not help feeling how very much one ought to detest the polite Paris and London fashion of smartening up us old people with the teeth and hair of the dead! It always seems to me so unfair, for

us who have *had* our day—who have ourselves *been* young—to attempt, when we grow old, to deprive the rising generation of the advantage of that contrast which so naturally enhances their beauties. The spring of life, to be justly appreciated and admired, requires to be compared with the snow and storms of winter, and if by chicanery you hide the latter, the sunshine of the former loses a great portion of its beauty. In naked, savage life, there exists no picture on which I have so repeatedly gazed with calm pleasure, as that of the daughter supporting the trembling, dilapidated fabric of the being to whom she owes her birth; indeed, it is as impossible for man to withhold the respect and pity which is due to age whenever it be seen laboring under its real infirmities, as it is for him to contain his admiration of the natural loveliness of youth. The parent and child, thus contrasted, render to each other services of which both appear to be insensible; for the mother does not seem aware how the shattered outlines of her faded frame heighten the robust, blooming beauties of her child, who, in her turn, seems equally unconscious how beautifully and eloquently her figure explains and pleads for the helpless decrepitude of age! In the Babel confusion of our fashionable world, this beautifully arranged contrast of nature, the effect of which no one who has ever seen it can forget, does not exist. Before the hair has grown really grey—before time has imparted to it even its autumnal tint, it is artfully replaced by dark flowing locks, obtained by every revolting contrivance. The grave itself is attacked—our living dowagers of the present day do not hesitate to borrow their youthful ornaments even from the dead—and to such a horrid extreme has fashion encouraged this unnatural propensity, that even the carcase of the soldier, who has fallen in a foreign land, and who,

— leaving in battle no blot on his name,

Looks proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame,—

has not been respected!

One would think that the ribands and honors on his breast, flapping in the wind, would have scared even the vulture from such prey; but no! the orders which the London dentist has re-

ceived must, he pleads, be punctually executed; and it is a revolting fact, but too well known to "the trade," that many, and many, and many a set of teeth which bit the dust of Waterloo, by an untimely resurrection appeared again on earth, smiling lasciviously at Almacks' ball! So much for what is termed FASHION.

After rambling about the churchyard for some minutes, occasionally spelling at an inscription, and sometimes looking at (not picking) a sepulchral flower, I walked to the church-door, and turning round its old-fashioned key, which ever since I had received it had been dangling in my hand, the lock started back, and then, as if I had said "Open, Sesame!" the door opened.

On looking before me, my first impression was that my head was swimming! for the old gallery, hanging like the gardens of Babylon, seemed to be writhing; the four-and-twenty pews were leaning sideways; the aisle, or approach to the altar, covered with heaps of rubbish, was an undulating line, and an immense sepulchral flag-stone had actually been lifted up at one side, as if the corpse, finding the church deserted, had restlessly burst from his grave, and had wrenched himself once again into daylight. The pulpit was out of its perpendicular; some pictures, loosely hanging against the wall, had turned away their faces; and a couple of planks were resting diagonally against the altar, as if they had fallen from the roof. I really rubbed my eyes, fancying that they were disordered; however, the confusion I witnessed was real, and as nearly as possible as I have described it. Still, however, there was no dampness in the church, and it was, I thought, a remarkable proof of the dryness of the light mountain air of Langen-Schwabach, that the sepulchral wreaths of artificial flowers which were hanging around on the walls were as starched and as stiff as on the day they were placed there.

A piece of dingy black cloth, with narrow white fringe, was the only ornament to the pulpit, from which both book and minister had so long departed. The thing was altogether on the totter; yet when I reflected what little harm it had done in the world, and how much good, I could not help acknowledging that respect was justly due to its old age, and that, even by the stranger, it ought to be regarded with sentiments of veneration. In gazing at monuments of antiquity, one of the most natural pleasures

which the mind enjoys is being by them fancifully transported to the scenes which they so clearly commemorate. The Roman amphitheatre becomes filled with gladiators and spectators ;—the streets of Pompeii are seen again thronged with people ;—the Grecian temple is ornamented with the votive offerings of heroes and of senators ;—even the putrid marsh of Marathon teems with noble recollections ; while at home, on the battlements of our old English castles, we easily figure to ourselves barons proud of their deeds, and sturdy vassals in armor faithfully devoted to their service ; in short, while beholding such scenes, the heart glows, until, by its feverish heat, feelings are produced to which no one can be completely insensible : however, when we awaken from this delightful dream, it is difficult, indeed impossible, to drive away the painful moral which, sooner or later in the day, proves to us much too clearly, that these ruins have outlived, and, in fact, commemorate, the errors, the passions, and the prejudices which caused them to be built.

But after looking up at the plain, unassuming pulpit of an old Lutheran church, one feels, long after one has left it, that all that has proceeded from its simple desk has been to promulgate peace, good-will, and happiness among mankind ; and though, in its old age, it be now deserted, yet no one can deny that the seeds which, in various directions, it has scattered before the wind, are not only vigorously flourishing in the little valley in which it stands, but must continue there and elsewhere to produce effects which time itself can scarcely annihilate.

Turning towards the altar, I was looking at pictures of the twelve apostles, who, like sentinels at their posts, were in various attitudes surrounding it, when *à propos* to nothing, the great clock in the belfry struck four, and so little did I expect to hear any noise at all, that I could not help starting at being thus suddenly reminded that the watch was still ticking in the fob of the dead soldier—in short, that that clock was still faithfully pointing out the progress of time, though the church to which it belonged had already, practically speaking, terminated its existence ! Never did I before listen to four vibrations of an old church clock with more reverential attention : however, at each stroke involuntarily looking upwards I did not altogether enjoy the sight of some loose

rafters which were hanging over my head. I therefore very quietly moved onwards, yet, passing a small door, I could not resist clambering up an old well-staircase which led to the belfry; not, however, until I had calculated that, as the building could bear the bells, my weight was not likely to turn the scale. I did not, however, feel disposed to reach the bells, but managed, through a rent in the wall, to look down on the roof, and such a scene of devastation it would be difficult to describe. The half-mouldered slates had not only been ripped away by the wind in every direction, but the remainder appeared as if they were just ready to follow in the flight. The roof was bending in, and altogether it looked so completely on the totter, that the slightest additional weight would have brought everything to the ground. After descending, I went once more round the church, opened some of the old latticed pews—peeped into the marble font, which was half-filled with decayed mortar—took up a bird's nest that had fallen into the chancel from the roof,—and strolling towards the altar, I found there a small board covered with white pasteboard, and ornamented with a garland of roses. On this simple tablet were inscribed, in black letters, the names of the little band of Langen-Schwalbachians who had been present in the great campaign of 1813; and in case the reader should like to know not only who were the heroes of so remote a valley, but also what sort of names they possessed, I offer him a copy of the muster-roll of those thus distinguished for having served their native country, which the German language emphatically calls, “Vaterland.”—

Dem. Verdientfeer	Eberhard Hofman	Eberhard Rucker
Conrad Blies	Wilhelm Koch	Casper Schenk
Adam Buslach	Philipp Kraus	Philipp Singhoff
Ludwig Diefenbach	Adam Klenig	Johannes Sartor
Martin Eschenever	Christop Lindle	Ferdinand Wensel.
Philipp Hoenig	Ludwig Liedebach	

Having carefully locked up the old church with all the relics it contained, descending the steps of the eminence on which it stood, I once more found myself in the street among fellow-creatures.

The new Protestant church, which is very shortly to be built,



and to which the bells of this old one, if possible, are to be removed, will be in the centre of the town; but this site, though more convenient, will not, I think, be so picturesque as that of the old building, which, with the Catholic church at the other extremity of the town, seem to be the alpha and omega—the beginning and the end of Langen-Schwalbach. From the surrounding hills, as the eye glances from the one of these old buildings to the other, they appear to be the good Genii of the town—two guardian angels to watch over the welfare of its people here and hereafter.

## THE JEWISH SYNAGOGUE.

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THE low part of Langen-Schwalbach, where the Jews live, is the most ancient portion of the town, the houses they inhabit being just above and below the great original brunnen or fountain, which, as I have stated, was celebrated for its medicinal properties even in the time of the Romans. This immense spring, which rises within a foot and a half of the surface of the ground (being then carried away by a subterranean drain), is two or three times as large as the Stahl brunnen, the Wein brunnen, or the fashionable Pauline. It contains very little iron, being principally sulphureous. From the violence with which it rises from the rock, the water is apparently constantly boiling, and such a suffocating gas arises from it, that, as at the Grotto del Cane, at Naples, one single inhalation would be nearly sufficient to deprive a person of his senses. Besides being strongly impregnated with this gas, it has also such an unearthly taste, that one almost fancies it must flow direct from the cellar of his Satanic majesty. Still, however, the Jews constantly drink, cook, and even wash with this water; however, being below the surface, it is necessary for them to stoop into the suffocating vapor whenever they fill their pitchers; and as one sees Jewess after Jewess dipping her dark greasy head into this infernal caldron, holding her breath, and then suddenly raising her head, with a momentary paleness and an aspiration which sufficiently explain her sensations, one feels anything but sympathy for a being who can voluntarily flutter in such a fetid climate.

With sentiments, I fear, not very liberal, I stood for many minutes looking at those who came to fill their pitchers; at last, rather a better feeling shooting across me, I resolved once more

to make a trial of water on which so many of my fellow-creatures seemed to subsist, and I accordingly dipped my hand into a large washing-tub which an old Jewess had half suffocated herself in filling with her pitcher. The woman offered me no sign or word of disrespect, but I saw her cast a withering look at the water, as if a cup of poison had been poured into it: she continued, however, very quietly to fill her other tubs; but after I had walked away, turning suddenly round for a moment, I saw her upset the tub from which I had drank, her lips muttering at the same time some short observation to a sister Jewess standing beside her.

I could not, however, help acknowledging that her prejudice was not more illiberal, and certainly far more excusable, than my own; and as I had determined to attend that evening the Jewish synagogue, in the mean while I did what I could to bring my mind to a proper state of feeling towards a people whose form of worship I was desirous seriously to witness.

Never had I before chanced to enter a synagogue; yet, when I had reflected on the singular history of the Jews, I had often concluded that there must be some strange, unaccountable attraction, something inexplicably mysterious in their form of worship which could have induced them to brave the persecutions that in all ages, and in so many countries, had traced out their history in letters of blood.

Full of curiosity, I had therefore inquired at what hour on Friday their church would assemble, and being told that they would meet "as soon as the stars were visible," I walked towards the synagogue, a few minutes after sunset, and in every Jewish house I observed, as I passed it, seven candles burning in a circle. The house of worship was a small oblong hovel, not unlike a barn. The door was open, but no human being appeared within, excepting a man over whose shoulders there was thrown a piece of common brown sack-cloth. This personage, who turned out to be the priest, stood before a sort of altar; and, just as careless of it as of us, he stood bowing to it incessantly. There being not much to see in these vibrations, I walked away, and returning in about five minutes, I found the congregation had suddenly assembled, and the service begun.

In the course of my life, like most people, I have chanced to witness a great variety of forms of worship, several of which it would not be very easy to describe. For instance, it would be difficult, or rather impossible, to delineate, by words, high mass, as performed in the great church of St. Peter, at Rome. One might, indeed, fully describe any part of it, but the silence of one moment, the burst of music at another, the immensity of the building, and the assembled congregation, produce altogether sensations on the eye and ear which the goose-quill has not power to impart. Again, to the simple homage which a Peruvian Indian pays to the sun no man could do justice ; one might describe his attitude as he prostrates himself before what he conceives to be the burning ruler of the universe, but the fleeting expressions of his supplicating countenance, as it trembles—hopes—flushes—and then, with eyes dazzled to dimness, trembles again,—may be witnessed, but cannot be described. One of the wildest forms of worship I ever beheld was, perhaps, the dance of the Dervishes, at Athens ; for there is a sort of enthusiasm in the convulsions into which these twelve men throw themselves, which has a most indescribable effect on those who witness it : it is madness,—yet it is a tempest of the mind within the range of which no man's senses can live unruffled ;—the strongest judgment bends before the gale, and insensibly are the feelings led astray by conduct, actions, words, grimaces, and contortions, which, taken altogether, are indescribable.

But although these and many other forms of worship may be original pictures which cannot be copied, yet I think a child of about ten years of age, if he could only hold a pen, might give a reader as good a notion of Langen-Schwalbach synagogue, as it he had been there himself a thousand times ; for all the poor child would have to do would be to beg him to imagine a small dirty barn, swarming with fleas, filled with dirty looking men in dirty dresses, with old hats on their heads, spitting—hallooing—reading—bowing—hallooing louder than ever—scratching themselves as they leave the synagogue,—and then calmly walking home to their seven candles !

To any serious, reflecting mind, all religions, to a certain point are worthy of respect. It is true, all cannot be right, yet the

errors are those which fellow-creatures need not dispute among each other ; he who has the happiness to go right has no just cause to be offended with those who unfortunately have mistaken their course ; and however men's political opinions may radiate from each other, yet their zeal for religion is at least one tie which ought to connect them together. However, the Jews of Langen-Schwalbach, so far as a spectator can judge by their behavior, do not even pretend to be zealous in their cause. There is no pretence of feeling,—no attempt either at humbug or effect. They perform their services as if, having made a regular bargain to receive certain blessings for hallooing a certain time, they conceived that all they had to do was scrupulously to perform their part of the contract, that there was no occasion to exceed their agreement, or give more than was absolutely required by the bond.

As I stood just within the door of the synagogue, listening to their rude, uncouth, noisy worship, almost every eye was turned upon me, and the expression of many of the countenances was so ill-favored, that I very soon left them, though I had even then a long way to walk before I ceased to hear the strange wild hulla-bulloo they were making.

## THE HARVEST.



ALL this day I have been strolling about the fields, watching the getting in of the harvest. The crops of oats, rye, and wheat (principally bearded), are much heavier than any one would expect from such light and apparently poor land; but the heavy dews which characterize the summer climate of this high country impart a nourishment, which in richer lands often lies dormant from drought. In Nassau, the corn is cut principally by women, who use a sickle so very small and light, that it seems but little labor to wield it. They begin early in the morning, and with short intervals of rest continue till eleven o'clock, when the various village bells suddenly strike up a merry peal, which is a signal to the laborers to come home to their dinners. It is a very interesting scene to observe, over the undulating surface of the whole country, groups of peasants, brothers, sisters, parents, &c., all bending to their sickles—to see children playing round infants lying fast asleep on blue smock-frocks placed under the shade of the corn sheaves. It is pleasing to remark the rapid progress which the several parties are making; how each little family, attacking its own patch or property, works its way into the standing corn, leaving the golden crop prostrate behind them: and then, in the middle of this simple, rural, busy scene, it is delightful indeed to hear from the belfry of their much-revered churches a peal of cheerful notes, which peacefully sound “lullaby” to them all. In a very few seconds the square fields and little oblong plots are deserted, and then the various roads and paths of the country suddenly burst in lines upon the attention, each being delineated by a string of peasants, who are straggling one behind the other, until paths in all directions are seen converging towards

the parental village churches, which seem to be attracting them all.

As soon as each field of corn is cut, it is bound into sheaves, about the size they are in England : seven of these are then made to lean towards each other, and upon them all is placed a large sheaf reversed, the ears of which hanging downwards form a sort of thatch, which keeps this little stack dry until its owner has time to carry it to his home. It generally remains many days in this state, and after the harvest has been all cut, the country covered with these stacks resembles a vast encampment.

The carts and waggons used for carrying the corn are exceedingly well adapted to the country. Their particular characteristic is excessive lightness, and, indeed, were they heavy, it would be quite impossible for any cattle to draw them up and down the hills. Occasionally they are drawn by horses—often by small active oxen ; but cows more generally perform this duty, and with quite as much patience as their mistresses, at the same moment, are laboring before them at the sickle. The yoke or beam by which these cows are connected, is placed immediately behind their horns ; a little leather pillow is then laid upon their brow, over which passes a strap that firmly lashes their heads to the beam, and it is, therefore, against such soft cushions that the animals push to advance ; and thus linked together for life, by this sort of Siamese band, it is curious to observe them eating together, then by agreement raising their heads to swallow, then again standing motionless, chewing the cud, which is seen passing and repassing from the stomach to the mouth.

At first, when, standing near them, I smelt from their breath the sweet fresh milk, it seemed hard that they should thus be, as it were, domestic candles, lighted at both ends : however, verily do I believe that all animals prefer exercise, nay, even hard work, to any sort of confinement, and if so, they are certainly happier than our stall-fed cows, many of which, in certain parts of Britain, may be seen with their heads fixed economically for months between two vertical beams of wood. The Nassau cows certainly do not seem to suffer while working in their light carts ; as soon as their mistress advances they follow her, and if she turns and whips

them, then do they seem to hurry after her more eagerly than ever.

It is true hard labor has the effect of impoverishing their milk, and the calf at home is consequently (so far as it is concerned) a loser by the bargain ; however, there is no child in the peasant's family who has not had cause to make the same complaint ; and, therefore, so long as the laborer's wife carries her infant to the harvest, the milch cow may very fairly be required to draw to the hovel what has been cut by her hands.

Nothing can be better adapted to the features of the country, nothing can better accord with the feeble resources of its inhabitants, than the equipment of these economical waggons and carts : the cows and oxen can ascend any of the hills, or descend into any of the valleys ; they can, without slipping, go sideways along the face of the hills, and in crossing the green swampy grassy ravines, I particularly remarked the advantage of the light waggon drawn by animals with cloven feet, for had one of our heavy teams attempted the passage, like a set of flies walking across a plate of treacle, they would soon have become unable to extricate even themselves. But in making the comparison between the horse and the cow (as far as regards Nassau husbandry), I may further observe, that the former has a very expensive appetite, and wears very expensive shoes ; as soon as he becomes lame he is useless, and as soon as he is dead he is carrion. Now a placid, patient Langen-Schwalbach cow, in the bloom of her youth, costs only two or three pounds ; she requires neither corn nor shoeing ; the leaves of the forest, drawn by herself to the village, form her bed, which in due time she carries out to the field as manure : there is nothing a light cart can carry which she is not ready to fetch, and from her work she cheerfully returns to her home to give milk, cream, butter, and cheese to the establishment : at her death she is still worth eleven kreuzers a pound as beef ; and when her flesh has disappeared, her bones, after being ground at the mill, once again appear upon her master's fields, to cheer, manure, and enrich them.

As, quite in love with cows, I was returning from the harvest, I met the Nassau letter-cart, one of the cheapest carriages for its purpose that can well be conceived. It consists of a pair of high



wheels connected by a short axle, upon which are riveted a few boards framed together in the form of a small shallow box ; in this little coffin the letter-bag is buried, and upon it, like a monument, sits a light boy dressed in the uniform of a Nassau postilion, who, with a trumpet in one hand, a long whip in the other, and the reins sporting loose under his feet, starts as if he deliberately meant mischief, intending to get well over his ground ; and there being scarcely any weight to carry, the horse really might proceed as a mail-coach horse ought to go ; but that horrible Punch and Judy trumpet upsets the whole arrangement, for as the thing is very heavy, the child soon takes two hands to it instead of one, when down goes the whip, and from that moment the picture, which promised to be a good one, is spoilt.

The letter-bag crawls, like a reptile, along the road, while the boy, amusing himself with his plaything, reminds one of those "nursery rhymes" which say,

And with rings on his fingers, and bells on his toes,  
We shall have music wherever he goes.

It is quite provoking to see a government carriage in its theory so simply imagined, and so cleverly adapted to its purpose, thus completely ruined in its practice. Music may be, and indeed is, very delightful in its way ; but a tune is one thing—speed another ; and it always seems to me a pity that the Duke of Nassau should allow these two substances to be so completely confounded in his dominions.

How admirably does the long tin horn of the guard of one of our mail-coaches perform its blunt duty !—a single blast is sufficient to remove the obstruction of an old gentleman in his gig—two are generally enough for a heavy cart—three for a waggon—and half-a-dozen, slowly and sternly applied, are always sufficient to awaken even the snoring keeper of a turnpike-gate—in short, to

Break his bands of sleep asunder,  
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.  
Hark ! hark ! the horrid sound  
Has raised up his head as awaked from the dead  
And amazed he stares round !

The gala turn-out of our mail-coaches on the King's birth-day, I always think must strike foreigners more than anything else in our country with the sterling solid integrity of the English character. To see so many well-bred horses in such magnificent condition—so many well-built carriages—so many excellent drivers, and such a corps of steady, quiet, resolute-looking men as guards, each wearing, as well as every coachman, the King's own livery—all this must silently point out, even to our most jealous enemies, not only the wealth of the country, but the firm basis on which it stands; in short, it must prove to them most undeniably, that there is no one thing in England which, throughout the land, is treated with so much universal attention and respect, as the honest, speedy, and safe delivery of the letters and commercial correspondence of the country. Nevertheless, if our English coachmen were to be allowed, instead of attending to their horses, to play on trumpets as they proceeded, we should, as in the Duchy of Nassau, soon pay very dearly for their music.

## THE SUNSET.



It had been hot all day—the roads had been dusty—the ground, as one trod upon it, had felt warm—the air was motionless—animal as well as vegetable life appeared weak and exhausted—Nature herself seemed parched and thirsty—the people on the promenade, as it got hotter and hotter, had walked slower and slower, until they were now crawling along as unwillingly as if they had been marching to their graves. The world, as if from apathy, was coming to a stand-still—Langen-Schwalbach itself appeared to be fainting away, when the evening sun, having rested for a moment on the western height, gradually vanished from our sight.

His red tyrannical rays had hardly left our pale abject faces, when all people suddenly revived ; like a herd of fawning courtiers who had been kept trembling before their king, they felt that, left to themselves, they could now breathe, and think, and stamp their feet. Parasols, one after another, were shut up—the pedestrians on the promenade freshened their pace—even fat patients who had long been at anchor on the benches, began to show symptoms of getting under way—every leaf seemed suddenly to be enjoying the cool gentle breeze which was now felt stealing up the valley ; until, in a very few minutes, everything in Nature was restored to life and enjoyment.

It was the hour for returning to my “Hof,” but the air as it blew into my window was so delightfully refreshing, and so irresistibly inviting, that I and my broad-brimmed hat went out *tête-à-tête* to enjoy it. As we passed the red pond of iron water, opposite to the great “Indian Hof,” which comes from the strong Stahl brunnen, having nothing to do, I lingered for some time

watching the horses that were brought there. After having toiled through the excessive heat of the day, any water would have been agreeable to them ; but the nice, cool, strengthening, effervescing mixture into which they were now led, seemed to be so exceedingly delightful, that they were scarcely up to their knees before they made a strong attempt to drink ; but the rule being that they should first half walk, half swim two or three times round the pond, this cleansing or ablution was no sooner over—the reins were no sooner loosened—when down went their heads into the red cooling pool ; and one had then only to look at the horses' eyes to appreciate their enjoyment. With the whole of their mouths and nostrils immersed, they seemed as if they fancied they could drink the pond dry ; however, the greedy force with which they held their heads down gradually relaxed, until, at last, up they were raised, with an aspiration which seemed to say, "We can hold no more !" In about ten seconds, however, their noses again dropped to the surface, but only to play with an element which seemed now to be useless—so completely had one single draught altered its current value ! As I stood at the edge of this pond, leaning over the rail, mentally participating with the horses in the luxury they were enjoying, a violent shower of rain came on ; yet, before I had hurried fifty yards for an umbrella, it had ceased. These little showers are exceedingly common amongst the hills of Nassau in the evenings of very hot days. From the power of the sun, the valleys during the day are filled brim-full with a steam, or exhalation, which no sooner loses its parent, the sun, than the cold condenses it ; and, then, like the tear on the cheek of a child that has suddenly missed its mother, down it falls in heavy drops, and the next instant—smiles again.

As the air was very agreeable, I wandered up the hilly road which leads to Bad-Ems ; and then, strolling into a field of corn, which had been just cut, I continued to climb the mountain, until, turning round, I found, as I expected, that I had attained just the sort of view I wanted ; but it would be impossible to describe to the reader the freshness of the scene. Beneath was the long scrambling village of Langen-Schwalbach, the slates of which absolutely blooming from the shower they had just received, looked so very clean and fresh, that for some time my eyes quite enjoyed

rambling from one roof to the next, and then glancing from one extremity of the town to the other; they had been looking at hot dazzling objects all day—I thought I never should be able to raise them from the cool blue wet slates. However, as the light rapidly faded, the landscape itself soon became equally refreshing, for the dry parched corn-fields assumed a richer hue, the green crops seemed bending under dew, and the whole picture, hills, town, and all, appeared so newly painted, that the colors from Nature's brush were too fresh to be dry. All of a sudden, majestically rolling up the valley, was seen a misty vapor, which at last reaching the houses, rolled from roof to roof, until it hovered over, or rather rested upon, the whole town; and this was no sooner the case than the slates seemed all to have vanished!

In vain I looked for them, for the cloud, exactly matching them in color, had so completely disguised them, that they formed nothing now but the base or foundation of the misty fabric which rested upon them. Instead of a blue village, Langen-Schwalbach now appeared to be a white one; for, the roofs no longer attracting attention, the shining walls burst into notice, and a serpentine line of glistening patches, nearly resembling a ridge of snow, clearly marked out the shape and limits of the town; but as, in this elevated country, there is little or no twilight, the features of the picture again rapidly faded, until even this white line was hardly to be seen; corn-fields could now scarcely be distinguished from green crops—all became dark—and the large forest on the south hills, as well as the small woods which are scattered on the heights, had so completely lost their color, that they appeared to be immense black pits or holes. In a short time everything beneath me was lost; and sitting on the ground, leaning against seven sheafs of corn piled up together, I was enjoying the sublime serenity, the mysterious uncertainty of the scene before me, when another very beautiful change took place!

I believe I have already told the reader that, besides myself, there were about 1200 strangers in the little village of Langen-Schwalbach. Of course every Hof was fully inhabited, and, as soon as darkness prevailed, the effect produced by each house being suddenly and almost simultaneously lighted up, was really quite romantic. In every direction, sometimes at the top of one

Hof, then at the bottom of another, lights burst into existence—the eye attracted, eagerly flew from one to another, until, from the number which burst into life, it became quite impossible to attend to each. The bottom of the valley, like the dancing of fire-flies, was sparkling in the most irregular succession; till, in a short time, this fantastic confusion vanished, and every room (there being no shutters) having its light, Langen-Schwalbach was once again restored to view—each house, and every story of each house, being now clearly defined by a regular and very pleasing illumination; and while, seated in utter darkness, I gazed at the gay sparkling scene before me, I could not help feeling that, of all the beautiful contrasts in Nature, there can be no one more vivid than the sudden change between darkness and light. How weary we should be of eternal sunshine!—how gloomy would it be to grope through one's life in utter darkness! and yet what loveliness do each of these, by contrast, impart to the other! On the heights above the village, how magnificent was the darkness after a hot sun-shining day; and then, again, how lovely was the twinkling even of tallow candles, when they suddenly burst upon this darkness! Yet it is with these two ingredients that Nature works up all her pictures; and, as Paganini's tunes all come out of two strings of cat-gut, and two of the entrails of a kitten, so do all the varieties which please our eyes proceed from a mixture in different proportions of light and shade; and indeed, in the moral world, it is the chiaro-oscuro, the brightness and darkness of which alone form the happiness of our existence. What would prosperity be, if there was no such sorrow as adversity? what would health be, if sickness did not exist? and what would be the smile of an approving conscience, if there was not the torment of repentance writhing under guilt? But I will persecute the reader no longer with the reflections which occurred to me, as I sat in a wheat-field, gazing on the lights of Langen-Schwalbach. Good or bad, they managed to please me; however, after remaining in darkness, till it became much colder than was agreeable, I wandered back to my Hof, entered my dormitory, and my grey head having there found its pillow, as I extinguished my candle, I mumbled to myself—"There goes one of the tallow stars of Langen-Schwalbach!—*Sic transit gloria mundi!*"

I was lying prostrate, still awake—and (there being no shutters to the window at the foot of the bed) I was looking at some oddly-shaped, tall, acute-angled, slated roofs, glistening in the light of the round full moon, which was hanging immediately above them. The scene was delightfully silent and serene. Occasionally I faintly heard a distant footstep approaching, until treading heavily under the window, its sound gradually diminished, and all again was silent. Sometimes a cloud passing slowly across the moon would veil the roofs in darkness; and then, again, they would suddenly burst upon the eye, in silvery light, shining brighter than ever. As, somewhat fatigued, I lay half enjoying this scene, and half dozing, I suddenly heard, apparently close to me, the scream of a woman, which really quite electrified me!

On listening, it was repeated, when jumping out of bed and opening the door, I heard it again proceeding from a room at the distant end of the passage; and such was the violence of its tone, that my impression was—"the lady's room is on fire!"

There is something in the piercing shriek of a woman in distress which produces an irresistible effect on the featherless biped, called man; and, in rushing to her assistance, he performs no duty—he exercises no virtue—but merely obeys an instinctive impulse which has been benevolently imparted to him—not for his own good, but for the safety and protection of a weaker and a better sex.

But although this feeling exists so powerfully "*chez nous*," yet it has not by nature been imparted to commonplace garments; such as coats, black-figured waistcoats, rusty knee-breeches, nor even to easy shoes, blue-worsted stockings or such like; and, therefore, while, by an irresistible attraction which I could not possibly counteract, obeying the mysterious impulse of my nature, I rushed along the passage, these base unchivalric garments remained coldly dangling over the back of a chair: in short, I followed the laws of my nature—they, theirs.

With some difficulty, having succeeded in bursting open the door just as a fifth shriek was repeated, I rushed in, and there, sitting up in her bed—her soft arms most anxiously extended towards me—her countenance expressing an agony of fear—sat

a young lady, by no means ill-favored, and aged (as nearly as I could hastily calculate) about twenty-one !

Almost in hysterics, she began in German, to tell a long incoherent story ; and though, with calm natural dignity, I did what I could to quiet her, the tears rushed into her eyes—she then almost in convulsions began, with her hands under the bed-clothes, to scratch her knees, then shrieked again ; and I do confess that I was altogether at a loss to conceive what in the sacred name of virtue could be the matter with the young lady, when, by her repeating several times the word “ Ratten ! Ratten ! ” I at once comprehended that there were (or that the amiable young person fancied that there were)—*rats in her bed !*

The dog Billy, as well as many puppies of less name, would instantly, perhaps, have commenced a vigorous attack ; rats, however, are reptiles I am not in the habit either of hunting or destroying.

The young lady's aunt, an elderly personage, now appeared at the door, in her night-clothes, as yellow and as sallow as if she had just risen from the grave ;—peeping over her shoulder, stood our landlady's blooming daughter in her bed-gown—Leonhard, the son, *cum multis aliis*. What they could all have thought of the scene, what they could have thought of my strange, gaunt, unadorned appearance—what they could have thought of the niece's screams—and what they would have thought had I deigned to tell them I had come to her bedside merely to catch rats—it was out of my power to divine : however, the fact was, I cared not a straw what they thought ; but, seeing that my presence was not requisite, I gravely left the poor innocent sufferer to tell her own story. “ Ratten ! Ratten ! ” was its theme ; and long before her fears subsided, my mind, as well as its frail body, were placidly entranced in sleep.



## THE CROSS OF ST. JOHN OF JERUSALEM.



To an old man, one of the most delightful features in a German watering-place, is the ease with which he can associate, in the most friendly manner, with all his brother and sister water-bibbers, without the fatigue of speaking one single word.

Almost every glass of water you get from the brunnen adds, at least, one to the list of your acquaintance. Merely touching a man's elbow is sufficient to procure from him a look of good fellowship, which, though it does not inconveniently grow into a bow, or even into a smile, is yet always afterwards displayed in his physiognomy whenever it meets yours. If, as you are stretching out your glass, you retire but half a stride, to allow a thirsting lady to step forward, you clearly see, whensoever you afterwards meet her, that the slight attention is indelibly recorded in your favor. Even running against a German produces, as it were by collision, a spark of kind feeling, which, like a star in the heavens, twinkles in his serene countenance whenever you behold it. Smile only once upon a group of children, and the little urchins bite their lips, vainly repressing their joy whenever afterwards you meet them.

Shrouded in this delightful taciturnity, my list of acquaintances at Langen-Schwalbach daily increased, until I found myself on just the sort of amicable terms with almost everybody, which, to my present taste, is the most agreeable. In early life young people (if I recollect right) are never quite happy, unless they are either talking, or writing letters to their fellow-creatures. Whenever, even as strangers, they get together, everything that happens or passes seems to engender words—even when they have parted, there is no end to epistolary valedictions, and creation itself loses half its charms, unless the young beholder has some

companion with whom the loveliness of the picture may be shared and enjoyed.

But old age I find stiffens, first of all, the muscles of the tongue ; indeed, as man gradually decays, it seems wisely provided by Nature that he should be willing to be dumb, before time sentences him to be deaf : in short, the mind, however voraciously it might once have searched for food, at last instinctively prefers rumination, to seeking for more.

By young people I shall be thought selfish, yet I do confess that I enjoy silence, because my own notions now suit me best ; other people's opinions, like their shoes, don't fit me, and however ill-constructed or old-fashioned my own may really be, yet use has made them easy : my sentiments, ugly as they may seem, don't pinch, and I therefore feel I had rather not exchange them ; the one or two friends I have lost rank in my memory better than any I can ever hope to gain : in fact, I had rather not replace them, and at Langen-Schwalbach, as there was no necessity for a passing stranger like myself to set up a new acquaintance with people he would probably never see again, I considered that, with my eyes and ears open, my tongue might harmlessly enjoy natural and delightful repose.

But there is a perverseness in human nature, which it is quite out of my power to account for ; and strange as it may sound, it is nevertheless too true, that the only person at Langen-Schwalbach I felt desirous to address, was the only individual who seemed to shun every human being.

He was a withered, infirm man, who appeared to be tottering on the brink of his grave ; and I had long remarked that, for some reason or other, he studiously avoided the brunnen until every person had left it. He spoke to no one—looked at no one—but as soon as he had swallowed off his dose, he retired to a lone bench, on which, with both hands leaning upon his ivory-handled cane, he was always to be seen sitting with his eye sorrowfully fixed on the ground. Although the weather was, to every person but himself, oppressively hot, he was constantly muffled up in a thick cloak, and I think I must have passed him a hundred times before I detected, one exceedingly warm day, that, underneath it, there hung upon his left breast the Cross of the

Order of St. John of Jerusalem. As, ages ago, I had myself passed many a hot summer on the parched, barren rock of Malta,—always, however, feeling much interested in the history of its banished knights,—I at once fully comprehended why the poor old gentleman's body was so chilly, and why his heart felt so chilled with the world. By many slow and scientific approaches, which it would be only tedious to detail, I at last managed, without driving him from his bench, most quietly to establish myself at his side, and then by coughing when he coughed,—sighing when he sighed,—and by other (I hope innocent) artifices, I at last ventured in a *sotto voce* to mumble to him something about the distant island in which apparently all his youthful feelings lay buried. The words Valetta, Civita Vecchia, Floriana, Cottonera, &c., as I pronounced them, produced, by a sort of galvanic influence, groans—ejaculations—short sentences, until at last he began to show me frankly without disguise the real color of his mind. Poor man! like his eye it was jaundiced—"nullis medicabilis herbis!" I could not at all extract from him what rank, title, or situation he held in the ancient order, but I could too clearly see that he looked upon its extinction as the Persian would look upon the annihilation of the sun. Creation he fancied had been robbed of its colors,—Christianity he thought had lost its heart, and he attributed every political ailment on the surface of the globe to the non-existence of the Knights Hospitallers of St. John at Jerusalem!

For several hours I patiently listened to his unhappy tale; for as lamentations of all sorts are better out of the human heart than in it, I felt that as the vein was open, my patient could not be encouraged to bleed too freely: without therefore once contradicting him, I allowed his feelings to flow uninterrupted, and by the time he had pumped himself quite dry, I was happy to observe that he was certainly much better for the operation. On leaving him, however, my own pent-up view of the case, and his, continued for the remainder of the day bubbling and quarrelling with each other in my mind. Therefore, to satisfy myself before I went to bed, I drew out in black and white the following sketch of what has always appeared to me to be a fair, impartial history of these—Knights of Malta.

THE Mediterranean forms a curious and beautiful feature in the picture of the commercial world. By dint of money and shipping we laboriously bring to England the produce of the most distant regions, but the commerce of the whole globe seems to have a natural or instinctive tendency to flow, almost of its own accord, into the Mediterranean Sea. Beginning with the great Atlantic Ocean, which connects the old world with the new, we know that, over that vast expanse, the prevailing wind is one which blows from America towards Europe; and, moreover, that the waters of the Atlantic are, without any apparent return, everlastingly flowing into the narrow straits of Gibraltar. When the produce of America, therefore, is shipping for the Mediterranean, in general terms it may be asserted that wind and tide are in its favor.

Across the trackless deserts of Africa caravans from various parts of the interior are constantly toiling through the deep sand towards the waters of this inland sea. The traveller who goes up the Nile is doomed, we all know, to stem its torrent, but the produce of Egypt and the triple harvest of that luxuriant land is no sooner embarked, than of its own accord it glides majestically towards this favored sea; and there is truth and nothing speculative in still further remarking, that this very harvest is absolutely produced by the sline or earth of Abyssinian and other most remote mountains, which by the laws of nature has calmly floated 1200 miles through a desert to top-dress or manure Egypt, that garden which eventually supplies so many of the inhabitants of the Mediterranean with corn.

Again, the Red Sea is a passage apparently created to connect Europe with the great Eastern world: and as the power of steam gradually increases in its stride, it is evident that by this gulf, or natural canal, much of the produce of India eventually will easily flow into the Mediterranean Sea.

Finally, it might likewise be shown, that much of the commerce of Asia Minor and Europe, either by great rivers or otherwise, naturally moves towards this central point: but besides these sources of external wealth, the Mediterranean, as we all know, is most romantically studded with an archipelago and other beautiful islands, the inhabitants of which have the power not only of trading on a large scale with every quarter of the globe, but of

carrying on in small open boats a sort of little village commerce of their own. Among the inhabitants of this sea are to be found at this moment the handsomest specimens of the human race ; and if a person not satisfied with the present and future tenses of life, should prefer reflecting or rather ruminating on the past, with antiquarian rapture he may wander over these waters from Carthage to Egypt, Tyre, Sidon, Rhodes, Troy, Ephesus, Athens, Corinth, Argos, Syracuse, Rome, &c., until, tired of this flight, he may rest on one of the ocean beaten pillars of Hercules—and seated there, he may most truly declare that the history of the Mediterranean is like the picture of its own waves beneath him, which one after another he sees to rise, break, and sink.

In the history of this little sea, in what melancholy succession has nation and empire risen and fallen, flourished and decayed ; and if the magnificent architectural ruins of these departed states mournfully offer to the traveller any political moral at all, is it not that homely one which the most common tombstone of our country church-yard preaches to the rustic peasant who reads it ?

“ As I am now, so you will be,  
Therefore prepare to follow me ”

However, fully admitting the truth of the lesson which history and experience thus offer to us—admitting that no one can presume to declare which of the great Mediterranean powers is doomed to be the next to suffer—or what new point is next to burst into importance ; yet, if a man were forced to select a position which, in spite of fate or fortune, feuds or animosities, has been, and ever must be, the nucleus of commerce, he would find that in the Mediterranean Sea that point, as nearly as possible, would be the little island of Malta ; and that the political importance of this possession being now generally appreciated, it is curious rapidly to run over the string of little events which have gradually prepared, fortified, and delivered this valuable arsenal and fortress to the British flag.

In the early ages of navigation, when men hardly dared to lose sight of the shore, ignorantly trembling if they were not absolutely hugging the very danger which we now most strenuously avoid, it may be easily conceived that a little barren island,

scarcely twenty miles in length or twelve in breadth, was of little use or importance. It is true that on its north coast there was a spit or narrow tongue of land (about a mile in length and a few hundred yards in breadth), on each side of which were a series of connected bays, now forming two of the most magnificent harbors in the world; but in the ages of which we speak this great outline was a nautical hieroglyphic which sailors could not decipher. Accustomed to hide their Lilliputian vessels and fleets in bays and creeks on the same petty scale as themselves, they did not comprehend or appreciate the importance of these immense Brobdignag recesses, nor did they admire the great depth of water which they contained; and as in ancient warfare, when warriors used javelins, arrows and stones, scalding each other with hot sand, the value of a position adapted to the present ranges of our shot and shells would not have been understood, in like manner was the importance of so large a harbor equally imperceptible; and that Malta could have had no very great reputation is proved by the fact, that it is even to this day among the learned a subject of dispute, whether it was upon this island, or upon Melita in the Adriatic, that St. Paul was shipwrecked. Now if either had been held in any particular estimation, the question of the shipwreck would not now be any subject of doubt.

As navigators became more daring, and as their vessels, increasing in size, required more water and provisions, &c., Malta fell into the hands of various masters. At last, when Charles V. conquered Sicily and Naples, he offered it to those warriors of Christendom, those determined enemies of the Turks and Corsairs—the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem. This singular band of men, distinguished by their piebald vow of heroism and celibacy, had, after a most courageous resistance, been just overpowered by an army of 300,000 Saracens, who, under Solymán II., had driven them from the Island of Rhodes, which had been occupied by their order 213 years. Animated by the most noble blood of Europe which flowed in their veins—thirsting for revenge—yet homeless and destitute, it may easily be conceived that these brave, enthusiastic men would most readily have accepted any spot on which they could once again establish their busy hive: yet so little was the importance of Malta, even at

that time, understood, so arid was its surface, and so burning was its rock, that, after minutely surveying it, their commissioners made a report to Charles V., which must ever be regarded as a most affecting document ; for although the Knights of Malta were certainly in their day "the bravest of the brave," although, by that chivalric oath which had bound them together, they had deliberately sworn "*never to count the number of their enemies*," yet after the strong, proud position which they had held at Rhodes, it was only hard fate and stern necessity that could force them to seek refuge on a rock upon which there was scarcely soil enough to plant their standard. But though honor has been justly termed "an empty bauble," yet to all men's eyes its colors are so very beautiful, that they allure and encourage us to contend with difficulties which no other advocate could persuade us to encounter ; and so it was that the Knights of Malta, seeing they had no alternative, sternly accepted the hot barren home that was offered to them, and in the very teeth, and before the beard of their barbarous enemy, these lions of the Cross landed and established themselves in their new den.

When men have once made up their minds to stand against adversity, the scene generally brightens, for danger, contrary to the rules of drawing, is less in the foreground than in the perspective—difficulties of all sorts being magnified by the misty space which separates us from them ; and accordingly the knights were no sooner established at Malta, than they began to find out the singular advantages it possessed.

The whole island being a rock of freestone, which could be worked with peculiar facility, materials for building palaces and houses, suited to the dignity of the Order, existed everywhere on the spot ; and it moreover became evident, that by merely quarrying out the rock, according to the rules of military science, they would not only obtain materials for building, but that, in fact, the more they excavated for the town, the deeper would be the ditch of its fortress. Animated by this double reward, the knights commenced their operations, or, in military language, they "broke ground ;" and, without detailing how often the rising fortress was jealously attacked by their barbarous and relentless enemies, or how often its half-raised walls were victoriously ce-

mented with the blood of Christians and of Turks, it will be sufficient merely to observe, that before the island had been in possession of the Order one century, it assumed very nearly the same astonishing appearance which it now affords—a picture and an example, proving to the whole world what can be done by courage, firmness, and perseverance.

The narrow spit or tongue of barren rock which on the north side of the island separated the two great harbors, was scarped in every part, so as to render it inaccessible by sea, and on the isthmus, or only side on which it could be approached by land, demi-lunes, ravelins, counter-guards, bastions, and cavaliers, were seen towering one above another, on so gigantic a scale, that, as a single datum, it may be stated, that the wall of the escarp is from 130 to 150 feet in height, being nearly five times the height of that of a regular fortress. On this narrow tongue of land, thus fortified, arose the city of Valetta, containing a palace for its Grand Master, and almost equally magnificent residences for its knights, the whole forming at this day one of the finest cities in the world. On every projecting point of the various beautiful bays contained in each of the two great harbors, separated from each other by the town of Valetta, forts were built flanking each other, yet all offering a concentrating fire upon any and every part of the port; and when a vessel laboring, heaving, pitching and tossing, in a heavy gale of wind, now suddenly enters the great harbor of Malta, the sudden lull—the unexpected calm—the peaceful stillness which prevails on its deep unruffled surface, is most strangely contrasted in the mind of the stranger with the innumerable guns which, bristling in every direction from batteries one above another, seem fearfully to announce to him that he is in the chamber of death—in a slaughter-house from which there is no escape, and that, if he should dare to offer insult, although he had just escaped from the raging of the elements, the silence around him is that of the grave!

It was from the city and harbor of Valetta, in the state above described,—it was from this proud citadel of Christianity, that the Knights of Malta continued for some time sallying forth to carry on their uncompromising hostility against the Turks, and against the corsairs of Algiers and Tripoli; but the brilliant victories



they gained, and the bloody losses they sustained, must be passed over, as it is already time to hurry their history to a close.

The fact is, the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem gradually outlived the passions and objects which called them into existence, and their Order decayed for want of that nourishment which, during so many ages, it received from the sympathy, countenance, and applause of Christendom. In short, as mankind had advanced in civilisation, its angry, savage, intolerant passions had gradually subsided, and thus the importance of the Order unavoidably faded with its utility. There was nothing premature in its decay—it had lived long enough. The holy, or rather unholy, war, with all its unchristian feelings, having long since subsided, it would have been inconsistent in the great nations of Europe to have professed a general disposition for peace, or to have entered into any treaty with the Turks, while at the same time they encouraged an Order which was mercilessly bent on their extermination.

The vow of celibacy, once the pride of the Order, became, in a more enlightened age, a mill-stone round its neck ; it attracted ridicule—it created guilt—the sacred oath was broken ; and although the head, the heart, and the pockets of a soldier may be as light as the pure air he breathes, yet he can never truly be reported “fit for duty” if his conscience or his stomach be too heavily laden. In short, in two words, the Order of St. John of Jerusalem was no longer suited to the times ; and Burke had already exclaimed—“*The age of chivalry has fled !*”

In the year 1798, this Order, after having existed nearly 700 years, signed its own death-warrant, and in the face of Europe, died ignominiously—“*felo de se.*” On the 9th of June, in that year, their island was invaded by the French ; and although, as Napoleon justly remarked, to have excluded him it would have been only necessary to have shut the gates, Valetta was surrendered by treachery, the depravity of which will be best explained by the following extract from a statement made by the Maltese deputies :—“No one is ignorant that the plan of the invasion of Malta was projected in Paris, and confided to the principal knights of the Order resident at Malta. Letters in cyphers were incessantly passing and repassing, without however alarming the

suspensions of the deceased Grand Master, or the Grand Master Hompesch."

As soon as the French were in possession of the city, harbors, and impregnable fortresses of Valetta, they began, as usual, to mutilate from the public buildings everything which bore the stamp of nobility, or recalled to mind the illustrious actions which had been performed. The arms of the Order, as well as those of the principal knights, were effaced from the palace and principal dwelling-houses; however, as the knights had sullied their own reputation, and had cast an indelible blot on their own escutcheons, they had but little right to complain that the image of their glory was thus insulted, when they themselves had been guilty of the murder of its spirit. The Order of St. John of Jerusalem being now worn out and decayed, its elements were scattered to the winds. The knights who were not in the French interest were ordered to quit the island in three days, and a disgraceful salary was accepted by the Grand Master Hompesch. Those knights who had favored the French were permitted to remain, but exposed to the rage of the Maltese, and unprotected by their false friends, some fled, some absolutely perished from want, but all were despised and hated.

In the little theatre of Malta the scene is about to change, and the British soldier now marches upon its stage! On the 2d of September, 1798, the island was blockaded by the English, and the fortifications being absolutely impregnable, it became necessary to attempt the reduction of the place by famine.

For two years most gallantly did the French garrison undergo the most horrid suffering and imprisonment—steadily and cheerfully did they submit to every possible privation—their stock of spirits, wine, meat, bread, &c., doled out in the smallest possible allowances, gradually diminished until all came to an end. Sooner than strike, they then subsisted upon the flesh of their horses, mules, and asses; and when these also were consumed, and when they had eaten not only their cats, but the rats which infested the houses, drains, &c., in great numbers—when, from long-protracted famine, the lamp of life was absolutely expiring in the socket; in short, having, as one of their kings once most nobly exclaimed, "lost all but their honor," these brave men—

with nerves unshaken, with reputation unsullied, and with famine proudly painted in their lean emaciated countenances—on the 4th September, 1800, surrendered the place to that nation which Napoleon has since termed “the most powerful, the most constant, and the most generous of his enemies.”

During the long-winded game of war which France and England lately played together, our country surely never made any better move than when she thus laid hold of Malta. Even if the island had been in the rude state in which it was delivered to the knights of Jerusalem, still, to a maritime power like England, such splendid harbors in the Mediterranean would have been a most valuable conquest; but when we not only appreciate their noble outline, but consider the gigantic and expensive manner in which this town has been impregably fortified, as well as furnished with tanks, subterraneous stores, bomb-proof magazines, most magnificent barracks, palaces, &c., it is quite delightful to reflect on the series of events which have led to such a well-assorted alliance between two of the strongest harbors in the world, and the first maritime power on the globe.

If, like the French, we had taken the island from the knights, however degraded, worn out, and useless their Order might have become, yet Europe in general, and France in particular, might always have reproached us, and, for aught we know, our own consciences might have become a little tender on the subject. But the delightful truth is, that no power in Europe can breathe a word or a syllable against our possession of the island of Malta—it is an honor which, in open daylight, we have fairly won, and I humbly say, long, very long, may we wear it!

With respect to the Maltese themselves, I just at this moment recollect a trifling story which will, I think, delineate their character with tolerable accuracy.

## THE RENEGADE.

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OF all the little unhappy prejudices which in different parts of the globe it has been my fortune or rather misfortune, to witness, I nowhere remember to have met with a deeper-rooted hatred or a more implacable animosity than existed, some twenty or thirty years ago, in the hearts of the Maltese towards the Turks.

In all warm glowing latitudes, human passions, good as well as bad, may be said to stand at least at that degree which on Fahrenheit's scale would be denoted "fever heat;" and steam itself can hardly be more different from ice,—the Bengal tiger springing on his prey cannot form a greater contrast to that half-frozen fisherman the white bear, as he sits on his iceberg sucking his paws,—than are the passions of hot countries when compared with the cold torpid feelings of the inhabitants of the northern regions of the globe.

In all parts of the Mediterranean I found passions of all sorts very violent, but, without any exception, that which, at the period I refer to, stood uppermost in the scale, was bigotry. Besides the eager character which belonged to their latitude, one might naturally expect that the Maltese, from being islanders, would be rather more ignorant and prejudiced than their continental neighbors; however, in addition to these causes, when I was among them, they really had good reason to dislike the Turks, who during the time of the knights had been *ex officio* their constant and most bitter enemies.

Whether these fine valiant knights of Jerusalem conquered the Turks or were defeated, the Maltese, on board their galleys (like the dwarf who fought with the giant), always suffered: besides this, their own little trading vessels were constantly captured by

the said Turks, the crews being not only maltreated and tortured, but often in cold blood cruelly massacred; in short, if there was any bad feeling in the heart of a Maltese, which the history of his island as well as every bitter recollection of his life, seemed naturally to nourish, it was an implacable hatred for the Turks; and that this sad theory was most fully supported by the fact, became evident the instant one observed a Maltese, on the commonest subject, utter that hated, accursed word, "*Turco*," or Turk. The sort of petty convulsion of the mind with which this dissyllable was delivered was really very remarkable, and the roll and flash of the eye—the little bullying shake of the head—the slight stamp of the left foot—and the twitch in the fingers of the right hand, reminded one for the moment of the manner in which a French dragoon, when describing an action, mentions that his regiment came on "*sabre à la main!*"—words which, if you were to give him the universe, he could not pronounce without grinding his teeth, much less with that cold-hearted simplicity with which one of our soldiers would calmly say "sword in hand."

This hatred of the Maltese towards the Turks was a sort of cat-and-dog picture which always attracted my notice; however, I witnessed one example of it, on which occasion I felt very strongly it was carried altogether beyond a joke.

One lovely morning—I remember it as if it were yesterday—there had been a great religious festival in the island, which, as usual, had caused a good deal of excitement, noise, and fever; and, as a nation seldom allays its thirst without quarrelling, as soon as the hot sun set, a great many still hotter disturbances took place. In one of these rows, a party of Turks, justly or unjustly, became offended with the inhabitants; an affray occurred, and a Mahometan having stabbed a Maltese, he was of course thrown into prison; and in process of time, surrounded by a strong guard, he was led into the Maltese court to be tried (*Anglice*, condemned) for the offence. As he threaded his way through the crowd which had assembled in those dirty passages and dark chambers that led to the tribunal, the women shrank back as the "*Turco*" passed them, as if his very breath would have infected them with the plague; while in the countenances of the men, as they lean

forwards arresting him in his progress, and almost touching him with their brown faces, it was evident that they were all animated with but one feeling and one desire, that is to say, hatred and revenge : however, nothing was heard but a very slight murmur or groan, and the prisoner was soon seen a little raised above the crowd, trembling at the bar. He was a diminutive, mean-looking, ill-favored little fellow, dressed in the loose Turkish costume, with a very small dirty white turban, the folds of which were deemed more odious to the Christian eye than if they had been formed by the wreathing body of the serpent. While the crowd were shouldering each other, head peeping over head, and before the shuffling of moving feet could be silenced, *avvocati*, or clerks, who sat in the small space between the prisoner and the bench, were seen eagerly mending their pens, and they had already dipped them into the ink, and the coarse, dirty, rough-edged paper on which they were to write was folded and placed ready in front of them, before it was possible to commence the trial.

The court was insufferably hot, and there was such a stench of garlic and of clothing impregnated with the stale fumes of tobacco, that one longed almost as much as the prisoner to escape into the open air, while the sallow faces of the *avvocati*, clerks, and every one connected with the duties of the court, showed how unhealthy, as well as offensive, was the atmosphere which they breathed. On the bench sat what one must call the Judges, but to an English mind such a title but ill belonged to those who had only lately been forced, most reluctantly, to expel torture from their code. Just before Malta fell into the hands of the French and English, my own servant, Giuseppe, had lived in the service of one of the Maltese Judges ; and among many horrors which he often very calmly described to me (for he had witnessed them until he had become quite accustomed to them), he told me that he had had constantly to pass through a court in which were those who were doomed to ride upon what was called the “cavallo di legno,” or wooden horse. With weights attached to each foot, he used to see them sitting bolt upright on this sharp narrow ridge, with two torches burning within a few inches of their naked chests and backs, in order that they should relieve themselves by a change

of attitude no longer than they could endure the pain of leaning against the flame. But to return to the court.

The trial of the Turk now began and every rigid form was most regularly followed. The accusation was read—the story was detailed—the Maltese witnesses in great numbers one after another corroborated almost in the same words the same statement—several times when the prisoner was ordered to be silent, as by some ejaculation he interrupted the thread of the narrative, did the eyes of every being in court flash in anger and contempt upon him, their countenances as suddenly returning to a smile as the evidence of the witnesses proceeded with their criminatory details. At last, the case being fully substantiated, the culprit was called upon for his defence. Although a poor, mean, illiterate wretch, it is possible he might have intended to have made a kind of a sort of a speech; but when he came to the point, his heart failed him, and his lips had only power to utter one single word.

Regardless of the crowd as if it had not existed, looking as if he thought there was no object in creation but the central Judge on the bench, he fixed his eyes for some moments upon his cold, sallow, immoveable countenance, until, overpowered by his feelings, almost sinking into the ground, he clasped his hands, and in an agony of expression, which it is quite impossible to describe, he asked for “*MERCY!*”

“*Nix standy! I don't understand ye!*” said an old English soldier one day, in the *Bois-de-Boulogne*, to a French general, who, with much gesture and grimace, was telling him in French, that the English were acting against the law of nations in thus cutting down so beautiful a forest as the said *Bois-de-Boulogne*. “*Nix standy!*” repeated the ruddy-faced soldier, continuing to hack with all his might at a young tree which he had almost cut down with his sabre. The very same answer was strongly expressed in the countenance of the Judge to the petition of the unhappy Turk, who, had he been in the desert of Africa, might just as well have asked merely for the ocean, as, in a Maltese court, to have supplicated for *mercy*. For some time the Judge sat in awful silence—then whispered a few words to his colleagues—again all was silent: at last, when some little forms had been

observed, the Chief Judge pronounced a sentence on the prisoner, which he might just as well have done without his having endured the pain and anxiety of a long trial. It is hardly worth while mentioning the sentence ; for, of course, it was that the Turco, being guilty of the murder of the Maltese, was to be hanged by the neck till he was dead ; every word of which sentence was most ravenously devoured by the audience : and the trial being now over, the prisoner was hurried away to his dungeon, while the crowd eagerly rushed into the hot sunshine and open air.

A very considerable time elapsed between the sentence and the day fixed for execution. Where the prisoner was—what were his feelings—how he was fed—“*and how he fared—no one knew, and no one cared :*” however, on the last day of his existence, I happened to be riding along Strada Forni, when I heard a bellowing sort of a blast from a cow’s horn, which I instantly knew to be the signal that a fellow-creature was going to the gallows. In any country in the world, the monotonous moan which proceeds from this wild uncouth instrument would be considered as extremely harsh and disagreeable : but at Malta, where the ear has been constantly accustomed to good Italian music, and to listen to nothing more discordant than the lovely and love-making notes of the guitar, this savage whoop was indescribably offensive, particularly being accompanied by the knowledge that it was the death-march, and the dirge of the murderer—“the knell that summoned him to heaven or to hell !”

As I rode towards Strada Reale, the principal street of Valetta, down which the procession was proceeding, a dismal blast from this horn was heard about every ten seconds ; and, as it sounded louder and louder, it was evident the procession was approaching. At last, on coming to the corner of the street, I saw the culprit advancing on his funeral car. The streets on both sides were lined with spectators, and every window was filled with outstretched figures and eager faces. In the middle of Strada Reale, preceding the prisoner, were three or four mutes ; while several others were also begging in different parts of the town. These people, who belonged to some of the principal Maltese families, were covered from head to foot with long loose robes of white linen, a couple of holes being cut for their eyes. Their



feet were bare, and to each ankle was affixed a chain of such weight and length, that it was as much as they could do to drag one leg after the other. In the right hand they held a tin money-box, in the shape of a lantern, with death's head and bloody bones painted upon it. A small slit in this box received the copper contributions of the multitude ; and, as these mutes passed me in horrid triumph, shaking the box every step they took (the rattling of the money forming a sort of savage accompaniment to the deep clanking of their chains), they had altogether an unearthly appearance, which certainly seemed less to belong to heaven than to hell ; however, the malefactor now approached, and as soon as he came up to the corner of my street, I, loosening my rein, rode for a few moments at his side, attracted by one of the strangest scenes which I think I have ever beheld. The man was half-sitting, half-reclining, on a sort of low, rattling, iron vehicle, of an indescribable shape, which raised his head a little above the level of the people ; and the very moment I looked him in the face, much of the secret history of what had passed since the day of his condemnation was as legible in his countenance as if it had been written there. He had been existing in some dark place, for his complexion was blanched by absence from light ; he had evidently been badly fed, for there was famine in his sunken features ; his nerves were gone, for he was trembling ; his health had materially been impaired, either by suffering of body or mind, for the man was evidently extremely ill ; and last, though not least, for some mysterious reason, either from an expectation of obtaining mercy in this world or in the next, he had evidently abjured his religion, for his dirty white turban was gone, and, very ill at his ease, he sat, or rather reclined, in the clothes of a Christian !

The car on which he proceeded was surrounded by an immense number of priests, belonging to the different churches of Valetta, and apparently to those also of all the *casals* and villages in the island. All angry feelings had most completely subsided ; in their minds, as well as in the minds of the people, the day was one only of triumph and of joy ; and, intoxicated with the spirit of religious enthusiasm, the priests were evidently besides themselves with delight at having succeeded in the miraculous conver-

sion which they had effected. Shouldering and pushing each other with all their strength, with outstretched arms, and earnest countenances, they were all, in different attitudes and voices, calling upon the malefactor to repeat the name of their own particular saint ; some behind him were trying to attract his notice by pulling his clothes, while those before him, by dint of voice and gesture, were equally endeavoring to catch his eye ; and such a confused cry of " Viva San Tommaso !" " Viva San Giuseppe !" " Viva San Giovanni !" " Viva San Paolo !" I will not pretend to describe. It was, of course, impossible for the wretch to comply with all their noisy demands : yet, poor fellow ! he did his best ; and, in a low faint voice, being dreadfully exhausted by the jolting and shaking of the carriage, he repeated " Viva San Paolo !" &c., &c., as he caught the eye of the different priests. He had evidently no rule in these exclamations which he uttered, for I observed that the strong brawny-shouldered priests, who got nearest to him, often made him repeat the name of their saints twice, before the little bandy-legged ones in the rear could get him to mention theirs once. As this strange concert proceeded, it was impossible to help pitying the poor culprit ; for, if one had been travelling from one magnificent palace to another, to be so jolted and tormented both in body and mind when one was ill, would by any of us have been termed dreadfully disagreeable ; but for all this to happen to a man just at the very moment he was going to be hanged—at that moment of all others in which any of us would desire to be left, at least for a few seconds, to his own reflections, appeared at the time to be hard indeed. After passing under the great gate and subterraneous exit called Porta Reale, the procession wound its way across the drawbridges, and along the deep ditches, &c., of the fortification, until coming out upon the great esplanade which lies between Valetta and Floriana, an immense crowd of people was suddenly seen waiting round the gallows—at the sight of which I pulled up. The priests were now more eager than ever in beseeching the criminal to call upon the name of their saint ; the mutes, whose white robes in all directions were seen scattered among the people, were evidently shaking their boxes more violently than ever, while among the crowd there was a general

lifting of feet, which showed the intense anxiety of their feelings. As the procession slowly approached the gallows, I could not near what was going on ; but in a very short time, from the distance at which I stood, I saw the man led up the ladder by the executioner, who continued always a step or two above him : the rope was round his neck, and resting loosely on the culprit's head there was something like a round wooden plate, through a hole in the centre of which the rope passed. As soon as the poor creature got high up on the ladder, the vociferations of the priests suddenly ceased ; for a few seconds a dead silence ensued, when, all of a sudden, there was a simultaneous burst or shriek of exclamation from priests and populace, echoing and re-echoing the words " Viva la Christianita !" which the man, in a low tone of voice, had just been persuaded to utter. All caps waved—every human being seemed to be congratulating each other on the delightful conversion ; and no person seemed to pay the slightest possible attention to the poor wretch, who, with the last syllable on his lips, had been pushed off the ladder, and was now calmly swinging in the air, the executioner standing on the loose wooden plate above his head, holding by the rope, and, with many antics, stamping with all his force to break the neck, while the people, in groups, were already bending their steps homewards. Not wishing to encounter such a crowd, I turned my horse in another direction, and passed a number of mules and asses belonging to many of the people who had come from the most remote casals to see the execution. The animals were all standing half-asleep, nodding their heads in the sun—a herd of goats were as quietly grazing near the ramparts ; and when I contrasted the tranquillity which these animals were enjoying, with the scene I had just witnessed, I could not help feeling that I had more cause than Virgil to exclaim—" *Sic vos non robis !*"

In returning from my ride, I had to cross the esplanade, and as there was then no one at the gallows, I rode close by it. The figure, which was still hanging, was turning round very slowly, as if it were roasting before the sun ; the neck was so completely disjointed, that the head almost hung downwards, and as I rode by it I was much struck in observing that the tongue was out of the mouth half bitten off—a dreadful emblem, thought I, of a renegade

to his religion! Whether or not, the poor wretch had been induced to utter his last exclamation, from a hollow promise that it would save his life, is a mystery which will probably never on this earth be explained to us; however, whatever was his creed, it is impossible to deny that when he swung from this world to eternity, he had but little reason to admire the practical part of a Roman Catholic's mercy, however beautifully and unanswerably its theory might have been explained to him.

As soon as I got to Valetta, I put up my horse, and, strolling about the streets, soon found myself in the immense church of St. John, which, in point of size and magnificence, is only second in the world to St. Peter's, at Rome. The congregation was almost exclusively composed of the people who had attended the execution, and quantities of men as well as women, semi-shrouded in their black silk faldettes, were listening to a tall, strong-looking Capuchin friar, who, with great emphasis, was preaching from a high pulpit, placed at a projecting angle of one of the many chapels which ramified from the aisle or great body of the church. He was a remarkably handsome man, of about thirty, and though his face was pale, or rather brown, yet his eye and features were strikingly vivid and intellectual; a rim or band of jet-black curly hair encircled his head, the rest of his hair by a double tonsure having been shaved at the top and from ear to ear; his throat was completely uncovered, and as he suddenly turned from one part of his congregation to another, its earnest attitudes were very beautiful. His brown sack-cloth cowl rested in folds upon his shoulders, and the loose negligent manner in which a cloak of the same coarse material hung upon his body, being apparently merely kept together by the white rope, or whip of knots, which encircled his waist, displayed a series of lines which any painter might well have copied; indeed, the whole dress of the Capuchin has been admirably well imagined, and above all others it is calculated to impress upon the mind of the spectator that its wearer is a man doomed to abstinence and mortification, seeking no enjoyment on this side of the grave, and never lowering his eyes from heaven, but fervently to exclaim—

“ Vain pomp and glory of the world, I hate ye !”

The subject of the sermon was, of course, the execution which we had all witnessed. The hard-hearted infidelity of the Turks was very richly painted and described, and the crime which they had just seen expiated was clearly proved to be the effect, and the natural effect, of a Mahometan's anger. The happy conversion of the infidel then became a subject which was listened to with the most remarkable stillness, and every eye was riveted upon the mouth of the Capuchin, as he minutely detailed the triumph and the conquest which had been made of the sheep which had that day, before their eyes, been added to the flock. He then explained, or endeavored to explain (for it was no very easy task), that the money which had that morning been collected for the purchase of masses, proved to be just sufficient to purify the soul of the departed sinner; but this, he very eloquently demonstrated, was only to be effected through the mediation of one whose image nailed to the cross was actually erected in the pulpit on his right hand. After expatiating on this subject at considerable length, working himself and hearers into a state of very great excitement, with both his arms stretched out, with his eyes uplifted, he most fervently addressed the figure, exclaiming in a most emphatic tone of voice—" *Si ! mio caro Signore ! Si !*" &c. The effect which was instantly produced in the hearts of his hearers was very evident, and the fine melodious voice, together with the strong, nervous, muscular attitude of the preacher, contrasted with the drooping, exhausted, lifeless, image above him, would have worked its effect upon the mind of any Christian spectator.

As soon as the sermon was over, the congregation dispersed. The day ended in universal joy and festivity; no revengeful recollections—no unkind feelings were entertained towards him who had been the principal actor of that day; on the contrary, the Maltese seemed rather to feel, that it was to him they were especially indebted for the pleasurable performances they had witnessed, and thus—

"In peaceful merriment ran down the sun's declining ray."

## SCHLANGENBAD; OR, THE SERPENTS' BATH.



TIME had glided along so agreeably ever since my arrival at Langen-Schwalbach, my body had enjoyed such perpetual motion, my mind such absolute rest, that I had almost forgotten, though my holiday was nearly over, I had not yet reached the intended *ne plus ultra* of my travels—namely, Schlangenbad, or the Serpents' Bath. On the spur of the moment, therefore, I ordered a carriage; and, with my wallet lying by my side, having bidden adieu to a simple-hearted village, which, for the short remainder of my days, I believe I shall remember with regard, I continued for some time gradually to ascend its eastern boundary, until I arrived nearly at the summit or pinnacle of the Taunus hills. The view from this point was very extensive indeed, and the park-like appearance of the whole of the lofty region or upper story of Nassau formed a prospect at once noble and pleasing. The Langen-Schwalbach band of wind instruments was playing deep beneath me in the valley, but hidden by the fog, its sound was so driven about by the wind, that had I not recognized the tunes I but faintly heard, I should not have been able to determine from what point of the compass they proceeded. Sometimes they seemed to rise, like the mist, from one valley—sometimes from another—occasionally I fancied they were like the hurricane, sweeping across the surface of the country, and once I could almost have declared that the Æolian band was calmly seated above me in the air.

The numberless ravines which intersect Nassau were not discernible from the spot where my carriage had halted, and Langen-Schwalbach was so muffled in its peaceful retreat, that a stranger could scarcely have guessed it existed.

From this elevated point the Taunus hills began gradually to fall towards Wiesbaden and Frankfurt; but a branch road, suddenly turning to the right, rapidly descended, or rather meandered down a long, rocky, narrow ravine, clothed with beech and oak trees to its summit.

With a wheel of the carriage dragged, as I glided fast down this romantic valley, the scenery, compared with what I had just left, was on a very confined, contracted scale—in short, nothing was to be seen but a trickling stream running down the grassy bottom of a valley, and hills which appeared to environ it on both sides; besides this, the road writhed and bent so continually, that I could seldom see a quarter of a mile of it at once.

After descending about three-quarters of a league, I came to a new turn, and here SCHLANGENBAD, the SERPENTS' BATH, dressed in its magic mantle of tranquillity, suddenly appeared not only before, but within less than a hundred yards of me.

This secluded spot, to which such a number of people annually retreat, consists of nothing but an immense old building, or "Bad-Haus," a new one, with two or three little mills, which, fed, as it were, by the crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, are turned by the famous spring of water, after great, fine, fashionable ladies have done washing themselves in it.

When the carriage stopped, my first impression (which through life but too often, I regret to say, has been an erroneous one) was not in favor of the place; for, though its colors were certainly very beautiful, yet, from being so completely surrounded by hills, it seemed to wear some of the features of a prison; and when, my vehicle driving away, I was first left by myself, I felt for a moment that the little band of music, which was playing upon the terrace above my head, was not quite competent to enliven the scene. However, after I had walked in various directions about this sequestered spot, sufficiently not only to become acquainted with its *locale*, but to discover that it possessed a number of modest beauties, completely veiled from the passing gaze of the stranger, I went to the old "Bad-Haus" to obtain rooms from the bath-master (appointed by the Duke), who has charge of both of these great establishments.

I found the little man seated in his office, in the agony of

calculating upon a slate the amount of seven times nine; perceiving, however, that instead of multiplying the two figures together, he had reared up a ladder of seven nines, which step by step he was slowly ascending, I felt quite unwilling to interrupt him; and as his wife appeared to be gifted with all or many of the little abilities in which he might have been deficient, I gladly availed myself of her obliging offer to show me over the two buildings, in order that I might select some apartments.

The old "Bad-Haus," and Hotel de Nassau, which, being united together, form one of the two great buildings I have mentioned, are situated on the side of the hill close to the macadamized road which leads to Mainz; and to give some idea of the gigantic scale on which these sort of German bathing establishments are constructed, I will state, that in this rambling "Bad-Haus" I counted 443 windows, and that without ever twice going over the same ground, I found the passages measured 409 paces, or, as nearly as possible, a quarter of a mile!\*

Below this immense barrack, and on the opposite side of the road, is the new "Bad-Haus," or bathing house, pleasantly situated in a shrubbery. This building (which contains 172 windows) is of a modern construction, and straddling across the bottom of the valley, the celebrated water, which rises milk-warm from the rock, after supplying the baths on the lower story, runs from beneath it. No sooner, however, does the fluid escape from the building, than a group of poor washerwomen, standing up to their knees on a sheet, which is stretched upon the ground, humbly make use of it before it has time to get to the two little mills which are patiently waiting for it about a couple of hundred yards below.

After having passed, in the two establishments, an immense number of rooms, each furnished by the Duke with white window-curtains, a walnut-tree bed with bedding, a chestnut-tree table, an elastic spring sofa, and three or four walnut-tree chairs, the price of each room (on an average from 10*d.* to 2*s.* a-day) being painted on the door, I complimented the good, or, to give her her proper title, the "bad" lady who attended me, on the plain, but useful

\* The Hotel de Nassau has, I understand, been just pulled down, and is to be rebuilt on a new plan.



order in which they appeared: in return for which she very obligingly offered to show me the source of the famous water, for the sake of which two such enormous establishments had been erected.

In the history of the little duchy of Nassau, the discovery of this spring forms a story full of innocence and simplicity. Once upon a time there was a heifer, with which everything in nature seemed to disagree. The more she ate, the thinner she grew—the more her mother licked her hide, the rougher and the more staring was her coat. Not a fly in the forest would bite her—never was she seen to chew the cud, but hide-bound and melancholy, her hips seemed actually to be protruding from her skin. What was the matter with her no one knew—what would cure her no one could divine;—in short, deserted by her master and her species, she was, as the faculty would term it, “given over.”

In a few weeks, however, she suddenly re-appeared among the herd, with ribs covered with flesh—eyes like a deer—skin sleek as a mole’s—breath sweetly smelling of milk—saliva hanging in ringlets from her jaw! Every day seemed to re-establish her health; and the phenomenon was so striking, that the herdsman, feeling induced to watch her, discovered that regularly every evening she wormed her way, in secret, into the forest, until she reached an unknown spring of water, from which, having refreshed herself, she quietly returned to the valley.

The trifling circumstance, scarcely known, was almost forgotten by the peasant, when a young Nassau lady began decidedly to show exactly the same incomprehensible symptoms as the heifer. Mother, sisters, friends, father, all tried to cure her, but in vain; and the physician had actually

“Taken his leave with sighs and sorrow,  
Despairing of his fee to-morrow,”

when the herdsman, happening to hear of her case, prevailed upon her, at last, to try the heifer’s secret remedy—she did so; and, in a very short time, to the utter astonishment of her friends, she became one of the stoutest and roundest young women in the duchy.

What had suddenly cured one sick lady was soon deemed a

proper prescription for others, and all cases meeting with success, the spring, gradually rising into notice, received its name from a circumstance which I shall shortly explain. In the meanwhile I will observe, that even to this day horses are brought by the peasants to be bathed, and I have good authority for believing, that in cases of slight consumption of the lungs (a disorder common enough among horses), the animal recovers his flesh with surprising rapidity—nay, I have seen even the pigs bathed, though I must own that *they* appeared to have no other disorder except hunger. But to return to the “bad” lady.

After following her through a labyrinth of passages (one of which not only leant sideways, but had an ascent like a hill), she at last unlocked a door, which was no sooner opened, than I saw glide along the floor close by me a couple of small serpents ! As the lady was talking very earnestly at the time, I merely flinched aside as they passed, without making any observation ; but after I had crossed a small garden, she pointed to a door which she said was that of the source, and while she stopped to speak to one of the servants, I advanced alone, and opening the gate, saw beneath me a sort of brunnen with three serpents about the size of vipers swimming about in it ! Unable to contain my surprise, I made a signal to the lady with my staff, and as she hurried towards me, I still pointed with it to the reptiles, as if to demand why, in the name of Æsculapius, they were allowed thus to contaminate the source of the baths ?

In the calmest manner possible, my conductress (who seemed perfectly to comprehend my sensations) replied, “ *Au contraire, c'est ce qui donne la qualité à ces eaux !* ”

The quantity of these reptiles, or Schlangen, that exist in the woods surrounding the spring is very great ; and they of course have given their name to the place. When full grown they are about five feet long, and in hot weather are constantly seen gliding across the paths, or rustling under the dead leaves of the forest.

As soon as the lady had shown me the whole establishment, she strongly recommended me to take up my abode in the old “ *Bad. Haus ;* ” however, on my first arrival, in crossing the promenade in front of it, I had caught a glimpse of some talkative old ladies, whose tongues and knitting-needles seemed to be racing against

each other, which made it very advisable to decline the polite invitation ; and I accordingly selected apartments at one extremity of the new Bad-Haus, my windows on the north looking into the shrubbery, those on the east upon the two little water-mills, revolving in the green lonely valley of the Schlangenbad.

The cell of the hermit can hardly be more peaceful than this abode : it is true it was not only completely inhabited (there being no more rooms unoccupied), but it was teeming with people, many of whom are known in the great world. For instance, among its inmates were the Princess Romanow, first wife of the late Grand Duke Constantine of Russia—the Duke of Saxe-Coburg—the Prince of Hesse Homburg (whose brother, the late Landgrave, married the Princess Elizabeth of England), a Prussian minister from Berlin, and occasionally the Princess Royal of Prussia, married to the son of King Frederic William. No part of the building was exclusively occupied by these royal guests ; but paying for their rooms no more than the prices marked upon the doors, they ascended the same staircase and walked along the same passages with the humblest inmates of the place. Yet within the narrow dominion of their own chambers, visitors were received with every attention due to form and etiquette. The silence and apparent solitude which reigned, however, in this new “Bad-Haus” was to me always a subject of astonishment and admiration. Sometimes a person would be seen carefully locking his door, and then, with the key in his pocket, quietly stealing along the passage ; at other times a lady might be caught on tip-toes softly ascending the stairs ; but neither steps nor voices were to be heard ; and far from witnessing anything like ostentation, it seemed to me that concealment was rather the order of the day. As soon as it grew dark, a single wick floating in a small glass lamp, open at the top, was placed at the two great entrance doors ; and another at each extremity of the long passages into which the rooms on every floor communicated, giving the visitors just light enough to avoid running against the walls : in obscure weather, there was also a lamp here and there in the shrubbery, but as long as the pale moon shone in the heavens, its lovely light was deemed sufficient.

A table d’hôte dinner, at a florin for each person, was daily

prepared, for all, or any, who might choose to attend it; and for about the same price, a dinner, with knives, forks, table-cloth, napkins, &c., would be forwarded to any guest, who, like myself, was fond of the luxury of solitude: coffee and tea were cheap in proportion.

I have dwelt long upon these apparently trifling details, because, humble as they may sound, I conceive that they maintain a very important moral. How many of our country people are always raving about the cheapness of the Continent, and how many every year break up their establishments in England to go in search of it; yet, if we had but sense, or rather courage enough, to live at home as economically and as rationally as princes and people of all ranks live throughout the rest of Europe, how unnecessary would be the sacrifice, and how much real happiness would be the result!

The baths at Schlangenbad are the most harmless and delicious luxuries of the sort I have ever enjoyed; and I really quite looked forward to the morning for the pleasure with which I paid my addresses to this delightful element. The effect the water produces on the skin is very singular: it is about as warm as milk, but infinitely softer; and after dipping the hand into it, if the thumb be rubbed against the fingers, it is said by many to resemble satin. Nevertheless, whatever may be its sensation, when the reader reflects that people not only come to these baths from Russia, but that the water in stone bottles, merely as a cosmetic, is sent to St. Petersburg and other distant parts of Europe, he will admit that it must be soft indeed to have gained for itself such an extraordinary degree of celebrity: for there is no town at Schlangenbad, not even a village—nothing therefore but the real or fancied charm of the water could attract people into a little sequestered valley, which in every sense of the word is out of sight of the civilized world; and yet I must say, that I never remember to have existed in a place which possessed such fascinating beauties; besides which (to say nothing of breathing pure, dry air), it is no small pleasure to live in a skin which puts all people in good humor—at least, with themselves. But besides the cosmetic charms of this water, it is declared to possess virtues of more substantial value; it is said to tranquillize the nerves, to

soothe all inflammation ; and from this latter property, the cures of consumption which are reported to have been effected, among human beings and cattle, may have proceeded. Yet whatever good effect the water may have upon this insidious disorder, its first operation most certainly must be to neutralize the *bad* effect of the climate, which to consumptive patients must decidedly be a very severe trial, for delightful as it is to persons in robust health, yet the keenness of the mountain air, together with the sudden alternations of temperature to which the valley of Schlangenbad is exposed, must, I think, be anything but a remedy for weak lungs.

The effect produced upon the skin, by lying about twenty minutes in the bath, I one day happened to overhear a short, fat Frenchman describe to his friend in the following words:—*“Monsieur, dans ces bains on devient absolument amoureux de soi-même !”* I cannot exactly corroborate this Gallie statement, yet I must admit that limbs, even old ones, gradually do appear as if they were converted into white marble. The skin assumes a sort of glittering, phosphoric brightness, resembling very much white objects, which, having been thrown overboard, in calm weather, within the tropics, many of my readers have probably watched sinking in the ocean, which seems to blanch and illuminate them as they descend. The effect is very extraordinary, and I know not how to account for it, unless it be produced by some prismatic refraction, caused by the peculiar particles with which the fluid is impregnated.

The Schlangenbad water contains the muriates and carbonates of lime, soda, and magnesia, with a slight excess of carbonic acid, which holds the carbonates in solution. The celebrated embellishment which it produces on the skin, is, in my opinion, a sort of corrosion, which removes tan, or any other artificial covering that the surface may have attained from exposure and ill-treatment by the sun and wind. In short, the body is cleaned by it, just as a kitchen-maid scours her copper saucepan: and the effect being evident, ladies modestly approach it from the most distant parts of Europe. I am by no means certain, however, that they receive any permanent benefit ; indeed, on the contrary, I should think that their skins would eventually become, if any-

thing, coarser, from the removal of a slight veil or covering, intended by Nature as a protection to the cuticle.

But whether this water be permanently beneficial to ladies or not, the softness it gives to the whole body is quite delightful; and with two elements, air and water, in perfection, I found that I grew every hour more and more attached to the place.

On the cellar-floor, or lower story of my abode ("the New Bad-Haus"), where the baths are situated, there lived an old man and his wife, whose duty it was to prepare the baths, and to give towels, &c. I do not know whether the Schlangenbad waters corrode the temper as well as the skin, yet certainly this old couple appeared to me continually quarrelling; and every little trifle I required for my bath, though given to me with the greatest good will, seemed to form a subject of jealous dispute between this subterranean pair. The old woman, however, invariably got the best of the argument,—a triumph which I suspect proceeded more from her physical than moral powers: in short, as is occasionally the case, the old gentleman was afraid of his companion; and I observed that his attitude, as he argued, very much resembled that of a cat in a corner, when spitting in the face of a terrier dog. Finding that they did not work happily together, I always managed to prevent both of them coming to me at once. The old woman, however, insisted on preparing my bath; and, with a great pole in one hand, stirring up the water—a thermometer in the other, and a pair of spectacles blinded with steam on her nose, she very good-naturedly brought the temperature of the water to a proper degree, which is said to be 27 of Reaumur.

After I had had my bath, the old wife being out of the way, I one day paid a visit of compliment to her husband, who had shown, by many little attempted attentions, that he was, had he dared, as anxious as his partner to serve me. With great delight, he showed me several bottles full of serpents; and then, opening a wooden box, he took out, as a fisherwoman would handle eels, some very long ones—one of which (first looking over his shoulder to see that a certain personage was away) he put upon a line, which she had stretched across the room for drying clothes. In order, I suppose, to demonstrate to me that the reptile was harmless, he

took it off the rope, along which it was moving very quickly ; and without submitting his project for my approbation, he suddenly placed it on my breast, along which it crawled, until, stretching its long neck with half its body into the air, it held on, in a most singular manner, by a single fold in the cloth, which, by a sort of contortion of the vertebræ, it firmly grasped.

The old man, apparently highly satisfied with this first act of his entertainment, gravely proceeded to show living serpents of all colors and sizes,—stuffed serpents, and serpents' skins—all of which seemed very proper hobbies to amuse the long winter evenings of the aged servant of Schlangenbad, or the Serpents' Bath. At last, however, the fellow's dry, blanched, wrinkled face began to smile. Grinning as he slowly mounted on a chair, he took from a high shelf a broad-mouthed, white glass bottle, and then in a sort of savage ecstasy, pronouncing the word "BAROMET!" he placed it in my hands.

The bottle was about half full of dirty water—a few dead flies and crumbs of bread were at the bottom—and near the top there was a small piece of thin wood which went about half across the phial. Upon this slender scaffolding, its fishy eyes staring upwards at a piece of coarse linen, which, being tied round the mouth, served as a cork—the shrivelled skin of its under-jaw moving at every sweltering breath which it took—there sat a large, speckled, living toad !

Like Sterne's captive, he had not by his side "a bundle of sticks, notched with all the dismal days and nights he had passed there ;" yet their sum-total was as clearly expressed in the unhealthy color of the poor creature's skin ; and certainly, in my life-time, I never had seen what might truly be called—a sick toad.

It was quite impossible to help pitying any living being, confined by itself in so miserable a dungeon. However, the old man's eyes were beaming with pride and delight at what he conceived to be his own ingenuity—and exclaiming "Schönes wetter!" (fine weather !) he pointed to the wood-work on which the poor creature was sitting—and then he exultingly explained that, so soon as it should be going to rain, the toad would clamber down into the water. "BAROMET!" repeated the old fellow

grinning from ear to ear, as, mounting on the chair, he replaced his prisoner on the shelf.

My first impression was "*coûte qui coûte*," to buy this barometer,—carry its poor captive to the largest marsh I could find,—and then, breaking the bottle into shivers, to give him, what toads appreciate so much better than mankind—liberty; but, on reflecting a moment, I felt quite sure that the old inquisitor would soon procure another subject for torture; and, as with toads as with ourselves, "*c'est le premier pas qui coûte*," I thought it better that this poor heart-broken, imprisoned creature, to a certain degree accustomed to his misery, should exist in it, than that a fresh toad should suffer: it also occurred to me, that if I should dare to purchase his rude instrument, the ingenious, unfeeling old wretch of a philosopher might be encouraged to make others for sale.

The old bath or "bad" man had vipers' nests, their eggs, and many other Caliban curiosities, which he was desirous to show me; but, having seen quite enough for one morning's visit, and besides, hearing his wife's tongue coming along the subterranean passage, I left him—her—toad—reptiles, &c., to fret away their existence, while I rose into far brighter regions above them.

After ascending a couple of flights of stairs, I strolled for some time on the little parade, which is close to the entrance of the old "Bad-Haus;" but the benches being all occupied by people listening to the band of music, and besides, not liking the artificial passages of hedges cut, without metaphor, to the quick, I bade adieu to the scene; and, entering the great forest, with which the hills in every direction were clothed to their summits, I ascended a steep, broad road (across which a couple of schlangens glided close by me), until I came to a hut, from which there is a very pleasing home-view of the little valley of Schlangenbad. It is certainly a most romantic spot, and that it had appeared so to others was evident, from a marble pillar and inscription which stood on the edge of a precipice before me. The tale it commemorated is simply beautiful. The Count de Grunne, the Dutch Ambassador at Frankfurt, having in the healthy autumn of his life come to Schlangenbad, with his young wife, was so enchanted with the loveliness of the country, the mildness of the air, and the



exquisite softness of the water, that, quite unable to contain himself, on a black marble column he caused to be sculptured, as emblems of himself and his companion, two crested schlangens, playfully eating leaves (apparently a salad) out of the same bowl—with the following pathetic inscription :—

EN  
RECONNOISSANCE  
DES DELICIEUSES SAISONS  
PASSEES ICI ENSEMBLE  
PAR  
CHARLES C<sup>te</sup> DE GRUNNE  
ET  
BETSI C<sup>tesse</sup> DE GRUNNE.  
1830.

Leaving this quiet sentimental bower, and descending the hill, I entered the great pile of buildings of the old Bad-Haus, or Nassauer-Hof, and as I was advancing along one of its endless passages, I passed an open door, from which a busy hum proceeded, which clearly proclaimed it to be a school. My grave Mentor-like figure was no sooner observed silently standing at its portal, than its master, a short, slight, hectic-looking lad, scarcely twenty, seemed to feel an unaccountable desire to form my acquaintance. Begging me to enter his small literary dominion, he very modestly requested leave to be permitted to explain to me the nature of the studies he was imparting to his subjects, the little creatures, from their benches, looking at me all the time with the same sort of fear with which mice look into the face of a bulldog, or frogs at the terrific bill and outline of a stork.

Having, by a slight inclination, accepted this offer, the young Dominie commenced by stating that all the children in Nassau are *obliged*, by order of the Duke, to go to school, from six to fourteen years of age ;—that the parents of a child, who has intentionally missed, are forced to pay two kreuzers the first time, four the second, six the third, and that if they are too poor to pay these fines, they are obliged to work them out in hard labor, or are

otherwise punished for their children's neglect ;—that the inhabitants of each village pay the schoolmaster among themselves, in proportions, varying according to their means, but that the Duke prescribes what the children are to learn—namely, religion, singing, reading, writing, Scripture history, the German language, natural history, geography, and accounts ;—and that the mode of imparting this education is grounded upon the system of Pestalozzi.

This introductory explanation being concluded, the young master now displayed to me specimens of his scholars' writing—showed me their slates covered with sums in the first rules of arithmetic—and then calling up several girls and boys, he placed his wand in the hand of each trembling little urchin, who one by one was desired to point out upon maps, which hung against the walls, the great oceans, seas, mountains, and capitals of our globe. Having expressed my unqualified approbation of the zeal and attention with which this excellent young man had evidently been laboring, at the arduous, “never-ending, still beginning” duties of his life, I was about to depart, when, as a last favor, he anxiously entreated me to hear his children, for one moment, sing ; and striking the table with his wand, it instantly, as if it had been a tuning fork, called them to attention—at a second blow on the table, they pushed aside their slates and books—at a third, opening their eyes as wide as they could, they inflated their tiny lungs brimfull—and at a fourth blow, in full cry, they all opened, to my no small astonishment, mouths which, in blackness of inside, exactly resembled a pack of King Charles's spaniels ! Had the children been drinking ink, their tongues and palates could not have been darker ; and though, accompanied by their master, the psalm they were singing was simply beautiful, and though their infantine voices streaming along the endless passages produced a reverberation which was exceedingly pleasing, yet there was something so irresistibly comic in their appearance, that any countenance but my own would have smiled.

The cause of the odd-looking phenomenon suddenly occurred to me, having, in the morning, observed several peasants, whose trowsers at the knees were stained perfectly black, by their having knelt down to pick bilberries, which grew on the forest-covered

hills of Nassau in the greatest profusion. The children had evidently been grazing on the same ground, and as soon as the idea occurred, I observed by their little black fingers that my solution of the dark problem was correct.

Returning to my residence, the New Bad-Haus, the sun, though much less weary than myself, having sunk to rest, I sat alone for some time in one of the bowers of the shrubbery belonging to the building. Occasionally a human figure, scarcely visible from the deep shade of the trees, glided slowly by me, but whether that of a prince or a peasant I neither knew nor cared. What interested me infinitely more, was to observe the fire-flies, which, with small lanterns in their tails, were either soaring close above me, or sparkling among the bushes. The bright emerald-green light which they possessed was lovely beyond description, yet apparently they had only received permission to display it so long as they remained on the wing—and as two young ones, gliding before me, rested for a moment on a rose-leaf, at my side, the instant they closed their wings, they were left together in total darkness. Some (probably old ones) steadily sailing, passed me, as if on business, while others, dancing in the air, had evidently no object except pleasure; yet, whether flying in a circle, or in a line, each little creature, as it proceeded, gaily illuminated its own way, and like a pure, cheerful, well-conditioned mind, it also shed a trifling lustre on whatever it approached.

As I sat here alone in the dark, I could not drive from my mind the interesting picture I had just been witnessing in the little village school of Schlangenbad.

We are all, in England, so devotedly attached to that odd, easily pronounced, but difficult to be defined word—liberty, that there is, perhaps, nothing we should all at once set our backs, our faces, and our heads against more, than a national compulsory system of education, similar to that prescribed in Nassau; and yet, if law has the power to punish crime, there seems at first to exist no very strong reason why it should not also be permitted, by education, to prevent it. Every respectable parent in our country will be ready to admit, that the most certain recipe for making his son a useful, a happy, and a valuable member of society, is carefully to attend to the cultivation of his mind. We all believe that good

seeds can be sown there, that bad ones can be eradicated—that ignorance leads a child to error and crime—that his mental darkness, like a town, can be illuminated—that the judgment (his only weapon against his passions) can, like the blacksmith's arm, by use, be strengthened; and if it be thus universally admitted that education is one of the most valuable properties a rational being can bequeath to his own child, it would seem to follow that a parental government might claim (at least before Heaven) nearly as much right to sentence a child to education, as a criminal to the gallows. Nevertheless, as a curious example of the difference in national taste, it may be observed, that though in England judges and juries can anywhere be found to condemn the body, they would everywhere be observed to shrink at the very idea of chastening the mind; they see no moral or religious objection to imprison the former, but they all agree that it would be a political offence to liberate the latter. Although our poor laws oblige every parish to feed, house, and clothe its offspring, yet in England it is thought wrong to enforce any national provision for the mind; and yet the Duke of Nassau might argue, that in a civilized community children have no more natural *right* to be brought up ignorant than naked: in short, that if the mildest government be justified in forcing a man, for decency's sake, to envelope his body, it might equally claim the power of obliging him, for the welfare, prosperity, and advancement of the community—to develop his mind.

Into so complicated an argument I feel myself quite incompetent to enter, yet were I at this moment to be leaving this world, there is no one assertion I think I could more solemnly maintain—there is no important fact I am more seriously convinced of—and there is no evidence which, from the observation of my whole life, I could more conscientiously deliver, than that, as far as I have been capable of judging, our system of education in England has produced, does produce, and as long as it be persisted in, must produce, the most lamentable political effects.

Strange as it may sound, I believe few people will, on reflection, deny that a most remarkable difference exists between a man and what is termed mankind—in fact, between the intelli

gence of the human being and that of the species to which he belongs.

If a man of common, or of the commonest abilities, be watched throughout a day, it is quite delightful to remark how cleverly he adapts his conduct to the various trifling unforeseen circumstances which occur—how shrewdly, as through a labyrinth, he pursues his own interests, and with what nimbleness he can alter his plans, or, as it is vulgarly termed, change his mind, the instant it becomes advisable for him to do so. Appeal to him on any plain subject, and you find him gifted with quick perception, possessed with ready judgment, and with his mind sparkling with intelligence. Now, mix a dozen such men together, and intellect instantly begins to coagulate ; in short, by addition you have produced subtraction. One man means what he cannot clearly explain—another ably expresses what he did not exactly mean—one, while disputing his neighbor's judgment, neglects his own—another indolently reclines his head upon his neighbor's brain—one does not care to see—another forgets to foresee—in short, though any one pilot could steer the vessel into port, with twelve at the helm she inevitably runs upon the rocks. Now, instead of a dozen men, if anything be committed to the care, judgment, or honor of a large body, or, as it is not improperly termed, a "corporation" of men, their torpor, apathy, and sloth are indefinitely increased, and when, instead of a corporation, it be left to that nonentity, a whole nation—the total neglect it meets with is beyond all remedy. In short, the individuals of a community, compared with the community itself, are like a swarm of bees, compared with bees that have swarmed or clung together in a lump, and as the countryman stands shaking the dull mass from the bough, one can scarcely believe that it is composed of little, active, intelligent, busy creatures, each armed with a sting as well as with knowledge, and arrangements which one can hardly sufficiently admire. If this theory be correct, it will account at once for our unfortunate system of education in England, which being everybody's duty, is therefore nobody's duty, and which, like

"The child whom many fathers share,  
Has never known a father's care."

In the evening of a long, toilsome life, if a man were to be obliged solemnly to declare what, without any exception, has been the most lovely thing which on the surface of this earth it has been his good fortune to witness, I conceive that, without hesitation, he might reply—*The mind of a young child*. Indeed, if we believe that creation, with all its charms, was beneficently made for man, it seems almost to follow that his mind, that mirror in which every minute object is to be reflected, must be gifted with a polish sufficiently high to enable it to receive the lovely and delicate images created for its enjoyment. Accordingly, we observe with what delight a child beholds light—colors—flowers—fruit—and every new object that meets his eye ; and we all know that before his judgment be permitted to interfere, for many years he feels, or rather suffers, a thirst for information which is almost insatiable.

He desires, and very naturally desires, to know what the moon is ? what are the stars ?—where the rain, wind, and storm come from ? With innocent simplicity he asks, what becomes of the light of a candle when it is blown out ? Any story or any history he greedily devours ; and so strongly does his youthful mind retain every sort of image impressed upon it, that it is well known as after life is often incapable of obliterating the terror depicted there by an old nurse's tale of ghosts, and hobgoblins of darkness.

Now with their minds in this pure, healthy, voracious state, the sons of all our noblest families, and of the most estimable people of the country, are, after certain preparations, eventually sent to those slaughter-houses of the understanding, our public schools, where, weaned from the charms of the living world, they are nailed to the study of two dead languages—like galley-slaves, they are chained to these oars, and are actually flogged if they neglect to labor. Instead of imbibing knowledge suited to their youthful age, they are made to learn the names of Actæon's hounds—to study the life of Alexander's horse—to know the fate of Alcibiades's dog ;—in short, it is too well known that Dr. Lempriere made 3000*l.* a-year by the sale of a dictionary, in which he had amassed, "for the use of schools," tales and rubbish of this description. The poor boy at last "gets," as it is termed, "into

Ovid," where he is made to study everything which human ingenuity could invent to sully, degrade, and ruin the mind of a young person. The Almighty Creator of the universe is caricatured by a set of grotesque personages, termed gods and goddesses, so grossly sensual, so inordinately licentious, that were they to-day to appear in London, before sunset they would probably be every one of them where they ought to be—at the tread-mill. The poor boy, however, must pore over all their amours, natural and unnatural;—he must learn by heart the birth, parentage, and education of each, with the biography of their numerous offspring, earthly as well as unearthly. He must study love-letters from the heavens to the earth, and metamorphoses which have almost all some low, impure object. The only geography he learns is "the world known to the ancients." Although a member of the first maritime nation on the globe, he learns no nautical science but that possessed by people who scarcely dared to leave their shores: all his knowledge of military life is that childish picture of it which might fairly be entitled "war without gunpowder." But even the little which on these subjects he does learn, is so mixed up with fable, that his mind gets puzzled and debilitated to such a degree, that he becomes actually unable to distinguish truth from falsehood; and when he reads that Hannibal melted the Alps with vinegar, he does not know whether it be really true or not.

In this degraded state, with the energy and curiosity of their young minds blunted—actually nauseating the intellectual food which they had once so naturally desired, a whole batch of boys at the age of about fourteen\* are released from their schools to go on board men-of-war, where they are to strive to become the heroes of their day. They sail from their country ignorant of almost everything that has happened to it since the days of the

\* At this age I myself left my classical school, scarcely knowing the name of a single river in the new world—tired almost to death of the history of the Ilissus. In after life I entered a river of America more than five times as broad as from Dover to Calais—and with respect to the Ilissus, which had received in my mind such distorted importance, I will only say, that have repeatedly walked across it in about twenty seconds, without wetting my ankles.

Romans—having been obliged to look upon all the phenomena of nature, as well as the mysteries of art, without explanation, their curiosity for information on such subjects has subsided. They lean against the capstan, but know nothing of its power—they are surrounded by mechanical contrivances of every sort, but understand them no more than they do the stars in the firmament. They steer from one country to another, ignorant of the customs, manners, prejudices, or languages of any ; they know nothing of the effect of climate—it requires almost a fever to drive them from the sun ; in fact, they possess no practical knowledge. The first lesson they learn from adversity is their own guiltless ignorance, and no sooner are they in real danger, than they discover how ill spent has been the time they have devoted to the religion of the heathen—how vain it is in affliction to patter over the names of Actæon and his hounds !

That in spite of all these disadvantages, a set of high-bred, noble-spirited young men eventually become, as they really do, an honor to their country, is no proof that their early education has not done all in its power to prevent them. But, to return to those we left at our public schools.

As these boys rise, they become, as we all know, more and more conversant in the dead languages, until the fatal period arrives, when, proudly laden with these two panniers, they proceed to one of our universities. Arriving, for instance, at Oxford, they find a splendid high street, magnificently illuminated with gas, filled with handsome shops, traversed by the mail, macadamized, and, like every other part of our great commercial country, beaming with modern intelligence. In this street, however, they are not permitted to reside, but, conducted to the right and left they meander among mouldering monastic-looking buildings, until they reach the cloisters of the particular college to which they are sentenced to belong. By an ill-judged misnomer, they are from this moment encouraged, even by their preceptors, to call each other *men* ; and a *man* of seventeen, “too tall for school,” talks of another *man* of eighteen, as gravely as I always mention the name of my prototype Methuselah. What their studies are will sufficiently appear from what is required of them, when they come before the public as candidates for their degrees. At this exami-



nation, which is to give them, throughout their country, the rank of finished scholars, these self-entitled *men* are gravely examined first of all in Divinity,—and then, as if in scorn of it, almost in the same breath, they descant about the God of this vice, and the God of that; in short, they are obliged to translate any two heathen authors in Latin, and any other two in Greek, they themselves may select. They are next examined in Aristotle's moral philosophy, and their examination, like their education, being now concluded, their minds being now decreed to be brimfull, they are launched into their respective grades of society, as accomplished, polished men, who have reaped the inestimable advantages of a *good classical education*. But it is not these gentlemen I presume to ridicule; on the contrary, I firmly believe that the 1200 students, who at one time are generally at Oxford, are as high-minded, as highly talented, as anxious to improve themselves, as handsome, and, in every sense of the word, as fine a set of lads as can anywhere be met with in a body on the face of the globe. I also know that all our most estimable characters, all the most enlightened men our country has ever produced, have, generally speaking, been members of one of our universities; but, in spite of all this, will any reasonable being seriously maintain that the workmanship has been equal to the materials? I mean, that their education has been equal to themselves?

Let any one weigh what they have *not* learnt against what they have, and he will find that the difference is exactly that which exists between creation itself and a satchel of musty books. I own they are skilfully conversant in the latter; I own that they have even deserved prizes for having made verses in imitation of Sappho—odes in imitation of Horace—epigrams after the model of the Anthologia, as well as after the mode of Martial; but what has the university taught them of the former? Has it even informed them of the discovery of America? Has it given them the power of conversing with the peasant of any one nation in Europe? Has it explained to them any one of the wonderful works of creation? Has it taught them a single invention of art? Has it shown the young landed proprietor how to measure the smallest field on his estate? Has it taught him even the first rudiments of economy? Has it explained to him the principle of

a common pump? Has it fitted him in any way to stand in the distinguished situation which by birth and fortune he is honestly entitled to hold? Has it given him any agricultural information, any commercial knowledge, any acquaintance with mankind, or with business of any sort or kind; and lastly, has it made him modestly sensible of his own ignorance?—or has it, on the contrary, done all in its power to make him feel not only perfectly satisfied with his own acquirements, but contempt for those whose minds are only filled with plain useful knowledge?

But it will be proudly argued, “THE UNIVERSITY HAS TAUGHT HIM DIVINITY!” In theory, I admit it may have done so; but in all his terms, has the student practically learnt as much of Omnipotence as the hurricane could explain to him in five minutes? To teach young lads the simple doctrines of Christianity, is it advisable to hide from their minds creation? Is it advisable to allow them to remain out of their colleges till midnight? But taking leave of the university, let us, for a moment, consider the political effects of its cramped, short-sighted, narrow-minded system.

On quitting their colleges, our young men, instead of being sensible that, although they have read much that is ornamental, their education has scrupulously avoided all that is useful—instead of modestly feeling that they have to make up for lost time, and to fight their way from nothing to distinction, like subaltern officers in our army, or like midshipmen in the navy, they have very great reason to consider that, far from being literary vessels, rudely put together, they are launched into society as perfect as a frigate from its dock!

With respect to the drudgery of gaining honors, they feel that they already possess them, can *produce* them, and true enough, they show 1st class, 2nd class, and 3rd class honors, which are as current in the country as the coin of the realm; and with respect to their education being *imperfect*, by universal consent, it has for centuries been coupled with the most flattering adjectives;—it is termed polite—elegant—accomplished—good—complete—excellent—regular—classical, &c., &c. In literary creation these young men conceive that they are luminaries, not specks—ornaments, not blemishes! not merely in their own opinions, but by

universal consent and acclamation. Their political place is undeniably, therefore, the helm, not before the mast ; they are to guide, conduct, steer the vessel of the state, not ignobly labor at its oar !

Accordingly, when they take their places in both houses of Parliament, plunging at once into their own native element, they rise up in the immediate presence of noblemen and gentlemen who not only boast of having received exactly the same education as themselves, but who, as youths, have proudly won the self-same honors which they enjoy ; and I here very humbly beg leave again to repeat, that because our Parliament maintains, and always has maintained, a front rank of men of undaunted resolution, transcendent abilities, brilliant natural genius, and clear, comprehensive, enlightened minds, it does not follow that the system of our public schools and universities must necessarily be practically good. On the contrary, it only proves that human institutions can no more extinguish the native virtue, talent, and integrity of a country, than they can hide from the world the light of the sun ; but education can misdirect, though it cannot annihilate ; it can give the national mind a hankering for unwholesome instead of wholesome food,—it can encourage a passion for useless instead of useful information. On its course high-bred lads may be trained to race against each other, until the vain object they have strived for can never in after-life re-appear, but their blood warms within them.

Now supposing, for a single moment, that English education be admitted to be as useless and dangerous as I have endeavored to describe it, let us consider what might naturally be expected to be its practical political effects.

In our two houses of Parliament, classical eloquence would unavoidably become the order of the day, and classical allusions, when neatly expressed, would always receive that heartfelt cheer which even the oldest among us are unable to withhold from what reminds us of the pleasures and attachments of our early days. Thus encouraged, young statesmen would feel their power rather than their inexperience ; and, with their minds stored with knowledge declared to possess intrinsic value, they would not be very backward in displaying it. Language, rather than matter, would thus become the object of emulation—speeches

would swell into orations—and, in this contention and conflict of genius, men of cleverness, ready wit, brilliant imagination, retentive memory, caustic reply, and last, though not least, soundness of constitution, would rise to the surface, far above those who, with much deeper reflection, much heavier sense, more sterling knowledge, and more powerful judgment, were yet found to be wanting in activity in their parts of speech. Baffled, therefore, in their laconic attempts to expound their uninteresting, ledger-like, unfashionable opinions, this useful class of men would probably, by silence or otherwise, retire from the unequal contest, which would become more and more of an art, until extraordinary talent was required to carry political questions so plain and simple, that were votes to be given by any set of humdrum men, there would scarcely be a difference in their opinions.

In the midst of this civil war, a young man, scarcely one-and-twenty, would be very likely rapidly to rise to be the Prime Minister of our great commercial country ! for although, if this world teaches us any one moral, it is, that youth and inexperience are synonymous ; yet when talent only be the palm, surely none have better right to contend for it than the young !

Seated on the exalted pinnacle which he has most fairly and honorably attained, if not by general acclamation, at least by the applauding voice of the majority, he must, of course, stand against the intellectual tempest which has unnaturally brought a person of his age to the surface. Accordingly, by the main strength of his youthful genius, by his admitted superiority of talent, this beardless pilot would probably triumphantly maintain his place at the helm—requiring, however, support from those of his admirers most approaching in eloquence to himself. To obtain the services of some great orator, he would (copying the system of his opponents) be induced to appoint a man, for instance, Secretary for the Colonies, who on this earth had never reached the limits even of its temperate zone ; another, who had not heard a shot fired, or even seen a shell in the air, would, perhaps, be created Master-General of our Ordnance ; in short, talent being the weapon or single-stick of Parliament, he would, like others before him, arm himself with it at any cost, and thus reign triumphant.

However, without supposing such an extreme case, let us fearlessly recall to mind a miserable fact almost of yesterday. In the fatal year 1825, the British government conceived the purely classical and highly poetical idea of "bringing a new world into existence!" Most people will remember with what flowery eloquence the elegant project was laid before Parliament, and how loudly and generally it was cheered—the blind were led by the blind—all our senators being equally charmed at the splendid possibility of their thus politically dabbling in creation. The truth or moral, however, came upon us at last, like the simoom upon the traveller who ignorantly ventures on the deserts of Africa. The country almost foundered, and though she has to a certain degree recovered from the shock, yet thousands of widows, orphans, and people of small incomes, are to this day, in indigence and sorrow, secretly lamenting the hour in which the high-flown but ignorant parliamentary project was disseminated.

The charity, pater-noster system of education pursued to this day at our universities and public schools has produced other historical facts, which it is now equally out of our power to obliterate, atone for, or deny. For instance, we all know that in five years Charles II. touched 23,601 of his subjects for the evil:—that our bishops invented (just as Ovid wrote his "Metamorphoses") a sort of heathen service for the occasion;—that the unchristianlike, superstitious ceremony was performed in public; and that as soon as prayers were ended, we are told, "*The Duke of Buckingham brought a towel, and the Earl of Pembroke a basin and ewer, who, after they had made obeisance to his Majesty, kneeled down till his Majesty had washed.*"

Again, everybody knows that Amy Drury and her daughter, eleven years of age, were tried before "the great and good Sir Matthew Hale," then Lord Chief Baron, for witchcraft, and were convicted and executed at Bury St. Edmund's principally on the evidence of Sir Thomas Brown, one of the first physicians and scholars of his day: also that Dr. Wiseman, an eminent surgeon of that period, in writing on scrofula, says—"However, I must needs profess that His Majesty (Charles II.) cureth more in any one year than all the chirurgeons of London have done in an age."

The above degrading facts are moral tragedies, which were

not acted in a dark corner, by a few obscure strolling individuals—not even by any great political faction,—but the audience was the British nation—the performers the King on his throne—the bishops, the nobility, the judges, the physicians, the philosophers of the day. In short, theory and practice, hand in hand, both prove to the whole world the double error in our system of education. Says theory—if young people, instead of being taught to look at the ground under their feet, at the heaven above their head, or at creation around them, are forced by the rod to study events that never happened, speeches that never were made, metamorphoses that never took place, forms of worship and creeds ridiculous and impious, such a nation must inevitably grow up narrow-minded, ignorant, superstitious, and cruel. Says practice—this prophecy has been most fatally fulfilled; and in England, people *have* believed in witchcraft—*have* put savage faith in the King's touch—and, under the name of a mild and merciful religion, they *have* burnt each other to ashes at the stake!

The mute steadiness of British troops under fire,—the total want of bluster or bravado in our naval actions—where, as we all know,

“There is silence deep as death,  
And the boldest holds his breath  
For a time,”—

the laconic manner in which business all over England is transacted (millions being exchanged with little more than a nod of assent)—in short, our national respect for silent conduct—form a most extraordinary contrast with the flatulent eloquence of our parliamentary debates.

But to return to our houses of Parliament: shall we now proceed to calculate what would be the expense of such a system of government or misgovernment as that which has just been shown to have proceeded, not from the imbecility of individuals, but from the system of false education maintained by our public schools and universities? No! No! for the history of our country has already solved this great problem, and, at this moment, does it record to our posterity, as well as promulgate to the whole world, that the expense of a great mercantile nation,

looking behind it instead of before it—the price of its statesmen studying ancient poets instead of modern discoveries—of mistaking the “*orbis veteribus cognitus*” for the figure of the earth, amounts to neither more nor less than a national debt of EIGHT HUNDRED MILLIONS of English pounds sterling! In short, economy having fatally been classed at our universities among the vulgar arts, the current expenses of our statesmen have naturally enough been ordered to be put down to their children, just as their college bills were carelessly ordered to be forwarded to their fathers.

However, so long as a nation is *willing* to purchase at the above enormous, or at any still greater price, the luxury of reading Greek and Latin poetry, the misfortune at first appears to be only pecuniary; and it might almost further be argued, that a nation, like an individual, ought to be allowed to squander its money according to its own whim or fancy; but, though this may or may not be true so far as our money be concerned, yet there is an event which must arrive, and in England this event HAS JUST ARRIVED, when a continuance of such a mode of education must inevitably destroy our church, aristocracy, funds; in short, everything which a well-disposed mind loves, venerates, and is desirous to uphold.

The fearful event to which I allude is that of the lower classes of people becoming enlightened.

In spite of all that party spirit angrily asserts to the contrary, most firmly do I believe that there does not exist, in England, any revolutionary spirit worth being afraid of. In a rich commercial country, the idle, the profligate, and the worthless will always be anxious to level the well-earned honors, as well as plunder the wealth amassed by the brave, intelligent, and industrious; but every respectable member of society, with the coolness of judgment natural to our country, must feel that he possesses a stake, and enjoys advantages, which I firmly believe he is highly desirous to maintain; in fact, not only the good feeling, but the good sense of the country, support the fabric of our society, which we all know, like the army, derives its spirit from possessing various honors (never mind whether they be of intrinsic value or not) which we are all more or less desirous to obtain.

But if those who wear these honors degrade themselves—if our upper classes culpably desert their own standards—if they shall continue to insist on giving to their children an elegant, useless education, while the tradesman is filling his son with steady useful knowledge—if our aristocracy, with the Ghoul's horrid taste, *will* obstinately feed itself on dead languages, while the lower classes are greedily digesting fresh wholesome food—if writing, arithmetic, modern geography, arts, sciences, and discoveries of all sorts are to continue (as they hitherto have continued) to be most barbarously disregarded at our public schools and universities, while they are carefully attended to and studied by the poor—the moment must arrive when the dense population of our country will declare that they can no longer afford to be governed by classical statesmen; and, with an equally honest feeling, they will further declare, they begin to find it difficult to look up to the people who have ceased to be morally their superiors. That the lower orders of people in England are rising not only in their own estimation, but in the honest opinion of the world, is proved by the singular fact, that the wood-cuts of our "*Penny Magazine*" (so rapidly printed by one of Clowes's great steam presses) are sent, in stereotype, to Germany, France, and Belgium, where they are published, as with us, for the instruction of the lower classes. The same Magazine is also sent to America (page for page) stereotyped. The common people of England are thus proudly disseminating *their* knowledge over the surface of the globe; while our upper classes, by an infatuation which, without any exception, is the greatest phenomenon in the civilized world, are still sentencing their children to heathen, obscene, and useless instruction; and, though it has beneficently been decreed "LET THERE BE LIGHT!" our universities seriously maintain that the religious as well as moral welfare of this noble commercial country depends upon its continuing in intellectual darkness.

It is now much too late in the day to argue whether the education of the lower classes be a political advantage or not. One might as well stand on the Manchester Rail-road to stop its train as to endeavor to prevent that. The people, whether we like it or not, *WILL* be enlightened; and therefore, without bewailing the



disorder, our simple and only remedy is, by resolutely breaking up the system of our public schools and universities, to show the people that we have nobly determined to become enlightened too.

The English gentleman (a name which, in the army, navy, hunting-field, or in any other strife or contention, has always shown itself able to beat men of low birth) will then hold his ground in the estimation of his tenants, and continue to inhabit his estate. The English nobleman and the noble Englishman will continue to be synonymous—a well educated clergy will continue to be revered—the throne, as it hitherto hath been, will be loyally supported—our mercantile honor will be saved—THE HOPES OF THE RADICAL WILL BE IRRETRIEVABLY RUINED—and, when the misty danger at which we now tremble has brightened into intellectual sunshine, remaining, as we must do (so long as we continue to be the most industrious), the wealthiest and first commercial nation on the globe, we shall remember, and history will transmit to our children, that old-fashioned prophecy of Falconbridge, which so truly says,

“Naught shall make us rue,  
If England to itself do rest but true.”

\* \* \* \* \*

I had retired to rest much pleased with Schlangenbad and all that belonged to it, when about midnight I was awakened by a general slamming of doors, windows, and shutters, occasioned by a most violent gale of wind, and on opening my eyes, the bright moonlight scene, which, without even moving my head, I beheld, was mysteriously grand and imposing. Although the moon, which had just risen, was, as I lay, not discernible through my windows, yet its silvery light beamed so strongly that the two little whitewashed mill-cottages in the valley seemed to be even brighter than I had observed them during the day. But what particularly attracted my attention was the apparent writhing of those great hills which, as if they had only just been rent asunder, hemmed me in. Every tree on them was bending and waving from the violence of the squall, and as cloud after cloud rapidly hurried across the moon, sometimes obscuring and then suddenly restoring to my view the strange prospect, the uncertainty of this

undulating movement gave a supernatural appearance to the scene, which more resembled the fiction of a dream, or of a romance, than any possible effect of wind on trees. The clean, glistening foliage seemed scarcely able to stand against the gale, which still continued to increase, until a loud peal of thunder, followed by a few heavy drops, announced a calm, which was no sooner established than the light of the moon appeared to be converted by nature into a heavy deluge of rain. For some few moments I listened, I believe, to the refreshing sound, and to the rushing of the stream beneath me, but as the darkness around me increased, my eyes closed, and I again dropped off to sleep.

The little society of Schlangenbad, like that of most of the towns and villages in this part of Germany, is composed of Lutherans, Catholics, and Jews. The former sects have each a place of worship allotted to them in the Old Bad-Haus or Nassauer-Hof, and their two chambers, standing nearly opposite to each other, remind me very strongly of those twin-roads which in England often lead from one little country town to another.

On each is the stranger invited to travel—one boasts that it is the nearest by half a quarter of a mile, the other brags that “it avoids the hill.” Such is the distinction between the two Christian sects at Schlangenbad ;—both start from the same point—both strain for the same goal, and yet they querulously refuse to travel together !

After having spent two or three days in rambling up and down the valley, searching for and admiring its sequestered beauties, like Rasselas, I felt anxious to scale the mountains which surrounded me, and accordingly inquired for a path, which, I was told, would extricate me from my happy valley ; however, after I had continued on it some way, fancying I could attain the summit by a shorter cut, I attempted to ascend the mountain by a straight course. For some time I appeared to succeed pretty well, feeling every moment encouraged at observing how high I had risen above the grassy valley beneath ; however, the mountain grew steeper and the trees thicker and larger, until I began to find that I had a much heavier job on my hands than I had bargained for : nevertheless, upward I proceeded, winding my way through some magnificent oak timber, until at last I attained actually the top of the

mountain : yet so surrounded was I by trees, that, very much to my disappointment, I found it impossible to see ten yards before me. For a considerable distance I walked along the ridge, hoping to find some gap or open spot which would enable me to get a glimpse of the country beneath me, but in vain ; for, go where I would, I was like a reptile crawling through a field of standing corn ; in short, nothing could I see but trees, and even they appeared to be of no value, as a great number of stately oaks were in every direction rotting just as if they were beyond the reach and ken of mankind. As I was winding between these timber trees, hoping, at least, to see deer or wild game of some sort, it began to rain, and though I had no disposition on that account to abandon my object, yet absolutely not knowing where to seek it, I was almost in despair, when it suddenly occurred to me to climb one of the trees ; and the idea had no sooner entered my head, than I felt quite angry with myself for not having thought of it before : however, I was some little time before I could find one to suit, for to swarm up the large body of one of the great oaks would have been quite impossible. As soon as I found a tree adapted to my purpose and my powers, I climbed it in spite of the rain, and I was no sooner in the position of King Charles the Second, than I witnessed one of the most splendid views that can be well conceived.

Beneath me was the Rhine, glistening and meandering in its course, while nearly opposite and beneath me lay Bingen, which appeared to be basking on the banks of a lake. Almost every one who has travelled on the Rhine speaks in raptures of this part of it, yet the view I enjoyed, seated on the limb of my tree, was altogether superior to what they could have witnessed, because at one view I beheld the beauties that they had only successively admired. The hills on which I was placed were clothed to their summits with foliage, feathering down to the very water's edge ; and instead of the little portion of the river, which, as one niggles along, is seen bit by bit from the steam-boat, its whole course seemed to be displaying itself to my view. The opposite shore was comparatively flat, and as far as I could see, a boundless fertile wine country appeared to extend there. The shower which was still falling in heavy drops upon my tree, only belong

ed to the mountain on which it stood, for the whole country and river beneath were basking in sunshine. It was really delightful to enjoy at once the sight of so many beautiful objects, and I hardly knew whether to admire most the lovely little islands which seemed floating at anchor in the Rhine, or the vast expanse of continent which was prostrate before me ; but without continuing the description, any one who will only look on his map for Bingen, and then imagine an old man seated in the clouds above it, will perceive what a salient angle I occupied, and what a magnificent prospect I enjoyed.

As soon as I had imbibed a sufficient dose of it, I commenced my descent, which was of course easy enough when compared with the fatigue I had suffered in attaining the object. The trees were dripping, and the mossy surface of the ground made my feet equally wet ; however, rapidly descending, I soon got first a glimpse of my own window in the New Bad-Haus, then a peep at the little quiet mills whose wheels I saw slowly turning under the clear bright water that sparkled above them ; and really when I at last got down to the green secluded valley of Schlangenbad, I felt that I would not exchange its peaceful tranquillity for the possession of all the splendid objects I had just witnessed.

Yet in viewing this humble scene, as well as in revelling over that magnificent prospect where space and wood seemed to be infinite, the very air smelling of health and freedom, there was a small feature in the picture which often gave me very painful reflections. There are, perhaps, many who will say, that two or three peasants' roofs are specks, which (whatever sad secrets may lie hidden beneath them) ought not to disturb the mind of the spectator, being objects much too insignificant to be worthy of his notice ; yet the more I admired the splendor of the mountain scenery,—the more the verdant valley seemed to rejoice,—the more the wild deer, dashing by me, appeared to enjoy the rich gifts of creation,—the more difficult did I find it to forget the abject poverty of the two or three poor families which were inhabiting this smiling valley ; and (on the principle of not muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn) it certainly did seem to me hard, that, surrounded as these poor people are by an almost boundless forest of timber trees, quantities of which, stag-headed, are actu-

ally returning to the dust from which they sprung, they should, by the laws of their country, be rigidly forbidden to collect fuel to cheer the inclemency of the winter, or even with their fingers to tear up a little wild grass beneath the trees for their cow.

Considering that the storm, like the wind, cometh where it listeth, afflicting the poor man even more than the well-sheltered rich one, it seems hard, in districts so nearly uninhabited, that when the oak tree is levelled with the ground, the mountain peasant who has weathered the gale should be prevented from plundering this wreck of the desolate forest in which he has been born. Nevertheless, that such is the case, will be but too evident from the following short extracts from a very long list of forest penalties, rigidly enforced by the Duke of Nassau:—

## FOREST PENALTIES.

		Fine.
For a load of sear wood	{ a child.....	34 kreuzers.*
	{ grown-up person.....	54 do.
If it be green wood, the fine is doubled.		
For a load of dead leaves	{ a child.....	26 to 28 kreuzers.
	{ grown-up person.....	46 to 48
For a load of green grass torn up by the hand.	{ a child.....	30 do.
	{ grown-up person.....	50 do.
Should a sickle or scythe be used, the fine then becomes doubled; likewise for a second trespass; for a third, imprisonment ensues.		
It is against the Duke's law to take birds' nests; even those of birds of prey cannot be taken without the permission of the keeper of the forests.		
For a nest taken of common singing birds, 5 florins.		
For nightingales.....		15 do.
Should the nest be taken out of a pleasure ground, the fine then becomes doubled.		

It may appear to many people quite impossible that these penalties can be enforced in desolate districts so nearly uninhabited: nevertheless, by a sort of diamond-cut-diamond system, the Duke's forest officers have various cunning ways of detecting those who infringe them; and the fact is, that fuel and wild grass are very often wanting in a solitary hovel absolutely environed by both. I myself was one day told that I had become liable to be fined

\* Three kreuzers make one penny English; sixty kreuzers (or 1s. 8d.) make one florin.

eighteen kreuzers, because in a reverie I had allowed a rough pony I was riding to bend his head down and eat a few mouthfuls of grass; and another day, seeing a man who was driving the ass I was riding rub with mud the end of a switch he had just cut, I was told by him, in answer to my inquiry, that he did so that it might not be proved he had *cut* it. However, lest these trifling data should not be deemed sufficient proof, I will at once add, that I have myself seen the peasants lying in the Duke's prison for having offended against these petty laws.

I took some pains to inquire what possible objection there could be to the poor people collecting a few dead leaves, or the rank wild grass which grows here and there all over the forest, and I was told that both of these by rotting are supposed to manure the trees, yet, as I have already stated, quantities of the largest timber are to be seen decaying in every direction.

In a crowded, populous country, all descriptions of property must be clearly distinguished and most sternly protected, but in a state of nature, or in districts so nearly approaching to it as many part of Nassau, the same rule is not applicable—the same necessity does not exist; and under such circumstances the punishment inflicted upon a child for tearing up for his mother's cow wild grass with his hands most certainly is (and who can deny it?) greater than the offence.

It is with no hostile or bad feeling towards the Duke of Nassau that I mention these details: he is a personage much beloved in his duchy, and I believe with great reason is he respected there, yet his forest laws no one surely can admire; and though custom certainly has sanctioned them—though the humbler voice of those who have suffered under them has hitherto been too feeble to reach his ears,—and though those about his court and person are but little disposed to awaken his attention to such mean complaints,—yet no one can calmly see and foresee the state of political feeling in Germany without admitting that the most humble traveller (and why not an English one?) may render the Duke of Nassau a friendly service, by bringing into daylight, unveiled by flattery, an act of oppression in his government, which, while it has most probably escaped his attention, is seditiously hoarded up by his political enemies to form part of that fulcrum which they are

secretly working at, in order to effect by it, if possible, his downfall. A grievance, like a wound, often only requires to be laid open to be cured ; whereas if, deeply seated, it be concealed from view, like gunpowder imbedded in a rock, when once the spark *does* reach it, it explodes with a violence proportionate to the power which would vainly have attempted to smother it in the earth.

## NIEDER-SELTERS.



HAVING in various countries drunk so much and heard so much of the celebrated refreshing Selters or Selzer water, I determined one lovely morning to exchange the pleasure of rambling about the woods of Schlangenbad for the self-imposed duty of visiting the brunnens of Nieder-Selters: accordingly, I managed to procure a carriage, and with three post-horses away I trotted, sitting as upright and as full of exuberant enjoyment as our great departed lexicographer in his hack chaise. The macadamized road on which I travelled, with the sight of men and boys sitting by its side, spitefully cracking with slight hammers little stones upon flat big ones, might easily have reminded me of old England; but five women, each carrying on her head sixteen large stone bottles of Schlangenbad water to wash the faces of the ladies of Schwalbach—the dress of three peasants with long pipes in their mouths—a little cart drawn by two cows—the Prince of Saxe Coburg in a rough carriage pulled by horses without blinkers and in rope harness—an immense mastiff, driving before him to be slaughtered a calf not a week old, and scarcely as high as himself—all these trifling incidents, combined with the magnificent outline of wooded hills which towered above the road, constantly reminded me that I was still under the political roof, and in the dominions of “The Duke.”

On arriving at Schwalbach, I learned that the remainder of the journey, which was to occupy six hours, was to be performed on roads which, in the English language, are termed so very properly “cross.” Accordingly, passing under the great barren hill appropriated to the Schwein-General of Langen-Schwalbach, we followed for some time the course of a green grassy valley,



the herbage of which had just been cut for the second time ; and then getting into a country much afflicted with hills, the horses were either straining to ascend them, or suffering equally severely in the descent. In many places the road was hardly as broad as the carriage, and as there was generally a precipice on one side, I might occasionally have felt a little nervous had it not been for sundry jolts happily just violent enough to prevent the mind thinking of anything else.

Passing the Misenhammer, a water-mill lifting an immense hammer, which forges iron by its fall (a lion which the water-drinkers of Schwalbach generally visit), I proceeded through the village of Neuhof to Würges, where we changed horses, and, what was still more important, bartered an old postilion for a young one. For a considerable time our road ascended, passing through woods and park-like plantations belonging to the Duke of Nassau's hunting seat "Die Platte ;" at last we broke away from these coverts which had environed us, traversing a vast, undulating, unenclosed country, furrowed by ravines and deep valleys, many of which we descended and ascended. The principal crops were potatoes, barley, oats, rye, and wheat,—the three former being perfectly green, the two latter completely ripe ; and as it happened, from some reason or other, that these sets of crops were generally sown on the same sort of land, it constantly occurred that the entire produce of some hill wore the green dress of spring, while other eminences were as wholly clothed in the rich dusky garments of autumn. The harvest, however, not having commenced, and the villages being, generally speaking, hidden in the ravines, the crops often seemed to be without owners. Descending, however, into valleys, we occasionally passed through several very large villages, which were generally paved, or rather studded with paving stones ; and as the carriage-wheels hopped from one to another, the sensation (being still too fresh in my memory) I had rather decline to describe : suffice to say, that the painful excitation vividly expressed in my countenance must have formed an odd contrast with the dull, heavy, half-asleep faces, which, as if raised from the grave by the rattling of my springs as well as joints, just showed themselves at the windows, as if to scare me as I passed. From poverty, their thin mountain

air and meagre food, the inhabitants of all these villages looked dreadfully wan, and really there was a want of animation among the young people, as well as the old, which it was quite distressing to witness; the streets seemed nearly deserted, while the mud houses, with their unpainted windows, appeared to be as dry and cheerless as their inmates: here and there were to be seen children, with hair resembling in color and disorder a bunch of flax—but no youthful merriment, no playfulness—in short, they were evidently sapless chips of the old wooden blocks, which were still gaping at me from the window-frames.

At one of these solemn villages the postilion stopped at a “gast-haus” to bait his horses. Odd as it may sound, it is nevertheless true, that German post-horses have seldom what we should term bridles. Snaffle-bits, ending with T’s instead of rings, being put into their mouths, are hooked (by these T’s) to iron billets in the head-pieces of common stable-halters, by which arrangement, to feed the animals, it is only necessary, without taking them from the carriage, to unhook one end of the bits, which immediately fall from their mouths; a slight trough, on four legs, is then placed before them, and the traveller generally continues, as I did, to sit in his carriage watching the horses voraciously eating up slices of black rye bread.

In England, there is no surer recipe known for making a pair of horses suddenly run away with one’s carriage, than by taking off their blinkers to allow them to see it; but though our method decidedly suits us the best, yet in Germany the whole system of managing horses from beginning to end is completely different from ours. Whether there is most of the horse in a German, or of the German in a horse, is a nice point on which people might argue a great deal; but the broad fact really is, that Germans live on more amicable terms with their horses, and understand their dispositions infinitely better than the English: in short, they treat them as horses, while we act towards them, and drill them, as if they were men; and in case any one should doubt that Germans are better horse-masters than we are, I beg to remind them of what is perfectly well-known to the British army—namely, that in the Peninsular war the cavalry horses of the German legion

were absolutely fat, while those of our regiments were skin and bone.

In a former chapter I have already endeavored to explain, that instead of reining a horse's head *up*, as we do, for draught, the Germans encourage the animal to keep it *down*; but besides this, in all their other arrangements they invariably attend to the temper, character, and instinct of the beast. For instance, in harness they intrust these sensible animals (who are never known to forget what they have once seen) with the free use of their eyes. Their horses see the wheel strike a stone, and they avoid the next one; if they drag the carriage against a post, they again observe the effect; and seeing at all times what is behind them, they know that by kicking they would hurt themselves; when passengers and postilion dismount, from attentive observation they are as sensible as we are that the draught will suddenly become less, and consequently, rejoicing at being thus left to themselves, instead of wishing to run away, they invariably are rather disposed to stand still.

As soon as, getting tired, or, as we are often too apt to term it, "lazy," they see the postilion threaten them with his whip, they know perfectly well the limits of his patience, and that after eight, ten, or twelve threats, there will come a blow: as they travel along, one eye is always shrewdly watching the driver—the moment he begins the heavy operation of lighting his pipe, they immediately slacken their pace, knowing, as well as Archimedes could have proved, that he cannot strike fire and them at the same time: every movement in the carriage they remark; and to any accurate observer who meets a German vehicle, it must often be perfectly evident that the poor horses know and feel, even better than himself, that they are drawing a coachman, and three heavy baronesses with their maid, and that to do that on a hot summer's day is—no joke. When their driver urges them to proceed, he does it by degrees; and they are stopped, not as bipeds, but in the manner quadrupeds would stop themselves.

Now, though we all like our own way best, let us for a moment (merely while the horses are feeding) contrast with the above description our English mode of treating a horse.

In order to break in the animal to draught, we put a collar

round his neck, a crupper under his tail, a pad on his back, a strap round his belly, with traces at his sides, and lest he should see that, though these things tickle and pinch, they have not power to do more, the poor intelligent creature is blinded with blinkers: and in this fearful state of ignorance, with a groom or two at his head, and another at his side, he is, without his knowledge, fixed to the pole and splinter-bar of a carriage. If he kicks, even at a fly, he suddenly receives a heavy punishment, which he does not comprehend—something has struck him, and has hurt him severely; but, as fear magnifies all danger, so, for aught we know or care, he may fancy that the splinter-bar, which has cut him, is some hostile animal, and expect, when the pole bumps against his legs, to be again assailed in that direction.

Admitting that in time he gets accustomed to these phenomena, becoming what we term steady in harness, still, to the last hour of his existence, he does not clearly understand what it is that is hampering him, or what is that rattling noise which is always at his heels: the sudden sting of the whip is a pain with which he gets but too well acquainted, yet the “unde derivatur” of the sensation he cannot explain—he neither knows when it is coming, nor where it comes from. If any trifling accident, or even irregularity occurs—if any little harmless strap, which ought to rest upon his back, happens to fall to his side—the poor, noble, intelligent animal, deprived of his eye-sight, the natural lanterns of the mind, is instantly alarmed; and though, from constant heavy draught, he may literally, without metaphor, be on his last legs, yet if his blinkers should happen to fall off, the sight of his own master—of his very own pimple-faced mistress—and of his own fine yellow carriage in motion—would scare him so dreadfully, that off he would probably start, and the more they all pursued him the faster would he fly!

I am aware that many of my readers, especially those of the fairer sex, will feel disposed to exclaim, “Why admire German horses? Can there be any in creation better fed or warmer clothed than our own? In black and silver harness are they not ornamented nearly as highly as ourselves? Is there any amusement in town which they do not attend? Do we not take them to the Italian Opera, to balls, plays, to hear Paganini, &c.; and

don't they often go to two or three routs of a night? Are our horses ever seen standing before vulgar shops? And do they not drive to church every Sunday as regularly as ourselves?"

Most humbly do I admit the force of these observations; all I persist in asserting is, that horses are foolishly fond of their eyesight—like to wear their heads awkwardly, as Nature has placed them; and that they have had taste enough to prefer dull German grooms and coachmen to our sharp English ones.

As soon as my horses had finished their black bread, all my idle speculations concerning them vanished; the snaffle-bits were put into their mouths—the trough removed—and on we proceeded to a village, where we again changed.

The features of the country now began to grow larger than ever; and though crops, green and brown, were, as far as the eye could reach, gently waving around me, yet the want of habitations, plantations, and fences, gave to the extensive prospect an air of desolation: the picture was, perhaps, grand, but it wanted foreground: however, this deficiency was soon most delightfully supplied by the identical object I was in search of—namely, the brunnen and establishment of Nieder-Selters, which suddenly appeared on the road-side close before me, scarcely a quarter of a mile from its village.

The moment I entered the great gate of the enclosure which, surrounded by a high stone wall, occupies about eight acres of ground, so strange a scene presented itself suddenly to my view, that my first impression was, I had discovered a new world inhabited by brown stone bottles! for in all directions were they to be seen rapidly moving from one part of the establishment to another, standing actually in armies on the ground, or piled in immense layers or strata one above another. Such a profusion and such a confusion of bottles it had never entered human imagination to conceive; and before I could bring my eyes to stoop to detail, with uplifted hands I stood for several seconds in utter amazement.

On approaching a large circular shed, covered with a slated roof, supported by posts, but open on all sides, I found the single brunnen or well from which this highly-celebrated water is forwarded to almost every quarter of the globe—to India, the West

Indies, the Mediterranean, Paris, London, and to almost every city in Germany. The hole, which was about five feet square, was bounded by a frame-work of four strong beams mortised together; and the bottom of the shed being boarded, it very much resembled, both in shape and dimensions, one of the hatches in the deck of a ship. A small crane with three arms, to each of which there was suspended a square iron crate or basket, a little smaller than the brunnen, stood about ten feet off: and while peasant girls, with a stone bottle (holding three pints) dangling on every finger of each hand, were rapidly filling two of these crates, which contained seventy bottles, a man turned the third by a winch, until it hung immediately over the brunnen, into which it then rapidly descended. The air in these seventy bottles being immediately displaced by the water, a great bubbling of course ensued; but in about twenty seconds, this having subsided, the crate was raised; and, while seventy more bottles descended from another arm of the crane, a fresh set of girls curiously carried off these full bottles, one on each finger of each hand, ranging them in several long rows upon a large table or dresser, also beneath the shed. No sooner were they there, than two men, with surprising activity, put a cork into each; while two drummers, with a long stick in each of their hands hammering them down, appeared as if they were playing upon musical glasses.

Another set of young women now instantly carried them off, four and five in each hand, to men who, with sharp knives, sliced off the projecting part of the cork; and this operation being over, the poor jaded bottles were delivered over to women, each of whom actually covered 3000 of them a-day with white leather, which they firmly bound with packthread round the corks; and then, without placing the bottles on the ground, they delivered them over to a man seated beside them, who, without any apology, dipped each of their noses into boiling hot rosin; and before they had recovered from this unexpected operation, the Duke of Nassau's seal was stamped upon them by another man, when off they were hurried, sixteen and twenty at a time, by girls to magazines, where they peacefully remained ready for exportation.

Although this series of operations, when related one after another, may sound simple enough, yet it must be kept in mind that

all were performed at once ; and when it is considered that a three-armed crane was drawing up seventy bottles at a time, from three o'clock in the morning till seven o'clock at night (meal hours excepted), it is evident that, without very excellent arrangement, some of the squads either would be glutted with more work than they could perform, or would stand idle with nothing to do ; no one, therefore, dares to hurry or stop ; the machinery, in full motion, has the singular appearance which I have endeavored to describe ; and certainly the motto of the place might be that of old Goethe's ring—

“ Ohne past, ohne rast.”

Having followed a set of bottles from the brunnen to the store, where I left them resting from their labors, I strolled to another part of the establishment, where were empty bottles calmly waiting for their turn to be filled. I here counted twenty-five bins of bottles, each four yards broad, six yards deep, and eight feet high. A number of young girls were carrying thirty-four of them at a time on their heads to an immense trough, which was kept constantly full by a large fountain pipe of beautiful clear fresh water. The bottles on arriving here were brim-full (as I conceived for the purpose of being washed), and were then ranged in ranks, or rather solid columns, of seven hundred each, there being ten rows of seventy bottles.

It being now seven o'clock, a bell rang as a signal for giving over work, and the whole process came suddenly to an end : for a few seconds, the busy laborers (as in a disturbed ant-heap) were seen irregularly hurrying in every direction ; but, in a very short time, all had vanished. During some minutes I ruminated in solitude about the premises, and then set out to take up my abode for the night at the village, or rather town, of Nieder-Selters : however, I had no sooner, as I vainly thought, bidden adieu to bottles, than I saw, like Birnham Wood coming to Dunsinane, bottles approaching me in every possible variety of attitude. It appears that all the inhabitants of Nieder-Selters are in the habit of drinking in their houses this refreshing water ; but, as the brunnen is in requisition by the Duke all day long, it is only before or after work that the private supply can be obtained : no

sooner, therefore, does the evening bell ring, than every child in the village is driven out of its house to take empty bottles to the brunnen ; and it was this singular-looking legion which was now approaching me. The children really looked as if they were made of bottles ; some wore a pyramid of them in baskets on their heads—some were laden with them hanging over their shoulders before and behind—some carried them strapped round their middle—all had their hands full ; and the little urchins that could scarcely walk were advancing, each hugging in its arms one single bottle ! In fact, at Nieder-Selters, “an infant” means a being totally unable to carry a bottle ; puberty and manhood are proved by bottles ; a strong man brags of the number he can carry ; and superannuation means being no longer able in this world to bear . . . bottles.

The road to the brunnen is actually strewn with fragments, and so are the ditches ; and when the reader is informed that, besides all he has so patiently heard, bottles are not only expended, filled, and exported, but actually are *made* at Nieder-Selters, he must admit that no writer can possibly do justice to that place unless every line of his description contains at least once the word . . . bottle. The moralists of Nieder-Selters preach on bottles. Life, they say, is a sound bottle, and death a cracked one—thoughtless men are empty bottles—drunken men are leaky ones ; and a man highly educated, fit to appear in any country and in any society, is, of course, a bottle corked, rosined, and stamped with the seal of the Duke of Nassau.

As soon as I reached the village inn, I found there all the slight accommodation I required : a tolerable dinner soon smoked on the table before me ; and, feeling that I had seen quite enough for one day of brown stone bottles, I ventured to order (merely for a change) a long-necked glass one of a vegetable fluid superior to all the mineral water in the world.

The following morning, previous to returning to the brunnen, I strolled for some time about the village ; and the best analysis I can offer of the Selters water is the plain fact, that the inhabitants of the village, who have drunk it all their lives, are certainly, by many degrees, the healthiest and ruddiest looking peasants I have anywhere met with in the dominions of the Duke of Nassau.



This day being a festival, on reaching the brunnen at eleven o'clock I found it entirely deserted—no human being was to be seen ; all had been working from three o'clock in the morning till nine, but they were now in church, and were not to return to their labor till twelve. I had, therefore, the whole establishment to myself ; and going to the famous brunnen, my first object was to taste its waters. On drinking it fresh from the source, I observed that it possessed a strong chalybeate taste, which I had never perceived on receiving it from a bottle. The three iron crates suspended to the arms of the crane were empty, and there was nothing at all upon the wooden dressers which, the evening before, I had seen so busily crowded and surrounded : in the middle of the great square were the stools on which the cork-covering women had sat ; while at some distance to the left, were the solid columns, or regiments, of uncorked bottles, which I had seen filled brimfull with pure crystal water the evening before. On approaching this brown-looking army, I was exceedingly surprised at observing from a distance that several of the bottles were noseless, and I was wondering why such should ever have been filled, when, on getting close to these troops, I perceived to my utter astonishment, that not only about one-third of them were in the same mutilated state, but that their noses were calmly lying by their sides supported by the adjoining bottles ! What could possibly have been the cause of the fatal disaster which in one single night had so dreadfully disfigured them, I was totally at a loss to imagine : the devastation which had taken place resembled the riddling of an infantry regiment under a heavy fire ; yet few of our troops, even at Waterloo, lost so great a proportion of their men as had fallen in twelve hours among these immovable phalanxes of bottles. Had they been corked one might have supposed that they had exploded, but why nothing but their noses had suffered I really felt quite incompetent to explain.

As it is always better honestly to confess one's ignorance, rather than exist under its torture, with a firm step I walked to the door of the governor of the brunnen ; and sending up to him a card, bearing the name under which I travelled, he instantly appeared, politely assuring me that he should have much pleasure in affording any information I desired.

Instantly pointing to the noseless soldiers, my instructor was good enough to inform me that bottles in vast numbers being supplied to the Duke from various manufactories, in order to prove them, they are filled brimfull (as I had seen them) with water, and being left in the same state for the night, they are the next morning visited by an officer of the Duke, whose wand of office is a thin, long-handled, little hammer, which at the moment happened to be lying before us on the ground.

It appears that the two prevailing sins to which stone bottles are prone, are having cracks, and being porous, in either of which cases they, of course, in twelve hours, leak a little.

The Duke's officer, who is judge and jury in his own *court-yard*, carries his own sentences into execution with a rapidity which even our Lord Chancellor himself can only hope eventually to imitate. Glancing his hawk-like eye along each line, the instant he sees a bottle not brimfull, without listening to long-winded arguments, he at once decides "that there can be no mistake—that there shall be no mistake;" and thus at one blow or tap of the hammer, off goes the culprit's nose. "So much for Buckingham!"

Feeling quite relieved by this solution of the mystery, I troubled the governor with a few questions, in reply to which he very kindly conducted me to his counting-house, where, in the most liberal and gentleman-like manner, he gave me all the data I required.

The following, which I extracted from the day-book, is a statement showing the number of bottles which were filled for exportation during the year 1832, with the proportionate number filled during each month.

	Large.	Small.
January, 1832 . . . . .	301	25
February . . . . .	9,235	2,100
March . . . . .	304,529	95,714
April . . . . .	207,887	49,562
May . . . . .	167,706	61,589
June . . . . .	155,688	14,063
July . . . . .	76,086	16,388
August . . . . .	58,848	9,159
September . . . . .	27,216	9,555
October . . . . .	23,512	3,297
November . . . . .	2,523	25
December . . . . .	151	44
	<hr/> 1,033,662	<hr/> 261,521

Besides the above, there is a private consumption, amounting, on an average, to very nearly half a million of bottles per annum.

It will, I hope, be recollected, that by the time a bottle is sealed, it has undergone fifteen operations, all performed by different people. The Duke, in his payments, does not enter into these details, but, delivering his own bottles, he gives  $17\frac{1}{2}$  kreuzers (nearly sixpence) for every hundred, large or small, which are placed, filled, in his magazines. The peasants, therefore, either share their labor and profits among themselves, or the whole of the operations are occasionally performed by the different members of one family; but so much activity is required in constantly stopping and carrying off the bottles, that this work is principally performed by young women of eighteen or nineteen, assembled from all the neighboring villages; and who, by working from three in the morning till seven at night, can gain a florin a day, or 30 florins a month, Sunday (excepting during prayers) not being, I am sorry to say, at Nieder-Selters, a day of rest.

For the bottles themselves the Duke pays  $4\frac{1}{2}$  florins per cent. for the large ones, and 3 florins per cent. for the small ones. The large bottles, when full, he sells at the brunnen for 13 florins a hundred.

His profit, last year, deducting all expenses, appeared to be, as nearly as possible, 50,000 florins; and yet, this brunnen was originally sold to the Duke's ancestor for a single butt of wine!

On coming out of the office, the establishment was all alive again, and the peasants being in their Sunday clothes, the picture was highly colored. Young women in groups of four and five, with little white or red caps perched on the tops of their heads, from which streamed three or four broad ribands of different colors, denoting the villages they proceeded from, in various directions, singing as they went, were walking together, heavily laden with bottles. They were dressed in blue petticoats, clean white shifts tucked above the elbows, with colored stays laced, or rather half unlaced, in front. Old women, covering the corks with leather, in similar costume, but in colors less gaudy, were displaying an activity much more vigorous than their period of life. Across this party-colored, well-arranged system, which was as regular in its movements as the planets in their orbits, an officer of the

Duke, like a comet, occasionally darted from the office to the brunnen, or from the tiers of empty bottles which had not yet been proved, to the magazine of full ones ready to embark on their travels.

In quitting the premises, as I passed the regiments of bottles, an operation was proceeding which I had not before witnessed. Women in wooden shoes were reversing the full bottles ; in fact, without driving these brown soldiers from their position, they were making them stand upon their heads instead of upon their heels—the object of this military somerset being to empty them ; however, every noseless bottle, water and all, was hurled over a wall, into a bin prepared on purpose to receive them ; and the smashing sound of devastation which proceeded from this odd-looking operation it would be very difficult to describe.

Having now witnessed about as much as I desired of the lively brunnen of Nieder-Selters, I bade adieu to this well-regulated establishment, feeling certain that its portrait would, in future, re-appear before my mind, in all its vivid colors, whensoever and wheresoever I might drink the refreshing, wholesome beverage obtained from its bright, sparkling source. My carriage had long been waiting at the gate ; however, having aroused my lumbering and slumbering driver, I retraced my steps, was slowly re-jolted homeward, and it was late before I reached my peaceful abode in the gay, green little valley of Schlangenbad.

## THE MONASTERY OF EBERBACH.

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EXACTLY at the appointed moment, Luy with his favorite ass, Katherinchen, appeared at the door of the new Bad-Haus ; the day, overcast with clouds, was quite cool, and, under such favorable auspices, starting at twelve o'clock, in less than a hundred yards we were all hidden in the immense forest which encircles that portion of the duchy of Nassau which looks down upon the Maine and the Rhine. For about an hour, the ass, who after the second turn seemed to be perfectly sensible where she was carrying me, patiently threaded her way along narrow paths, which, constantly crossing each other at various angles, seemed sufficient to puzzle even the brain of a philosopher : however, although human intellect is said to be always on the march, yet we often find brute instinct far before it ; and certainly it did appear that Katherinchen's knowledge of the *carte du pays* of Nassau was equal almost to that of "The Duke" himself. Sometimes we suddenly came to tracks of wheels which seemed to have been formed by carriages that had not only dropped from, but had returned back to, the clouds, for they began *à propos* to nothing, and vanished in an equally unaccountable manner. Sometimes we came to patches bare of timber, except here and there an old oak left on purpose to supply acorns for the swine ; then again we followed a path which seemed only to belong to deer, being so narrow that we were occasionally obliged to force our way through the bushes ; at last, all of a sudden, I unexpectedly found myself on the very brink of a most picturesque and precipitous valley.

Close above me, standing proudly on its rock, and pointing to a heavy white cloud which happened at the moment to be passing

over it, was the great pillar or tower of Sharfenstein, a castle formerly the residence of the bishops of Mainz. The village of Kiedrich lay crouching at a considerable depth beneath, the precipitous bank which connected us with it being a vineyard, in which every here and there were seen flights of rough stone steps, to enable the peasants to climb to their work. By a rocky path, about a foot or nine inches broad, Katherinchen, with Luy following as if tied to her tail, diagonally descended through this grape garden, until we at last reached the village mill, the wheel of which I had long observed indolently turning under a stream of water scarcely heavy enough for its purpose. The little village of Kiedrich, as I rode by it, appeared to be a confused congregation of brown hovels and green gardens, excepting a large slated mansion of the Baron von Ritter, whose tower of Sharfenstein now seemed in the clouds, as if to draw the lightning from the village; and almost breaking my neck to look up to it, I could not help feeling, as I turned towards the east, how proud its laird must be at seeing every morning its gigantic shadow lying across the valley, then paying its diurnal visit to every habitation, thus eclipsing for a few moments, from each vassal, even the sun in the heavens.

After passing Kiedrich, I again entered the forest, and for above an hour there was little to be seen except the noble trees which encompassed me; but the mind soon gets accustomed to ever so short a tether, and though I could seldom see fifty yards, yet within that distance there existed always plenty of minute objects to interest me. The foliage of the beeches shone beautifully clear and brilliant, and there were new shoots, which, being lighter in color than the old, had much the appearance of the autumnal tint, yet when the error was discovered, one gladly acknowledged that youth had been mistaken for age. The forest now suddenly changed from beech trees into an army of oaks which seemed to be, generally speaking, about fifty years of age: among them, however, there stood here and there a few weather-beaten veterans, who had survived the race of comrades with whom they had once flourished; but we must drop the military metaphor, for their hearts were gone—their bodies had mouldered away—nothing but one side was left—in fact, they were more like sentry-boxes

than sentinels, and yet, in this decayed state, they were decked with leaves as cheerfully as the rest. In this verdant picture there was one pale object which, for a few moments, as I passed it, particularly attracted my attention: it was an immense oak, which had been struck dead by lightning; it had been, and indeed still was, the tallest to be seen in the forest, and pride and presumption had apparently drawn it to its fate. Every leaf, every twig, every small branch was gone;—barkless—blasted—and blanched,—its limbs seemed stretched into the harshest outlines; a human corpse could not form a greater contrast with a living man, than this tree did with the soft green foliage waving around it; it stood stark—stiff—jagged as the lightning itself; and as its forked, sapless branches pointed towards the sky, it seemed as if no one could dare pass it without secretly feeling that there exists a power which can annihilate as well as create, and that what the fool said in his heart—was wrong! I, however, had not much time for this sort of reflection, for whenever Katherinchen, coming to two paths, selected the right one, Luy from behind was heard loudly applauding her sagacity, which he had previously declared to be superior to that of all the asses in Nassau—and yet Luy, in his more humble department, deserved quite as much praise as Katherinchen herself.

He was a slender, intelligent, active man, of about thirty, dressed in a blue smock-frock, girded round the middle by the buff Nassau belt; and though, from some cause or other, which he could never satisfactorily account for, his mouth always smelt of rum, yet he was never at a loss—always ready for an expedition, and foot-sore or not, the day seemed never long enough to tire him. The fellow was naturally of an enterprising disposition, and the winters in Nassau being long and cheerless, it occurred to Luy on his march, that were he with Katherinchen and his other two asses to go to England (of which he had only heard that it was the richest country under the sun), they would no doubt there be constantly employed for the whole twelvemonth, instead of only finding lady and gentlemen riders at Schlangenbad for a couple of months in the year. His project seemed to himself a most brilliant one, and though I could not enter into it quite as warmly as he did (indeed I almost ruined his hopes by merely

hinting that our sea, which he had never heard of, might possibly object to his driving asses from Schlangenbad to London), yet I inwardly felt that poor Luy's speculation had quite as sound a foundation, displayed quite as much knowledge of the world, and had infinitely less roguery in it, than the bubble projects of more civilized countries, which have too often eventually turned out to be nothing more nor less than ass-driving with a vengeance.

After winding my way through the trees for a considerable time, inclining gently to the left, I suddenly saw close before me, at the bottom of a most sequestered valley, the object of my journey,—namely, the very ancient monastery of EBERBACH. The sylvan loveliness, and the peaceful retirement of this spot, I strongly feel it is quite impossible to describe. Almost surrounded by hills or rather mountains, clothed with forest trees, one does not expect to find at the bottom of such a valley an immense solitary building, which in size and magnificence not only corresponds with the bold features of the country, but seems worthy of a place in any of the largest capitals of Europe.

The irregular building, with its dome, spires, statues, and high slated roofs, looks like the palace of some powerful king; and yet the monarch has apparently no subjects but the forest trees, which on all sides almost touch the architecture, and even closely environ the garden walls.

A spot better suited to any being or race of beings who wished to say to the world, "*Fare thee well; and if for ever, still for ever fare thee well!*" could scarcely be met with on its vast circumference; and certainly, if it were possible for the vegetable creation to compensate a man for losing the society of his fellow-creatures, the woods of Eberbach would, in a high degree, afford him that consolation.—A more lovely and romantic situation for a monastery could not have existed; yet I should have wondered how it could possibly have been discovered, had not its history most clearly explained that marvel.

In the year 1131, St. Bernhard, the famous preacher of the crusade (whose followers eventually possessed, merely in the Rhine-gau, six monastic establishments—namely, Tiefenthal, Gottesthal, Eberbach, Eibinger, Nothgottes, and Marienhausen), was attacked by a holy itch, or irresistible determination to erect



a monastery ; but not knowing where to drop the foundation-stone, he consulted, it is said, a wild boar, on this important subject. The sagacious creature shrewdly listened to the human being who addressed it ; and a mysterious meeting being agreed upon, he silently grubbed with his snout, in the valley of Eberbach, lines marking out the foundation of the building ; and certainly such a lovely sty, for men basking in sunshine, to snore away their existence, no animal but a pig would ever have thought of !

St. Bernhard, highly approving of the boar's taste, employed the best architects to carry his plan into execution ; and sparing no expense, a magnificent cathedral—a large palace with a monastery connected together by colonnades, as well as ornamented in various places with the image of a pig, its founder—were quickly reared upon the spot ; and when all was completed, monks were brought to the abode, and the holy hive, for many centuries, was heard buzzing in the wild mountains which surrounded it : however, in the year 1803, the Duke of Nassau took violent possession of its honey, and its inmates were thus rudely shaken from their cells. Three or four of the monks, of this once wealthy establishment, are all that now remain in existence, and their abode has ever since been used partly as a government prison, and partly as a public asylum for lunatics.

Before entering the great gate, which was surmounted by colossal figures of the Virgin Mary, St. John, and the great St. Bernhard himself, I was advised by my cicerone, Luy, to go to some grotto he kept raving about ; and as Katherinchen's nose also seemed placidly to point the same way, I left the monastery, and through a plantation of very fine oaks, which were growing about twenty feet asunder, we ascended, by zigzags, a hill surmounted by a beautiful plantation of firs ; and the moment I reached the summit, there suddenly flashed upon me a view of the Rhine, which, without any exception, I should say, is the finest I have witnessed in this country. Uninterrupted by anything but its own long, narrow islands, I beheld the course of the river, from Johannisburg to Mainz, which two points formed, from the grotto where I stood, an angle of about 120 degrees. Between me and the water lay, basking in the sunshine, the Rhein-gau, covered with vine yards, or surrounded by large patches of corn, which were evi

dently just ready for the sickle ; but the harvest not having actually commenced, the only moving objects in the picture were young women with white handkerchiefs on their heads, busily pruning the vines ; and the Cöln, or, as it might more properly be termed, the *English* steam-boat, which, immediately before me, was gliding against the stream towards Mainz. On the opposite side of the Rhine, an immense country, highly cultivated, but without a fence, was to be seen.

Turning my back upon this noble prospect, the monastery lay immediately beneath me, so completely surrounded by the forest, that it looked as if, ready-built, it had been dropped from heaven upon its site.

A more noble-looking residence could hardly be imagined, and the zigzag walks and plantations of fir imparted to it a gentleman-like appearance, which I could not sufficiently admire ; yet, notwithstanding the rural beauty of the place, I felt within me a strong emotion of pity for those poor, forlorn, misguided beings, whose existence had been uselessly squandered in such mistaken seclusion ; and I could not help fancying how acutely, from the spot on which I stood, they might have compared the moral loneliness of their mansion with the natural joy and loveliness of that river scenery from which their relentless mountain had severed them : indeed, I hope my reader will not think an old man too Anacreontic for saying, that if anything in this world could penetrate the sackcloth garment of a monk, “ and wring his bosom,” it would be the sight of what I had just turned my back upon—namely, a vineyard full of women ! That the fermentation of the grape was intended to cheer decrepitude, and that the affections of a softer sex were made to brighten the zenith of mid-day life, are truths which, within the walls of a convent or a monastery, it must have been most exquisite torture to reflect upon.

As I descended from the grotto, I saw beneath me, entering the great gate of the building, half a dozen carts laden with wood, each drawn by six prisoners. None being in irons, and the whole gang being escorted by a single soldier in the Nassau uniform, I was at first surprised,—why, when they penetrated the forest, they did not all run away ! However, fear of punishment held them together : there being no large cities in the duchy, they had

nowhere to run, but to their own homes, where they would instantly have been recaptured; and though, to a stranger like myself, the forest seemed to offer them protection, yet it was certain death by starvation to remain in it.

On entering the great square, I found it would be necessary to apply to the commandant of the establishment for permission to view it. I accordingly waited upon him, and was agreeably surprised at being politely informed by him, in English, that he would be proud and most happy to attend me. He was a fine, erect, soldier-like looking man, of about forty, seventeen years of which he had reigned in this valley over prisoners and lunatics; the average number of the former being 250, and of the latter about 100.

As I was following him along some very handsome cloisters, I observed, hanging against a wall, twenty-five pictures in oil, of monks, all dressed in the same austere costume, and in features as in dress so much resembling each other, that the only apparent distinction between them was the name of each individual, whose barren, useless existence was thus intended to be commemorated beyond the narrow grave which contained him. Ascending a stone staircase, I now came to the lower division of the prison, one-half being appropriated to women, and the other to men.

Although I had been for the whole day enjoying pure fresh air, yet the establishment was so exceedingly clean, that there was no smell of any sort to offend me. The monks' cells had in many places been thrown by threes into large rooms for tailors, weavers, carpenters, shoemakers, &c., &c.—each of these trades working separately, under the direction of one overseer. In all these chambers every window was wide open, the walls were white-washed, and the blanched floors were without stain; indeed, this excessive cleanliness, although highly praised by me, and exceedingly attractive to any English traveller, probably forms no small part of the punishment of the prison; for there is nothing that practically teases dirty people more than to inflict upon them foreign habits of cleanliness. The women's rooms were similarly arranged, and the same cleanliness and industry insisted upon; while, for younger culprits, there was an excellent school, where they were daily taught religious singing, reading, writing, arith

metic, and weaving. Having finished with this floor, I mounted to the upper story, where, in solitary cells, were confined patients who had relapsed, or, in plainer terms, culprits who had been convicted a second time of the same offence.

Many of these unfortunate people were undergoing a sentence of three, four, and five years' imprisonment: and to visit them, as I did in their cells, was, I can assure my reader, anything but pleasing. On the outside of each door hung a small black board, upon which was laconically inscribed, in four words, the name and surname of the captive—his or her offence—and the sentence. I found that their crimes, generally speaking, were what we should call petty thefts—such as killing the Duke's game—stealing his wood—his grass, &c., &c.

As I paid my melancholy visits, one after another, to these poor people, I particularly observed that they seemed, at least, to be in the enjoyment (if, without liberty, it may be so termed) of good health; the natural effect of the cool, temperate lives they were obliged to lead, and the pure fresh air which came to each of them through a small open window; yet so soon as their doors were opened there was an eagerness in their countenances, and a peculiar anxiety in their manner of fixing their eyes upon mine, which seemed to curdle into despondency, as the door was rapidly closed between us. Each individual had some work to perform—one man had just finished a coffin for a poor maniac who had lately ended his melancholy career—the lid, instead of being flat, was a four-sided prism, and on the upper slab, there was painted in black a cross very nearly the length of the coffin.

So long as the soldier, in his buff belt, who attended the commandant, continued to unlock for me and lock the dungeons of the male prisoners, so long did I feel myself capable of witnessing their contents; for to see *men* suffer, is what we are all more or less accustomed to; but as soon as he came to the women's cells, I felt, certainly for the first time in my existence, that I should be obliged to abandon my colors, and cease to be of the scene before me—a "reviewer."

In the countenance of the very first female captive that I beheld, I could not but remark a want of firmness, for the possession of which I had not given to the other sex sufficient credit—the

poor woman (to be sure she might have been a mother) showed an anxiety for her release which was almost hysterical; and hurrying towards me, she got so close to the door, that it was absolutely forcibly slammed by the soldier, almost in her face.

In the third cell that I came to, there stood up before me with a distaff in her hand, a young, slight-made peasant girl of about eighteen; her hair was black, and her countenance seemed to be beaming with innocence and excessive health. She was the only prisoner who did not immediately fix her eyes upon mine; but, neither advancing nor retiring, she stood, looking downwards, with an expression of grief, which I expected every moment, somewhere or other, would burst into tears. Such a living picture of youthful unhappiness I felt myself incapable of gazing upon; and the door, being closed upon her, was no sooner locked, than I thanked the commandant for his civility, adding, that I would not trouble the soldier to open any more of the cells, observing, as an excuse, that I perceived they were all alike.

After standing some time and listening to the rules and discipline of the prison, I inquired of the commandant whether he had any prisoners confined for any greater crimes than those which I have already mentioned, to which he replied in the negative; and he was going to descend the staircase, when I asked him, as coldly as I could, to be so good as to state for what offence the young person I had just left was suffering so severely. The commandant, with silent dignity, instantly referred me to the little black board, on which was written the girl's name (I need not repeat it) and her crime, which, to my very great astonishment, turned out to be "DISSOLUTE;" and it was because she had been convicted a second time of this offence, that she was imprisoned, as I saw her, in a cell, which, like the others, had only one small window in the roof, from which nothing was to be seen but what she, perhaps, least dared to look at—the heavens! I certainly, from her appearance, did not judge rightly of her character: however, upon such points I neither outwardly profess, nor inwardly do I believe myself, to be what is vulgarly termed—knowing. Had I looked into the poor girl's countenance for guilt, it is most probable I should not have searched there in vain, but at her youthful age, one sought for feelings of a better cast;

and, notwithstanding what was written on the black board, those feelings most certainly did exist, as I have very faintly described them.

I now accompanied the commandant (going along, I may just observe that he had learned English from his father, who had served as an officer in our German Legion) to another part of the monastery, which had long been fitted up as an asylum for lunatics, most of whom were provided for by the Nassau government, the rest being people of family, supplied with every requisite by their friends.

There was but little here which particularly attracted my attention. In clean, airy rooms, formed out of three cells, as in the prison, there lived together from eight to ten lunatics, many of whom appeared to be harmless and even happy, although, in the corner of the room, there certainly was a large iron cage for refractory or dangerous patients. In one of these groups stood a madman, who had been a medical student. He was about thirty years of age, extremely dark, exceedingly powerfully made, —and no sooner did I enter the room, than raising his eyes from a book which he was reading, he fixed them (folding his arms at the time) upon me, with a ferocity of countenance, which formed a very striking contrast to the expression of imbecility which characterized the rest of his companions. The longer he looked at me, the deeper and the darker was his frown; and though I steadily returned it, yet, from the flashing of his eyes, I really believed that, like a wild beast, he would have sprung upon me, had I not followed the soldier to the next room.

Having inspected the great apartments, I next visited the cells in which were confined those who were not fitted for intercourse with others; they were generally of a gloomy temperament. Some were lying on their beds, apparently asleep; while some, particularly women, actually tried to escape, but were mildly repressed by the commandant, whose manner towards them seemed to be an admirable mixture, in about equal parts, of mildness and immovable firmness.

I should have continued along the passage which connected these cells, but the poor creature, whose coffin I had seen, was lying there; I therefore left the building, and went into a great

garden of the monastery, filled with standard fruit-trees, which had been planted there by the monks. In this secluded spot there was a sort of summer-house, where the worst lunatic cases were in confinement; none, however, were in chains; though some were so violent, that the commandant made a sign to the soldier not to disturb them.

Having now very gratefully taken leave of the deserving officer in charge of this singular establishment for crime and lunacy, the whole of which was admirably kept in complete subjection by a garrison of eight soldiers, for a considerable time I strolled alone about the premises. Sometimes I looked at ancient figures of a boar, which I found in more than one place, rudely carved both on wood and stone; then I wandered into the old cathedral, which was now strangely altered from the days of its splendor, for the glass in its Gothic windows having been broken, had been plastered up with mud, while upon the tombs of bishops and of abbots there were lying corn in sheaves,—heaps of chaff,—bundles of green grass.

My attention was now very particularly attracted by the venerable entrance-gate of the monastery, which, on turning a corner, suddenly appeared before me, surmounted by colossal statues of the Great St. Bernhard with his crosier—of St. John, holding a long thin cross, at the foot of which there was seated a lamb—and the Virgin Mary, who, with a glory round her head, and an olive branch in her hand, stood in the centre, considerably exalted above both.

The sun had long ago set—and I was no sooner immediately under the great arched gateway, than, leaning on my staff, I stood as it were riveted to the ground at the sight of the moon, which, having risen above the great hill, was shining directly upon the picturesque pile and images above my head.

As in silence and solitude I gazed upon the lovely planet, which majestically rose before me, growing brighter and brighter as the daylight decayed, I could not help feeling what strange changes she had witnessed in the little valley of Eberbach! Before the recorded meeting of the "*sus atque sacerdos*," she had seen it for ages and ages existing alone in peaceful retirement—one generation of oaks and beech-trees had been succeeded by another, while

no human being had felt disposed either to flourish or to decay among this vegetable community. After this solemn interview with the pig, she had seen the great St. Bernhard collecting workmen and materials, and as in the midst of them he stood waving his cross, she had observed a monastery rise as if by magic from the earth, rapidly over-topping the highest of the trees which surrounded it. In the days of its splendor she had witnessed provisions and revenues of all sorts entering its lofty walls, but though processions glittered in its interior, nothing was known by her to have been exported save a matin and vesper moan, which, accompanying the wind as it swept along the valley, was heard gradually dying, until, in a few moments, it had either ceased to exist, or it had lost itself among the calm, gentle rustling of the leaves. Lastly, she had seen the monks of St. Bernhard driven from their fastness—and from their holy cells, as with full splendor she had since periodically gazed in midnight upon the convent, too often had she heard—first, the scream of the poor maniac, uttered, as her round gentle light shone mildly upon his brain; and then his wild laugh of grief, as, starting from a distempered sleep, he forced his burning forehead against the barred window of his cell, as if, like Henri Quatre,—

“Pour prendre la lune avec ses dents.”

As she proceeded in her silent course, shining successively into each window of the monastery, how often did she now see the criminal lying on the couch of the bigot—and the prostitute solitarily immured in the cell of celibacy! The madman is now soundly sleeping where the fanatic had in vain sought for repose—and the knave unwillingly suffering for theft where the hypocrite had voluntarily confined himself!

From a crowd of these reflections, which, like mushrooms, rapidly grew up by the light of the moon, I was aroused by Katherinchen and her satellite Luy, whose heads (scarcely visible from the shadow of the great gateway), pointing homewards, mildly hinted that it was time I should return there; but on my entering the convent, rather an odd scene presented itself. The supper of the unatics, distributed in separate plates, being ready in the great



kitchen, like a pack of hounds, they were all of a sudden let loose, and their appetites sufficiently governing their judgments, each was deemed perfectly competent to hunt for his own food, which was no sooner obtained, than, like an ant, he busily carried it off to his cell. The prisoners were also fed from another kitchen at the same hour; and as certain cravings, which with considerable dignity I had long repressed, were painfully irritated by the very savory smells which assailed me, stopping for a moment, I most gladly partook of the madman's fare, and then, full of soup and of the odd scenes I had witnessed, leisurely seating myself in my saddle, guided by Katherinchen, and followed by Luy, we retraced our intricate paths through the forest, until, late at night, we found ourselves once again in sight of the little lamps which light up the garden and bowers of my resting-place, or caravanserai—the New Bad-Haus of Schlangenbad.

## JOURNEY TO MAINZ.



HAVING occasion to go to Mainz, I sent over-night to apprise the ass, Katherinchen, and the groom of her bedchamber, Luy, that I should require the one to carry, the other to follow me to that place. Accordingly, when seven o'clock, the hour of my departure, arrived, on descending the staircase of the great Bad-Haus, I found Luy in light marching order, leaning against one of the plane trees in the shrubbery, but no quadruped ! In the man's dejected countenance it was at once legible that his Katherinchen neither was nor would be forthcoming ; and he had begun to ejaculate a very long-winded lamentation, in which I heard various times repeated something about sacks of flour and Langen-Schwalbach : however, Luy's sighs smelt so strongly of rum, that not feeling as sentimental on the subject as himself, I at once prevailed upon him to hire for me from a peasant a little long-tailed pony, which he accordingly very soon brought to the door. The wretched creature (which for many years had evidently been the property of a poor man) had been employed for several months in the driest of all worldly occupations, namely, in carrying hard stone bottles to the great brunnen of Nieder-Selters, and had only the evening before returned from that uninteresting job. It was evident she had had allotted to her much more work than food, and as she stood before me with a drooping head, she shut her eyes as if she were going to sleep. I at first determined on sending the poor animal back, but being assured by Luy that, in that case, she would have much harder work to perform, I reluctantly mounted her, and at a little jog-trot, which seemed to be her best—her worst—in fact, her only pace, we both, in very humble spirits, placidly proceeded towards Mainz.

Luy, who, besides what he had swallowed, had naturally a great deal of spirit of his own, by no means, however, liked being left behind ; and though I had formally bidden him adieu, and was greatly rejoiced that I had done so, yet, while I was ascending the mountain, happening to look behind me, I saw the fellow following me at a distance like a wolf. I, therefore, immediately pulled up my rein, a hint which the pony most readily understood, and as Luy came up, I told him very positively he must return. Seeing that he was detected, he at once gave up the point ; yet the faithful vassal, still having a hankering to perform for me some little parting service, humbly craved permission to see if the pony's shoes were, to use the English expression, "all right." The two fore ones were declared by him (with a hiccup) to be exactly as they should be ; but no sooner did he proceed to make his tipsy reflections on the hind ones, than in one second the pony seemed by magic converted into a mad creature ! Luy fell, as if struck by lightning, to the ground, while the tiny thing, with its head between its legs (for the rein had been lying loose on its neck), commenced a series of most violent kicks, which I seriously thought would never come to an end.

As good luck would have it, I happened, during the operation, to cleave pretty closely to my saddle, but what thunder-clap had so suddenly soured the mild disposition of my palfrey, I was totally unable to conceive ! It turned out, however, that the poor thing's paroxysm had been caused by an unholy alliance that had taken place between the root of her tail and the bowl of Luy's pipe, which, on his reeling against her, had become firmly entangled in the hair, and it was because it remained there for about half a minute, burning her very violently, that she had kicked, or, as a lawyer would term it, had protested in the violent manner and form I have described.

After I had left Luy, it took some time before the poor frightened creature could forget the strange mysterious sensation she had experienced ; however, her mind, like her tail, gradually becoming easy, her head drooped, the rein again hung on her neck, and in a mile or two we continued to jog on together in as good and sober fellowship as if no such eccentric calamity had befallen us.

As we were thus ascending the mountain by a narrow path, we came suddenly to a tree laden with most beautiful black cherries, evidently dead ripe. The poor idiot of Schlangenbad had escaped from the hovel in which he had passed so many years of his vacant existence, and I here found him literally gorging himself with the fruit. For a moment he stopped short in his meal, wildly rolling his eyes, and looking at me, as if his treacherous, faithless brain could not clearly tell him whether I was a friend or an enemy ; however, his craving stomach being much more violent than any reflections the poor creature had power to entertain, he suddenly seemed to abandon all thought, and again greedily returned to his work. He was a man of about thirty, with features, separately taken, remarkably handsome ; he had fine hazel eyes, an aquiline nose, and a good mouth ; yet there was a horrid twist in the arrangement in which not only his features but his whole frame was put together, which, at a single glance, pointed him out to me as one of those poor beings who, here and there, are mysteriously sent to make their appearance on this earth, as if practically to explain to mankind, and negatively to prove to them, the inestimable blessing of reason, which is but too often thanklessly enjoyed.

The cherries, which were hanging in immense clusters around us, were plucked five or six at a time by the poor lame creature before me ; but his thumb and two fore-fingers being apparently paralyzed, he was obliged to grasp the fruit with his two smallest, and thus, by a very awkward turn of his elbow, he seemed apparently to be eating the cherries out of the palm of his hand, which was raised completely above his head.

Not a cherry did he bite, but with canine voracity, he continued to swallow them, stones and all ; however, there was evidently a sharp angle or tender corner in his throat, for I particularly remarked, that whenever the round fruit passed a certain point, it caused the idiot's eyes to roll, and a slight convulsion in his frame continued until the cherry had reached the place of its destination.

The enormous quantity of ripe fruit which I saw this poor creature swallow in the way I have described quite astonished me ; however, it was useless to attempt to offer him advice, so instead

I gave him what all people like so much better—a little money—partly to enable him to buy 'himself' richer food, and partly because I wished to see whether he had sense enough to attach any value to it.

The silver was no sooner in his hand than, putting it most rationally into the loose pocket of his ragged, coarse cloth trowsers, he instantly returned to his work with as much avidity as ever. Seeing that there was to be no end to his meal, I left him hard at it, and continued to ascend the hill, until the path, suddenly turning to the right, took me by a level track into the great forest.

The sun had hitherto been very unpleasantly hot, but I was now sheltered from its rays, while the pure mountain air gave to the foliage a brightness which, in the Schlangenbad woods, I have so often stopped to admire. Although it was midsummer, the old brown beech leaves of the last year still covered the surface of the ground; yet they were so perfectly dry, that far from there being anything unhealthy or gloomy in their appearance, they formed a very beautiful contrast with the bright, clean, polished leaves, as well as with the white, shining bark of the beech trees out of which they had only a year ago sprung into existence. This russet covering of the ground was, generally speaking, in shade, but every here and there were bright sparkling patches of sunshine, which, having penetrated the foliage, shone like gaudy patterns in a dark carpet.

As the breeze gently stole among the trees, their branches in silence bowing as it passed them, these brown leaves, being crisp and dry, occasionally moved;—occasionally they were more violently turned over by small fallow deer, which sometimes darted suddenly across my path, their skin clean as the foliage on which they slept—their eye darker than the night, yet brighter than the pure stream from which they drank.

Enjoying the variety of this placid scene, I took every opportunity, in search of novelty, to change my track; still from the position of the sun, always knowing whereabouts I was, I contrived ultimately to proceed in the direction I desired, and after having been for a considerable time completely enveloped in the forest, I suddenly burst into hot sunshine close to Georgenborn, a little village, hanging most romantically on the mountain's side.

The Rhine, and the immense country beyond it, now flashed upon my view, and as I trotted along the unassuming street, it was impossible to help admiring the magnificent prospect which these humble villagers constantly enjoyed; however, the mind, like the eye, soon becomes careless of the beauties of creation, and as my pony jogged onwards in his course, I found that the cottagers looked upon us both with much greater interest than upon that everlasting traveller the Rhine. Every woman we met, with great civility grunted "Guten Morgen!" as we passed her, while each mountain peasant seen standing at a door, or even at a window, made obeisance to us as we crossed his meridian, all people's eyes following us as far as they could reach.

From Georgenborn, descending a little, we crossed a piece of table or level land, on which there stood a rock of a very striking appearance. Where it had come from, Heaven (from whence apparently it had fallen) probably only knows. As if from the force with which it had been dropped upon its site, it had split into two pieces, separated by a yawning crevice, yet small trees or bushes had grown upon each summit, while the same beech foliage appeared in the forest which surrounded them.

Passing close beneath this rock, I continued trotting towards the east for about a league, when, gradually descending into a milder climate, I was hailed by the vineyards which luxuriously surrounded the sequestered little village of Frauenstein.

Upon a rock overhanging the hamlet, there stood solemnly before me the remains of the old castle of Frauenstein, or Frankenstein, supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century. In the year 1300 it was sold to the Archbishop Gerhardt, of Mainz, but soon afterwards, being ruined by the Emperor Albrecht I. in a tithe war which he waged against the prelate, it was restored to its original possessors.

But what more than its castle attracted my attention in the village of Frauenstein, was an immense plane tree, the limbs of which had originally been trained almost horizontally, until, unable to support their own weight, they were now maintained by a scaffolding of stout props. Under the parental shadow of this venerable tree, the children of the village were sitting in every sort of group and attitude; one or two of their mothers, in loose,

easy dishabille, were spinning, many people were leaning against the upright scaffolding, and a couple of asses were enjoying the cool shade of the beautiful foliage, while their drivers were getting hot and tipsy in a wine-shop, the usual sign of which is in Germany the branch of a tree fixed to the door-post.

As I had often heard of the celebrated tree of Frauenstein, before which I now stood, I resolved not to quit it until I had informed myself of its history, for which I well knew I had only to apply to the proper authorities ; for in Germany, in every little village, there exists a huge volume either deposited in the church, or in charge of an officer called the *Schuldheisz*, in which the history of every castle, town, or object of importance is carefully preserved. The young peasant reads it with enthusiastic delight, the old man reflects upon it with silent pride, and to any traveller searching for antiquarian lore, its venerable pages are most liberally opened, and the simple information they contain generously and gratuitously bestowed.

On inquiring for the history of this beautiful tree, I was introduced to a sort of doomsday-book about as large as a church Bible ; and when I compared this volume with a little secluded spot so totally unknown to the world as the valley or glen of Frauenstein, I was surprised to find that the auto-biography of the latter could be so bulky,—in short, that it had so much to say of itself. But it is the common weakness of man, and particularly, I acknowledged, of an old man, to fancy that all his thoughts, as well as actions, are of vast importance to the world ; why, therefore, should not the humble Frauenstein be pardoned for an offence which we are all in the habit of committing ?

In this ancient volume, the *rigmarole* history of the tree was told with so much eccentric German genius, it displayed such a graphic description of highborn sentiments and homely life, and altogether it formed so curious a specimen of the contents of these strange sentimental village histories, that I procured the following literal translation, in which the German idiom is faithfully preserved at the expense of our English phraseology.

## LEGEND OF THE GREAT PLANE TREE OF FRAUENSTEIN.

THE old Count Kuno seized with a trembling hand the pilgrim's staff—he wished to seek peace for his soul, for long repentance consumed his life. Years ago he had banished from his presence his blooming son, because he loved a maiden of ignoble race. The son, marrying her, secretly withdrew. For some time the Count remained in his castle in good spirits—looked cheerfully down the valley—heard the stream rush under his windows—thought little of perishable life. His tender wife watched over him, and her lovely daughter renovated his sinking life; but he who lives in too great security is marked in the end by the hand of God, and while it takes from him what is most beloved, it warns him that here is not our place of abode.

The “Haus-frau” (wife) died, and the Count buried the companion of his days; his daughter was solicited by the most noble of the land, and because he wished to ingraft this last shoot on a noble stem, he allowed her to depart, and then solitary and alone he remained in his fortress. So stands deserted upon the summit of the mountain, with withered top, an oak!—moss is its last ornament—the storm sports with its last few dry leaves.

A gay circle no longer fills the vaulted chambers of the castle—no longer through them does the cheerful goblet's “clang” resound. The Count's nightly footsteps echo back to him, and by the glimmer of the chandeliers the accoutred images of his ancestors appear to writhe and move on the wall as if they wished to speak to him. His armor, sullied by the web of the vigilant spider, he could not look at without sorrowful emotion. Its gentle creaking against the wall made him shudder.

“Where art thou,” he mournfully exclaimed, “thou who art banished? oh my son, wilt thou think of thy father, as he of thee thinks—or . . . art thou dead? and is that thy flitting spirit which rustles in my armor, and so feebly moves it? Did I but know where to find thee, willingly to the world's end would I in repentant wandering journey—so heavily it oppresses me what I have done to thee!—I can no longer remain—forth will I go to the God of Mercy, in order, before the image of Christ in the Garden of Olives, to expiate my sins!”



So spoke the aged man—enveloped his trembling limbs in the garb of repentance—took the cockle-hat—and seized with the right hand (that formerly was accustomed to the heavy war-sword) the light long pilgrim's staff. Quietly he stole out of the castle, the steep path descending, while the porter looked after him astounded, without demanding "Whither?"

For many days the old man's feet bore him wide away; at last he reached a small village, in the middle of which, opposite to a ruined castle, there stands a very ancient plane tree. Five arms, each resembling a stem, bent towards the earth, and almost touched it. The old men of former times were sitting underneath it, in the still evening, just as the Count went by; he was greeted by them, and invited to repose. As he seated himself by their side, "You have a beautiful plane tree, neighbors," he said.

"Yes," replied the oldest of the men, pleased with the praise bestowed by the pilgrim on the tree; "it was nevertheless PLANTED IN BLOOD!"

"How is that?" said the Count.

"That will I also relate," said the old man. "Many years ago there came a young man here, in knightly garb, who had a young woman with him, beautiful and delicate, but, apparently from their long journey, worn out. Pale were her cheeks, and her head, covered with beautiful golden locks, hung upon her conductor's shoulder. Timidly he looked round—for, from some reason, he appeared to fear all men; yet, in compassion for his feeble companion, he wished to conduct her to some secure hut, where her tender feet might repose. There, under that ivy-grown tower, stands a lonely house belonging to the old lord of the castle; thither staggered the unhappy man with his dear burden, but scarcely had he entered the dwelling, than he was seized by the Prince, with whose niece he was clandestinely eloping. Then was the noble youth brought bound, and where this plane tree now spreads its roots flowed his young blood! The maiden went into a convent; but before she disappeared, she had this plane tree planted on the spot where the blood of her lover flowed: since then it is as if a spirit life were in the tree that cannot die, and no one likes a little twig to cut off, or pluck a cluster of blossoms, because he fears it would bleed."

"God's will be done!" exclaimed suddenly the old Count, and departed.

"That is an odd man," said the most venerable of the peasants, eyeing the stranger who was hastening away; "he must have something that heavily oppresses his soul, for he speaks not, and hastens away; but, neighbors, the evening draws on apace, and the evenings in spring are not warm; I think in the white clouds yonder, towards the Rhine, are still concealed some snow-storms—let us come to the warm hearth."

The neighbors went their way, while the aged Count, in deep thought, passed up through the village, at the end of which he found himself before the churchyard. Terrific black crosses looked upon the traveller—the graves were netted over with brambles and wild roses—no foot tore asunder the entwinement. On the right hand of the road there stands a crucifix, hewn with rude art. From a recess in its pedestal a flame rises towards the bloody feet of the image, from a lamp nourished by the hand of devotion.

"Man of sorrow," thus ascended the prayer of the traveller, "give me my son again—by thy wounds and sufferings, give me peace—peace!"

He spoke, and turning round towards the mountain, he followed a narrow path, which conducted him to a brook, close under the flinty, pebbly grape hill. The soft murmurs of its waves rippling here and there over clear, bright stones, harmonized with his deep devotion. Here the Count found a boy and a girl, who, having picked flowers, were watching them carried away as they threw them into the current.

When these children saw the pilgrim's reverend attire, they arose—looked up—seized the old man's hand, and kissed it. "God bless thee, children!" said the pilgrim, whom the touch of their little hands pleased. Seating himself on the ground, he said, "Children, give me to drink out of your pitcher."

"You will find it taste good out of it, stranger-man," said the little girl; "it is our father's pitcher in which we carry him to drink upon the vine-hill. Look, yonder, he works upon the burning rocks—alas! ever since the break of day; our mother often takes out food to him."

"Is that your father," said the Count, "who with the heavy pickaxe is tearing up the ground so manfully, as if he would crush the rocks beneath?"

"Yes," said the boy, "our father must sweat a good deal before the mountain will bring forth grapes; but when the vintage comes, then how gay is the scene?"

"Where does thy father dwell, boy?"

"There in the valley beneath, where the white gable end peeps between the trees: come with us, stranger-man, our mother will most gladly receive you, for it is her greatest joy when a tired wanderer calls in upon us."

"Yes," said the little girl, "then we always have the best dishes; therefore *do* come—I will conduct thee."

So saying, the little girl seized the old Count's hand, and drew him forth—the boy, on the other side, keeping up with them, sprang backwards and forwards, continually looking kindly at the stranger, and thus, slowly advancing, they arrived at the hut.

The Haus-frau (wife) was occupied in blowing the light ashes to awaken a slumbering spark, as the pilgrim entered: at the voices of her children she looked up, saw the stranger, and raised herself immediately; advancing towards him with a cheerful countenance, he said—

"Welcome, reverend pilgrim, in this poor hut—if you stand in need of refreshment after your toilsome pilgrimage, seek it from us; do not carry the blessing which you bring with you farther."

Having thus spoken, she conducted the old man into the small but clean room. When he had sat down, he said—

"Woman! thou hast pretty and animated children; I wish I had such a boy as that!"

"Yes!" said the Haus-frau, "he resembles his father—free and courageously he often goes alone upon the mountain, and speaks of castles he will build there. Ah! sir, if you knew how heavy that weighs upon my heart!"—(the woman concealed a tear.)

"Counsel may here be had," said the Count; "I have no son, and will of yours, if you give him me, make a knight—my castle will some of these days be empty—no robust son bears my arms."

"Dear mother!" said the boy, "if the castle of the aged man is empty, I can surely, when I am big, go thither?"

"And leave me here alone?" said the mother.

"No, you will also go!" said the boy warmly; "how beautiful it is to look from the height of a castle into the valley beneath!"

"He has a true knightly mind," said the Count; "is he born here in the valley?"

"Prayer and labor," said the mother, "is God's command, and they are better than all the knightly honors that you can promise the boy—he will, like his father, cultivate the vine, and trust to the blessing of God, who rain and sunshine gives: knights sit in their castles and know not how much labor, yet how much blessing and peace can dwell in a poor man's hut! My husband was oppressed with heavy sorrow; alas! on my account was his heartfelt grief; but since he found this hut, and works here, he is much more cheerful than formerly; from the tempest of life he has entered the harbor of peace—patiently he bears the heat of the day, and when I pity him, he says, 'Wife, I am indeed now happy;' yet frequently a troubled thought appears to pierce his soul—I watch him narrowly—a tear then steals down his brown cheeks. Ah! surely he thinks of the place of his birth—of a now very aged grey father—and while I see you, a tear also comes to me—so is perhaps now—"

At this minute the little girl interrupted her, pulled her gently by the gown, and spoke—

"Mother! come into the kitchen; our father will soon be home."

"You are right," said the mother, leaving the room; "in conversation I forget myself."

In deep meditation the aged Count sat and thought, "Where may, then, this night my son sleep . . . ?"

Suddenly he was roused from his deep melancholy by the lively boy, who had taken an old hunting-spear from the corner of the room, and placing himself before the Count he said—

"See! thus my father kills the wild boar on the mountains—there runs one along! my father cries 'Huy!' and immediately the wild boar throws himself upon the hunter's spear; the spear

sticks deep into the brain ! it is hard enough to draw it out !” The boy made actions as if the boar was there.

“ Right so, my boy !” said the aged man ; “ but does thy father, then, often hunt upon these mountains ?”

“ Yes ! that he does, and the neighbors praise him highly, and call him the valiant extirpator, because he kills the boars which destroy the corn !”

In the midst of this conversation the father entered ; his wife ran towards him, pressed his sinewy hand, and spoke—

“ You have had again a hot laboring day !”

“ Yes,” said the man, “ but I find the heavy pickaxe light in hand when I think of you. God is gracious to the industrious and honest laborer, and that he feels truly when he has sweated through a long day.”

“ Our father is without !” cried suddenly the boy, threw the hunter’s spear into the middle of the room, and ran forwards. The little girl was already hanging at his knees.

“ Good evening, father,” cried the boy ; “ come quick into the room,—there sits a stranger-man—a pilgrim whom I have brought to you !”

“ Ah ! there you have done well,” said the father ; “ one must not allow one tired to pass one’s gate without inviting him in. Dear wife,” continued he, “ does not labor well reward itself, when one can receive and refresh a wanderer ? Bring us a glass of our best home-grown wine—I do not know why I am so gay to-day, and why I do not experience the slightest fatigue.”

Thus spoke the husband—went into the room—pressed the hand of the stranger, and spoke—

“ Welcome, pious pilgrim ! your object is so praiseworthy ; a draught taken with so brave a man must taste doubly good !”

They sat down opposite to each other in a room half-dark—the children sat upon their father’s knees.

“ Relate to us something, father, as usual !” said the boy.

“ That won’t do to-day,” replied the father ; “ for we have a guest here—but what does my hunter’s spear do there ? have you been again playing with it ? carry it away into the corner.”

“ You have there,” said the pilgrim, “ a young knight who knows already how to kill boars—also you are, I hear, a renowned

hunter in this valley ; therefore you have something of the spirit of a knight in you."

"Yes!" said the vine-laborer, "old love rusts not, neither does the love of arms ; so often as I look upon that spear, I wish it were there for some use....formerly....but, aged sir, we will not think of the past ! Wife ! bring to the reverend —"

At this moment the Haus-frau entered, placed a jug and goblets on the table, and said—

"May it refresh and do thee good!"

"That it does already," said the pilgrim, "presented by so fair a hand, and with such a friendly countenance!"

The Haus-frau poured out, and the men drank, striking their glasses with a good clank ; the little girl slipped down from her father's knee, and ran with the mother into the kitchen ; the boy looked wistfully into his father's eyes smilingly, and then towards the pitcher—the father understood him, and gave him some wine ; he became more and more lively, and again smiled at the pitcher.

"This boy will never be a peaceful vine-laborer as I am," said the father ; "he has something of the nature of his grandfather in him ; hot and hasty, but in other respects a good-hearted boy—brave and honorable....Alas ! the remembrance of what is painful is most apt to assail one by a cheerful glass.....If he did but see thee....thee....child of the best and most affectionate mother—on thy account he would not any longer be offended with thy father and mother : thy innocent gambols would rejoice his old age—in thee would he see the fire of his youth revived again—but...."

"What dost thou say there?" said the pilgrim, stopping him abruptly ; "explain that more fully to me!"

"Perhaps I have already said too much, reverend father, but ascribe it to the wine which makes one talkative ; I will no more afflict thee with my unfortunate history!"

"SPEAK!" said the pilgrim, vehemently and beseechingly ; "SPEAK ! who art thou?"

"What connexion hast thou with the world, pious pilgrim, that you can still trouble yourself about one who has suffered much, and who has now arrived at the port of peace?"

"SPEAK!" said the pilgrim ; "I must know thy history."

"Well!" replied he, "let it be!—I was not born a vine-laborer—a noble stem has engendered me—but love for a maiden drove me from my home."

"Love?" cried the pilgrim, moved.

"Yes! I loved a maiden, quite a child of nature, not of greatness—my father was displeased—in a sudden burst of passion he drove me from him—wicked relations, who, he being childless, would inherit, inflamed his wrath against me, and he, whom I yet honor, and who also surely still cherishes me in his heart—he...."

The pilgrim suddenly rose, and went to the door.

"What is the matter with thee?" said the astonished vine-laborer; "has this affected thee too much?"

The boy sprang after the aged man, and held him by the hand. "Thou wilt not depart, pilgrim?" said he.

At this minute the Haus-frau entered with a light. At one glance into the countenance of the vine-laborer, the aged Count exclaimed, "My Son!" and fell motionless into his arms. As his senses returned, the father and son recognized each other. Adelaide, the noble, faithful wife, weeping, held the hands of the aged man, while the children knelt before him.

"Pardon, father!" said the son.

"Grant it to me!" replied the pilgrim, "and grant to your father a spot in your quiet harbor of peace, where he may end his days. Son! thou art of a noble nature, and thy lovely wife is worthy of thee—thy children will resemble thee—no ignoble blood runs in their veins. Henceforth bear my arms; but as an honorable remembrance for posterity, add to them a pilgrim and the pickaxe, that henceforth no man of high birth may conceive that labor degrades man—or despise the peasant who in fact nourishes and protects the nobleman."

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ON leaving Frauenstein, which lies low in the range of the Taunus hill, I found that every trot my pony took introduced me to a more genial climate and to more luxuriant crops. But vegetation did not seem alone to rejoice in the change. The human face became softer and softer as I proceeded, and the stringy,

weather-beaten features of the mountain peasant were changed for countenances pulpy, fleshy, and evidently better fed. As I continued to descend, the cows became larger and fatter, the horses higher as well as stouter, and a few pigs I met had more lard in their composition than could have been extracted from the whole Langen-Schwalbach drove, with their old driver, the Schwein-General, to boot. Jogging onwards, I began at last to fancy that my very own mind was becoming enervated; for several times, after passing well-dressed people, did I catch myself smoothing with my long staff the rough shaggy mane of my pony, or else brushing from my sleeve some rusty hairs, which a short half-hour ago I should have felt were just as well sticking upon my coat as on his.

Instead of keen, light mountain air, I now felt myself overpowered by a burning sun; but in compensation, Nature displayed crops which were very luxuriant of their sorts. The following is a list of those I passed, in merely riding from Frauenstein to Mainz; it will give some idea of the produce of that highly-favored belt, or district, of Nassau (known by the name of the Rhein-gau) which lies between the bottom of the Taunus hills and the Rhine:—

Vineyards,  
Hop-gardens,  
Fields of Kidney-beans,  
Tobacco,  
Hemp,  
Flax,  
Buck Wheat,  
Kohl-Rabi,  
Mangel-Wurzel,  
Fields of Beans and Peas,  
Indian Corn,  
Wheat of various sorts,  
Barley,  
Oats,  
Rye,  
Rape,  
Potatoes,  
Carrots,  
Turnips,  
Clover of various sorts,  
Grass,  
Lucerne,  
Tares.

Plum Trees of several sorts,  
Standard Apricots,  
Peaches,  
Nectarines,  
Walnuts,  
Pears, } of various sorts,  
Apples, }  
Spanish Chestnuts,  
Horse Chestnuts,  
Almonds,  
Quinces,  
Medlars,  
Figs,  
Wild Raspberries,  
Wild Gooseberries,  
Wild Strawberries  
Currants,  
Gooseberries,  
Whortleberries,  
Rhubarb,  
Cabbages of all sorts,  
Garlick,  
Tomatos.



To any one who has been living in secluded retirement, even for a short time, a visit to a populous city is a dram, causing an excitement of the mind, too often mistaken for its refreshment. Accordingly, on my arrival at Mainz, I must own, for a few minutes, I was gratified with every human being or animal that I met—at all the articles displayed in the shops—and for some time, in mental delirium, I revelled in the bustling scene before me. However, having business of some little importance to transact, I had occasion, more than once, to walk from one part of the town to another, until getting leg-weary, I began to feel that I was not suited to the scene before me ; in short, that the crutches made by Nature for declining life are quietness and retirement ; I, therefore, longed to leave the sunshiny scene before me, and to ascend once again to the clouds of Schlangenbad, from which I had so lately fallen.

With this object I had mounted my pony, who, much less sentimental than myself, would probably most willingly have expended the remainder of his existence in a city which, in less than three hours, had miraculously poured into his manger three feeds of heavy oats ; and I was actually on the bridge of boats which crosses the Rhine, when, finding that the saddle was pressing upon his withers, I inquired where I could purchase any sort of substance to place between them, and being directed to a tailor celebrated for supplying all the government postilions with leather breeches, I soon succeeded in reaching a door which corresponded with the street and number that had been given to me ; however, on entering, I found nothing but a well-staircase, pitch dark, with a rope instead of a hand-rail.

At every landing-place, inquiring for the artist I was seeking, I was always told to go up higher ; at last, when I reached the uppermost stratum of the building, I entered a room which seemed to be made of yellow leather, for on two sides buckskins were piled up to the ceiling ; leather breeches, trowsers, drawers, gloves, &c., were hanging on the other walls, while the great table in the middle of the room was covered with skinny fragments of all shapes and sizes. In this new world which I had discovered, the only inhabitants consisted of a master and his son. The former was a mild tall man of about fifty, but a human

being so very thin, I think, I never before beheld! He wore neither coat, waistcoat, neckcloth, nor shirt, but merely an elastic worsted dress (in fact, a Guernsey frock), which fitted him like his skin, the rest of his lean figure being concealed by a large, loose, coarse linen apron. The son, who was about twenty-two, was not bad-looking, but "*talis pater, talis filius*," he was just as thin as his father, and really, though I was anxious hastily to explain what I wanted, yet my eyes could not help wandering from father to son, and from son to father, perfectly unable to determine which was the thinnest, for though one does not expect to find very much power of body or mind among tailors of any country (nor indeed do they require it), yet really this pair of them seemed as if they had not strength enough united to make a pair of knee-breeches for a skeleton.

Having gravely explained the simple object of my visit, I managed to grope my way down and round, and round and down the well-staircase, stopping only occasionally to feel my way, and to reflect with several degrees of pity on the poor thin beings I had left above me; and even when I got down to my pony (he had been waiting for me very patiently), I am sure we trotted nearly a couple of hundred yards before I could shake out of my head the wan, spectre-like appearance of the old man, or the weak, slight, hectic-looking figure of the young one; and I finished by sentimentally settling in my own mind that the father was consumptive—that the son was a chip from the same block—and that they were both galloping, neck and neck, from their breeches-board to their graves, as hard as they could go.

These gloomy reflections were scarcely a quarter of a mile long, when I discovered that I had left my memorandum-book behind me, and so, instantly returning, I groped my way to the top of the identical staircase I had so lately descended. I was there told that the old gentleman and his son were at dinner, but, determining not to lose my notes, in I went—and I cannot describe one-hundredth part of the feelings which came over me, when I saw the two creatures upon whom I had wasted so much pity and fine sentiment, for there they sat before me on their shop-board, with an immense wash-hand basin, that had been full of common blue Orleans plums, which they were still munching

with extraordinary avidity. A very small piece of bread was in each of their left hands, but the immense number of plum-stones on both sides of them betrayed the voracity with which they had been proceeding with their meal.

“THIN!—no wonder you are THIN!” I muttered to myself; “no wonder that your chests and your back-bones seem to touch each other!”

Never before had I, among rational beings, witnessed such a repast, and it really seemed as if nothing could interrupt it, for all the time I was asking for what I wanted, both father and son were silently devouring these infernal plums; however, after remounting my pony, I could not help admitting that the picture was not without its tiny moral. Two German tailors had been cheerfully eating a vegetable dinner—so does the Italian who lives on macaroni;—so does the Irish laborer who lives on potatoes;—so do the French peasants who eat little but bread; so do the millions who subsist in India on rice—in Africa on dates—in the South-Sea Islands and West Indies on the bread-tree and on yams; in fact, only a very small proportion of the inhabitants of this globe are carnivorous: yet, in England, we are so accustomed to the gouty luxury of meat, that it is now almost looked upon as a necessary; and though our poor, we must all confess, generally speaking, are religiously patient, yet so soon as the middle classes are driven from animal to vegetable diet, they carnivorously both believe and argue that they are in the world remarkable objects of distress—that their country is in distress—that “things cannot last;” in short, pointing to an artificial scale of luxury, which they themselves have hung up in their own minds, or rather in their stomachs, they persist that vegetable diet is low diet—that being without roast beef is living below zero, and that molares, or teeth for grinding the roots and fruits of the earth, must have been given to mankind in general, and to the English nation in particular—by mistake.

After re-crossing the Rhine by the bridge of boats, the sun being oppressively hot, I joyfully bade adieu to the sultry dry city and garrison of Mainz.

As I gradually ascended towards my home, I found the air becoming cooler and fresher, the herbage greener and greener,

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the foliage of the beech-trees brighter and cleaner ; everything in the valley seemed in peaceful silence to be welcoming my return ; and when I came actually in sight of the hermitage of Schlangenbad, I could not help muttering in triumph to myself, "*Hard features—hard life—lean pigs, and lovely nature, for ever !*"

## EXCURSION TO THE NIEDERWALD.

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WISHING to see Rudesheim and its neighborhood, I one morning left Schlangenbad very early, in a hired open carriage, drawn by a pair of small, punchy horses.

We were to get first to the Rhine at the village of Ellfeld, and we accordingly proceeded about a league on the great macadamized road towards Mainz, when, turning to the right, we passed under the celebrated hill of Rauenthal, and then very shortly came in sight of the retired peaceful little village of Neudorf. The simple outline of this remote hamlet, as well as the costume and attitudes of a row of peasants, who, seated on a grassy bank at the road-side, were resting from their labor, formed the subject of an interesting sketch which the Pancidolon presented to me in a very few minutes.

This exceedingly clever, newly-invented instrument, the most silent—the most faithful—and one of the most entertaining *compagnons de voyage* which any traveller can desire, consists of a small box, in which can be packed anything it is capable of holding. On being emptied for use, all that is necessary is to put one's head into one side, and then trace with a pencil the objects which are instantly seen most beautifully delineated at the other.

Whether the perspective be complicated or simple—whether the figures be human or inhuman, it is all the same, for they are traced with equal facility, rain not even retarding the operation. The Pancidolon also possesses an advantage which all very modest people will, I think, appreciate; for the operator's face being (like Jack's) "in a box," no person can stare at it or the drawing; whereas, while sketching with the camera lucida, everybody must have observed that the village peasants in crowds, not only watch every line of the pencil, but laugh outright at the

contortion of countenance with which the poor Syntax in search of the picturesque, having one optic closed, squints with the other through a hole scarcely bigger than the head of a pin, standing all the time in the inquisitive attitude of a young magpie looking into a marrow-bone.

On leaving Neudorf, getting into a cross country road or *chemin de terre*, we began, with the carriage-wheel dragged, an uninterrupted descent, which was to lead us to the banks of the Rhine. The horses (which had no blinkers) having neither to pull nor to hold back, were trotting merrily along, occasionally looking at me—occasionally biting at each other: everything was delightful, save and except a whiff of tobacco, which, about six times a minute, like a sort of pulsation, proved that my torpid driver was not really, as he appeared to be—a corpse; when, all of a sudden, as we were jolting down a narrow ravine, surmounted by vineyards, I saw, about a hundred yards before us, a cart heavily laden, drawn by two little cows. There happened at the moment to be a small road at right angles on our left, into which we ought to have turned to let our opponent pass; but either the driver did not see, or would not see, the humble vehicle, and so onwards he recklessly drove, until our horses' heads and the cows' horns being nearly close together, the dull, heavy lord of the creation pulled at his reins and stopped.

The road was so narrow, and the banks of the ravine so precipitous, that there was scarcely room on either side of the vehicle for a human being to pass; and the cows and horses being vis-à-vis, or "at issue," the legal question now arose, which of the two carriages was to retrograde.

As, without metaphor, I sat on my woolsack, or cushion stuffed with wool, my first judgment was, that the odds were not in favor of the defendant, the poor old woman,—for she had not only to contend with the plaintiff (my stupid driver), his yellow carriage, and two bay horses, but the hill itself was sadly against her; her opponent loudly exclaiming that she and her cows could retire easier than he could. The toothless old woman did not attempt to plead for herself; but what was infinitely better, having first proved, by pushing at her cows' heads with all her force, that they actually did not know how to back, she leant against the

bank, showing us a face which had every appearance of going to sleep. Seeing affairs in this state, I got out of the carriage, and quietly walked on : however, I afterwards learned, with great pleasure, that the old woman gained her cause, and that the squabble had ended by the yellow carriage retreating to the point where its stupid, inanimate driver ought to have stopped it.

On arriving at the bottom of the lane, we reached that noble road, running parallel with and close to the Rhine, which was brought into its present excellent state in the time of Napoleon. Along it, with considerable noise, we trotted steadily, stopping only once every half-hour to pay a few kreuzers at what was called the *Barrière*. No barrier, however, existed, there being nothing to mark the fatal spot but an inanimate, party-colored post, exhibiting, in stripes of blue and orange, the government colors of Nassau.

On the horses stopping, which they seemed most loyally to do of their own accord, the person whose office it was to collect this road-money, or *chausséegelt*, in process of time appeared at a window with a heavy pipe hanging in his mouth, and in his hand an immense long stick, to the end of which there was affixed a small box containing a ticket, in exchange for which I silently dropped my money into this till. Not a word was spoken, but, with the gravity of an angler, the man, having drawn in his rod, a whiff of tobacco was vomited from his mouth, and then the window, like the transaction—closed.

After proceeding for some hours, having passed through Erbach and Hattenheim, we drove through the village of Johannisberg, which lies crouching at the foot of the hill so remarkable on the Rhine for being crowned with the white, shining habitation of Prince Metternich. The celebrated vineyards on this estate were swarming with laborers, male and female, who were seen busily lopping off the exuberant heads of the vines, an operation which with arms lifted above their heads, was not inelegantly performed, with a common sickle.

The Rhine had now assumed the appearance of a lake, for which, at this spot, it is so remarkable, and Rudesheim, to which I was proceeding, appeared to be situated at its extremity ; the

chasm which the river has there burst for itself through the lofty range of the Taunus mountains not being perceptible.

On arriving at Rudesheim, I most joyfully extricated myself from the carriage, and instantly hiring a guide and a mule, I contentedly told the farmer to drive me before him to whatever point in his neighborhood was generally considered to be the best worth seeing; and perfectly unconscious where he would propel me, the man began to beat the mule—the mule began to trot along—and, little black memorandum-book in hand, I began to make my notes.

After ascending a very narrow path, which passed through vineyards, the sun, as I became exposed to it, feeling hotter and hotter, I entered a wild, low, stunted plantation of oak shrubs, which was soon exchanged for a noble wood of oak and beech trees, between which I had room enough to ride in any direction. The shade was exceedingly agreeable; the view, however, was totally concealed, until I suddenly came to a projecting point, on which there was a small temple, commanding a most splendid prospect.

After resting here for a few minutes, my mule and his burden again entered the forest; and, continuing to ascend to a considerable height, we both at last approached a large stone building like a barrack, part of which was in ruins; and no sooner had we reached its southern extremity, than my guide, with a look of vast importance, arrested the progress of the beast. As I beheld nothing at all worth the jolting I had had in the carriage, I felt most grievously disappointed; and though I had no one's bad taste to accuse but my own, in having committed myself to the barbarous biped who stood before me, yet I felt, if possible, still more out of sorts at the fellow desiring me to halloo as loud as I could, he informing me, with a look of indescribable self-satisfaction, that as soon as I should do so, an echo would repeat all my exclamations three times!!!

The man seeing I did not at all enjoy his noisy miracle, made a sign to me to follow him, and he accordingly led me to what appeared to my eyes to be nothing but a large heap of stones held together by brambles. At one side, however, of this confused mass, there appeared to be a hole which looked very much as if it had been intended for an ice-house: however, on entering it, I



found it to be a long, dark, subterranean passage, cut out of the solid rock ; and here, groping my way, I followed my guide, until, coming to a wooden partition or door, he opened it, when, to my great astonishment and delight, I found myself in an octagonal chamber, most deservedly called *Bezauberte Höhle*—the enchanted cave !

It was a cavern or cavity in the rock, with three fissures or embrasures radiating at a small angle ; yet each looking down upon the Rhine, which, pent within its narrow rocky channel, was, at a great depth, struggling immediately beneath us. The sudden burst into daylight, and the brightness of the gay, sunshiny scenes which through the three rude windows had come so suddenly to view (for I really did not know that I was on the brink of the precipice of the Rhine), was exceedingly enchanting, and I was fully enjoying it as well as the reflection that there was no one to interrupt me, when I suddenly fancied that I certainly heard, somewhere or other within the bowels of the living rock in which I was embedded, a faint sound like the melody of female voices, which, in marked measure, seemed to swell stronger and stronger, until I decidedly and plainly heard them in full chorus chanting the following well-known national air of this country :—

### SCHLANGENBADER VOLKSLIED.

*National Air of Schlangenbad.*

*Moderato.*

Bru - der ich und du, Bru - der

ich und du, wir schlafen im - mer - zu.

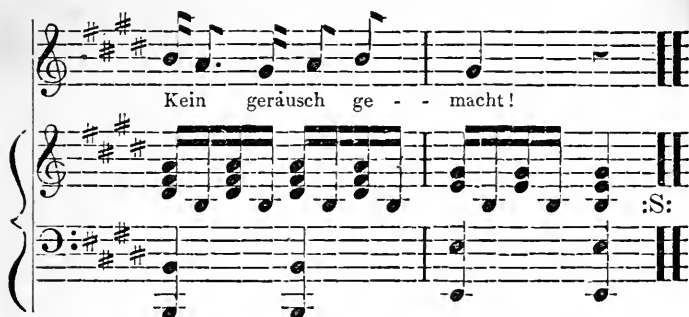
The first system of the musical score for 'BUBBLES'. It features a vocal melody in the upper staff and piano accompaniment in the lower staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are 'ich und du, wir schlafen im - mer - zu.' The piano accompaniment consists of a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

Still und still und im - mer still weil mein mädchen

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with the lyrics 'Still und still und im - mer still weil mein mädchen'. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern. A repeat sign is visible at the beginning of the piano part.

schla-fen will, stil - le! stil - le!

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with the lyrics 'schla-fen will, stil - le! stil - le!'. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.



From time to time the earthly or unearthly sounds died away —lost in the intricate turns of the subterraneous passage ;—at last, they were heard as if craving permission to enter, and my guide running to the wooden door, no sooner threw it wide open, than the music at once rushing in like a flood, filled the vaulted chamber in which I stood, and in a few seconds, to my very great surprise, there marched in, two by two, a youthful bridal party ' the heads of eight or ten young girls (following a bride and - bridegroom) were ornamented with wreaths of bright green leaves, which formed a pleasing contrast with their brown hair of various shades, and most particularly with the raven black tresses of the bride, which were plaited round her pleasing, modest-looking face very gracefully.

The whole party (the bridegroom the only representative of his sex, of course included), had left Mainz that morning, to spend a happy day in the magic cave ; and, certainly, their unexpected appearance gave a fairy enchantment to the scene.

After continuing their patriotic song for some time, suddenly letting go each other's hands, they flew to the three fissures in the rock, and I heard them, with great emphasis, point out to each other Bingenloch, Rheinstein, and other romantic points equally celebrated for their beauty. These youthful people then minutely scanned over the interior of the vaulted grave in which we were all so delightfully buried alive ; at last, so like young travellers, they all felt an irresistible desire to scrawl their names upon the

wall ; and, seeing a weather-beaten old man reclining in one corner of the chamber, with about an inch of pencil in his lean, withered hand, the bride, bowing with pleasing modesty and diffidence, asked me to lend it to her.

Her name, and that of her partner, were accordingly inscribed ; and others would, with equal bursts of joy, have been added to the list, but observing that my poor pencil, which would still have lived in my service many a year, and which, in fact, was all I had, was, from its violent rencontres with the hard, gritty wall, actually gasping for life in the illiterate clutches of a great bony bridesmaid, I very civilly managed, under pretence of cutting it, to extract it from her grasp ; and the attention of the youthful party flitting of its own accord to some other object, the stump of my poor crayon was miraculously spared to continue its humble notes of the day's proceedings.

On leaving the enchanted cave, we ascended through a noble oak wood, until reaching a most celebrated pinnacle of the Taunus mountains, we arrived at the ROSSEL, an old ruined castle, which, standing on the Niederwald like a weather-beaten sentinel at his post, seemed to be faithfully guarding the entrance of that strange mysterious chasm, through which, at an immense depth beneath, the river was triumphantly and majestically flowing.

Although the view from the ruined top of this castle was very extensive and magnificent, yet the dark struggling river was so remarkable an object, that it at first completely engrossed my attention. While the great mass of water continued to flow on its course, a sort of civil war was raging between various particles of the element. In some places an eddy seemed to be rebelliously trying to stem the stream ; in others the water was slowly revolving in a circle ;—here it was seen tumbling and breaking over a sunken rock—there as smooth as glass. In the middle of these fractious scenes, there lay, as it were, calmly at anchor, two or three islands, covered with poplars and willows, upon one of which stood the ruins of the *Mäuseturm*, or tower of that stingy bishop of Mainz, famous, or rather infamous, in the history of the Rhine, for having been gnawed to death by rats. On the opposite side of the river were to be seen the *Rochus Capelle*, a tower built to commemorate the cessation of the plague, the beautiful castle of

Rheinstein, the residence of Prince Frederick of Prussia, the blue-slated town of Bingen, with its bridge crossing the Nahe, which, running at right angles, here delivers up its waters to the Rhine.

The difference in caste or colors between the two rivers at their point of meeting is very remarkable, the Rhine being clear and green, the Nahe a deep muddy brown ; however, they no sooner enter the chasm in the Taunus hills than the distinction is annihilated in the violent hubble-bubble commotions which ensue.

The view beyond these home objects now attracted my attention. The Prussian hills opposite were richly clothed with wood, while on their left lay prostrate the province of Darmstadt, a large brown flat space, studded, as far as the eye could reach, with villages, which, though distinctly remarkable in the foreground, were yet scarcely perceptible in the perspective. Behind my back was the Duchy of Nassau, with several old ruined castles perched on the pinnacles of the wood-covered hills of the Niederwald.

During the whole time that I was placidly enjoying this beautiful picture around and beneath me, the bridal party of young people, equally happy in their way, were singing, laughing, or waltzing ; and their cheerful accents, echoing from one old ruin to another, seemed for the moment to restore to these deserted walls that joy to which they had so long been a stranger.

Having at last mounted my mule, I attempted to bid my companions farewell ; however, they insisted on accompanying me and my guide through the forest, singing their national airs in chorus as they went. Their footsteps kept pace with their tunes, and as they advanced, their young voices thrilled among the trees with great effect : sometimes the wild melody, like a stop-waltz, suddenly ceased, and they proceeded several paces in silence ; then, again, it as unexpectedly burst upon the ear,—in short, like the children of all German schools, they had evidently been taught time and the complete management of their voices, a natural and pleasing accomplishment, which can scarcely be sufficiently admired.

From these young people themselves I did not attempt to extract their little history ; but I learnt from my guide in a whisper

(for which I thought there was no great occasion), that the young couple who hand in hand before me were leading the procession through the wood, were *VERLOBT* (affianced), that is to say, they were under sentence eventually to be married.

This quiet, jog-trot, half-and-half connubial arrangement is very common indeed all over Germany ; and no sooner is it settled and approved of, than the young people are permitted to associate together at almost all times, notwithstanding it is often decreed to be prudent that many years should elapse before their marriage can possibly take place : in short, they are constantly obliged to wait until either their income rises sufficiently, or until butter, meat, bread, coffee, tobacco, and candles sufficiently fall.

As seated on my mule I followed these steady, well-behaved, and apparently well-educated young people through the forest, listening to their cheerful choruses, I could not, during one short interval of silence, help reflecting how differently such unions are managed in different countries on the globe.

A quarter of a century has nearly elapsed since I chanced to be crossing from the island of Salamis to Athens, with a young Athenian of rank, who was also, in his way, "affianced." We spent, I remember, the night together in an open boat, and certainly never did I before or since witness the aching of a lad's heart produce effects so closely resembling the aching of his stomach. My friend lay at the bottom of the trabacolo absolutely groaning with love ; his moans were piteous beyond description, and nothing seemed to afford his affliction any relief but the following stanza, which over and over again he continued most romantically singing to the moon :—

" Quando la notte viene,  
Non ho riposo, O Nice,  
Son misero e infelice  
Esser lontan da te !"

On his arrival at Athens he earnestly entreated me to call for him on the object of his affection, for he himself, by the custom of his country, was not allowed to see her, precisely from the very same reason which permitted the young German couple to

stroll together through the lonely, lovely forest of the Niederwald, namely—because they were “*verlobt*.”

The bridal party now separated themselves from my guide, my mule, and myself; they, waving their handkerchiefs to us, descended a path on the right; we continuing the old track, which led us at last to the village of Rudesheim.

As soon as the horses could be put to my carriage, it being quite late, I set out by moonlight, to return. Vineyards, orchards, and harvest were now veiled from my view, but the castle of Prince Metternich—the solitary tower of Scharfenstein, and the dark range of the Taunus mountains had assumed a strange, obscure, and supernatural appearance magnificently contrasted with the long bright, serpentine course of the Rhine, which, shining from Bingen to Mainz, glided joyfully along, as if it knew it had attracted to itself the light which the landscape had lost.

On leaving the great chaussée, which runs along the banks of the river, like the towing-path of a canal, we ascended the cross road, down which we had trundled so merrily in the morning, and without meeting cows, carts, toothless old women, or any other obstruction, I reached about mid-night the Bad-Haus of Schlangenbad. On ascending the staircase, I found that the two little lamps in the passage had expired; however, the key of my apartments was in my pocket, the moon was shining through the window upon my table, and so, before one short hour had elapsed, Rudesheim—the niggardly Bishop of Mainz, with his tower and rats—the bridal party—the enchanted cave—the lofty Rossel, and the magnificent range of the Niederwald, were all tumbling head over heels in my mind, while I lay humbly and quietly beneath them—asleep.

## WIESBADEN.



THE day at last arrived for my departure from the green, happy little valley of Schlangenbad. Whether or not its viper baths really possess the effect ascribed to them, of tranquillizing the nerves, I will not presume to declare; but that the loneliness and loveliness of the place can fascinate, as well as tranquillize, the mind, I believe as firmly, as I know that the Schlangenbad water rubs from the body the red rust of Langen-Schwalbach.

Those who, on the tiny surface of this little world, please themselves with the playing what they call "the great game of life," would of course abhor a spot in which they could neither be envied nor admired; but to any grovelling-minded person, who thinks himself happy when he is quiet and clean, I can recommend this humble valley as a retreat exquisitely suited to his taste.

After casting a farewell glance round apartments to which I felt myself most unaccountably attached, descending the long staircase of the New Bad-Haus, I walked across the shrubbery to my carriage, around which had assembled a few people, who, I was very much surprised to find, were witnessing my departure with regret!

Luy, who had followed my (I mean Katherinchen's) footsteps so many a weary hour, strange as it may sound (and so contrary to what the poor ass must have felt), was evidently sorry I was going. The old "Bad" man's countenance looked as serious and as wrinkled on the subject as the throat of his toad—his wan, sallow-faced Jezebel of a wife stood before the carriage-steps waving her lean hand in sorrow; and the young maid of the Bad-Haus who had made my bed, merely because I had troubled her to do so for a longer period than any other visitor, actually began



to shed some tears. The whole group begged permission to kiss my hand, and there was so much kind feeling evinced, that I felt quite relieved when I found that the postilion and his horses had roughly spoiled the picture : in short, that they were trotting and trumpeting me along the broad macadamized road which leads to Wiesbaden.

As I had determined on visiting the Duke of Nassau's hunting-seat "Die Platte" in my way to Wiesbaden, after proceeding about four miles, I left the carriage in the high road, and walking through the woods toward my object, I passed several very large plantations of fir-trees which had been sown so unusually thick that they were completely impervious, even to a wild boar ; for not only were the trees themselves merely a few inches asunder, but their branches, which feathered to the ground, interlaced one with another until they formed altogether an impenetrable jungle. Through this mass of vegetation, narrow paths, about three feet broad, were cut in various directions to enable the deer to traverse the country.

In passing through the beech forest, I observed that the roads or cuts were often as much as forty or fifty feet in breadth, and every here and there the boughs and foliage were artificially entwined in a very ingenious manner, leaving small loop-holes through which the Duke, his visitors, or his huntsmen, might shoot at the game as they wildly darted by. A single one of these verdant batteries might possibly be observed and avoided by the cautious, deep-searching eye of the deer, but they exist all over the woods in such numbers, that the animals, accustomed to them from their birth, can fear nothing from them, until the fatal moment arrives, when their experience, so dearly bought, arrives too late.

After advancing for about an hour through these green streets, I came suddenly upon the Duke's hunting-seat, the Platte, a plain white stone, cubic building, which, as if disdaining gardens, flower-beds, or any artificial embellishment, stands alone, on a prominent edge of the Taunus hills, looking down upon Wiesbaden, Mainz, Frankfurt, and over the immense flat, continental-looking country which I have already described. Its situation is very striking ; and though, of course, it is dreadfully exposed to the winter's blast, yet, as a sporting residence, during the sum

mer or autumn months, nothing, I think, can surpass the beauty and unrestrained magnificence of its view.

Before the entrance door, in attitudes of great freedom, stand two immense bronze statues of stags, most beautifully executed, and on entering the apartments, which are lofty and grand, every article of furniture, as well as every ornament, is ingeniously composed of pieces, larger or smaller, of buck-horn. Immense antlers, one above another, are ranged in the hall, as well as on the walls of the great staircase; and certainly, when a sportsman comes to the Platte on a visit to the Duke of Nassau, everything his eyes can rest on not only reminds him of his favorite pursuit, but seems also to promise him as much of it as the keenest hunter can desire: in short, without the slightest pretension, the Platte is nobly adapted to its purpose, and with great liberality it is open at almost all times to the inspection of "gentlemen sportsmen" and travellers from all parts of the globe. About twelve hundred feet beneath it, in a comparatively flat country, bounded on two sides by the Rhine and the Main, lies WIESBADEN, the capital of the Duchy of Nassau, the present seat of its Government, and the spot by far the most numerously attended as a watering-place.

Looking down upon it from the Platte, this town or city is apparently about three-quarters of an English mile square, one quarter of this area being covered with a rubbishy old, the remainder with a staring, formal new town, composed of streets of white stone houses, running at right angles to each other. As I first approached it, it appeared to me to be as hot, as formal, and as uninteresting a place as I ever beheld; however, as soon as I entered it, I very soon found out that its inhabitants, and indeed its visitors, entertain a very different opinion of the place, they pronouncing it to be one of the most fashionable, and consequently most agreeable, watering-places in all Germany.

In searching for a lodging, I at once went to most of the principal hotels, several of which I found to be grievously afflicted with smells, which (though I most politely bowed to every person I met in the passage) it did not at all suit me to encounter. At one place, as an excuse for not taking the unsavory suite of apartments which were offered to me, I ventured quietly to remark, that they were very much dearer than those I had just left. The

master at once admitted the fact, but craning himself up into the proudest attitude his large stomach would admit of, he observed—  
“*Mais . . . Monsieur ! savez-vous que vous aurez à Wiesbaden plus d’amusement dans une heure, que vous n’auriez à Schlangenbad dans un an ? . . .*”

In the horrid atmosphere in which I stood, I had no inclination to argue on happiness or any subject ; so hastening into the open air, I continued my search, until finding the landlord at the Englischen Hof civil, obliging, and exceedingly anxious to humor all my old fashioned English whims and oddities, I accepted the rooms he offered me, and thus for a few days dropped my anchor in the capital of the duchy of Nassau.

About twelve thousand strangers are supposed annually to visit this gay watering-place, and consequently, to pen up all this fashionable flock within the limits of so small a town, requires no little ramming, cramming, and good arrangement. The dinner hour, or time of the tables-d’hôte, as at Langen-Schwalbach, Schlangenbad, and indeed all other places in Germany, was one o’clock, and the crowds of well-dressed hungry people who, at that hour, following their appetites, were in different directions seen slowly but resolutely advancing to their food, was very remarkable. Voluntarily enlisting into one of these marching regiments, I allowed myself to be carried along with it, I know not where, until I found myself, with a very empty stomach and a napkin on my knees, quietly seated at one of three immense long tables, in a room with above 250 people, all secretly as hungry as myself.

The quantity of food and attention bestowed upon me for one florin filled me with astonishment, “and certainly,” said I to myself, “a man may travel very far indeed before he will find provisions and civility cheaper than in the duchy of Nassau !” The meat alone which was offered to me, if it had been thrown at my head raw, would have been not only a most excellent bargain, but much more than any one could possibly have expected for the money ; but when it was presented to me, cooked up with sauces of various flavors, attended with omelettes, fruits, tarts, puddings, preserves, fish, &c., &c., and served with a quantity of politeness and civility which seemed to be infinite, I own I felt that in tho

scene around me there existed quite as much refreshment and food for the mind as for the body.

It is seldom or never that I anywhere pay the slightest attention to dinner conversation, the dishes, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, being, in my opinion, so very much better ; however, much against my will, I overheard some people talking of a duel, which I will mention, hoping it may tend to show by what disgusting, fiend-like sentiments this practice can be disgraced.

A couple of Germans, having quarrelled about some beautiful lady, met with sabres in their hands to fight a duel. The ugly one, who was of course the most violent of the two, after many attempts to deprive his hated adversary of life, at last aimed a desperate blow at his head, which, though it missed its object, yet fell upon, and actually cut off, the good-looking man's nose. It had scarcely reached the ground, when its owner, feeling that his beauty was gone, instantly threw away his sword, and with both arms extended, eagerly bent forwards with the intention to pick up his own property and replace it ; but the ugly German no sooner observed the intention, than darting forwards with the malice of the Devil himself, he jumped upon the nose, and before its master's face crushed it and ground it to atoms !

In strolling very slowly about the town, after dinner, the first object which aroused my curiosity was a steam I observed rising through the iron gratings, which, at the corners of the streets, covered the main drains or common sewers of the town. At first I thought it proceeded from washerwomen, pig-scalders, or some such artificial cause ; but I no sooner reached the great Kochbrunnen (boiling spring), than I learnt it was the natural temperature of the Wiesbaden waters that had thus attracted my attention.

As I stood before this immense cauldron, with eyes staring at the volume of steam which was arising from it, and with ears listening to a civil person who was voluntarily explaining to me that there were fifteen other springs in the town, their temperature being at all times of the year about 140° of Fahrenheit, I could not help feeling a sort of unpleasant sensation, similar to what I had experienced on the edges of Etna and Vesuvius ; in short, I had been so little accustomed to live in a town heated by

subterranean fire, that it just crossed my mind, whether, in case the engineer below, from laziness, should put on too many coals at once, or, from carelessness, should neglect to keep open his proper valves, an explosion might not take place, which would suddenly send me, Koch-brunnen, Wiesbaden, and Co., on a shooting excursion to the Duke's lofty hunting-seat, the Platte. The ground in the vicinity of these springs is so warm, that in winter the snow does not remain upon it; and formerly, when these waters used to flow from the town into a small lake, from not freezing, it became in hard weather the resort of birds of all descriptions: indeed, even now, they say that that part of the Rhine into which the Wiesbaden waters eventually flow is observed to be remarkably free from ice.

Wiesbaden, inhabited by people called Mattiaci, was not only known to the Romans, but fortified by the twenty-second legion, who also built baths, the remains of which exist to the present day. Even in such remote ages, it was observed that these waters retained their heat longer than common water, or salt water, of the same specific gravity, heated to the same degree: indeed, Pliny remarked—"Sunt et Mattiaci in Germania fontes calida, quorum haustus triduo ferret."

The town of Wiesbaden is evidently one which does not appreciate the luxury of "home, sweet home!" for it is built, not for itself, but for strangers; and though most people loudly admire the size of the buildings, yet, to my mind, there is something very melancholy in seeing houses so much too fine for the style of inhabitants to whom they belong. A city of lodging-houses, like an army of mercenaries, may to each individual be a profitable speculation; but no brilliant uniform, or external show, can secretly compensate for the want of national self-pride which glows in the heart of a soldier, standing under his country's colors, or in the mind of a man living consistently in his own little home.

About twenty years ago, the inhabitants of Wiesbaden were pent up in narrow, dirty streets, surrounded by swampy ditches and an old Roman wall. A complete new town has since been erected, and accommodation has thus been afforded for upwards

of 12,000 strangers, the population of the place, men, women, and children included, scarcely amounting to 8000 souls.

During the gay season, of course all is bustle and delight ; but I can conceive nothing less cheerful than such a place must become, when all its motley visitors having flown away, winter begins to look it in the face ; however, certainly the inhabitants of Wiesbaden do not seem to view the subject at all in this point of view, for they all talk with great pride of their fine new town, and strut about their large houses like children wearing men's shoes ten times too big for their feet.

The most striking object at Wiesbaden is a large square, bounded on one side by a handsome theatre, on two others by a colonnade of shops, and on a third by a very handsome building called the Cursaal, an edifice 430 feet in length, having, in front, a portico supported by six Ionic columns, above which there is inscribed in gold letters—

FONTIBUS MATTIACIS, MDCCCX.

On entering the great door, I found myself at once in a saloon, or ball-room, 130 feet in length, 60 in breadth, and 50 in height, in which there is a gallery supported by 32 marble pillars of the Corinthian order ; lustres are suspended from the ceiling, and, in niches in the wall, there are twelve white marble statues, which were originally intended for Letitia Bonaparte, and which the Wiesbaden citizens extol by saying that they cost about 1200*l*.

Branching from this great assembly-room, there are several smaller apartments, which in England would be called hells, or gambling-rooms.

The back of the Cursaal looks into a sort of parade, upon which, after dinner, hundreds of visitors sit in groups, to drink cheap coffee, listen to a band of most excellent, cheap music, and admire, instead of swans, an immense number of snail-gobbling ducks and ducklings, which, swimming about a pond, shaded by weeping willows and acacias, come when they are called, and, duck-like, of course eat whatever is thrown to them.

Beyond this pond, which is within fifty yards of the Cursaal, there is a nice shrubbery, particularly pleasing to the stranger

from the reflection that, at very great trouble, and at considerable expense, it has been planted, furnished with benches, and tastefully adorned by the inhabitants of Wiesbaden, for the gratification of their guests. From it a long shady walk, running by the side of a stream of water, extends for about two miles, to the ruins of the ancient castle of Sonneburg.

Among the buildings of Wiesbaden, the principal ones, after the Cursaal and theatre, are the Schlosschen, containing a public library and museum, the hotels of the Four Seasons, the Eagle, the Englischen Hof, the Rose, and the Schützenhof.

The churches are small, and seem adapted in size to the old, rather than to the new town. By far the greatest proportion of the inhabitants are Protestants, and their place of worship is scarcely big enough to hold them. At the southern extremity of the town there exists a huge pile of rubbish, with several high modern walls in ruins.

It appears that a few years ago, the Catholics at Wiesbaden determined on building a church, which was to vie in magnificence with the Cursaal, and other gaudy specimens of the new town.

Eighty thousand florins were accordingly raised by subscription, and the huge edifice was actually finished, the priests were shaved, and everything was ready for the celebration of mass, when apropos to nothing, "*occidit una domus!*" down it came thundering to the ground!

Whether it was blown up by subterranean heat, or burst by the action of frost,—whether it was the foundation, or the fine arched roof which gave way, are points which at Wiesbaden are still argued with acrimony and eagerness; and, to this day, men's mouths are seen quite full of jagged consonants, as they condemn or defend the architect of the building—poor unfortunate Mr. Scrumpf!

After having made myself acquainted with the geography of Wiesbaden, I arose one morning at half-past five o'clock to see the visitors drinking the waters. The scene was really an odd one. The long parade, at one extremity of which stood smoking and fuming the great Koch-brunnen, was seen crowded with respectably-dressed people, of both sexes, all walking (like so

many watchmen, carrying lanterns) with glasses in their hands, filled, half filled, or quarter filled with the medicine which had been delivered to them from the brunnen so scalding hot, that they dared not even sip it, as they walked, until they had carried it for a considerable time.

It requires no little dexterity to advance in this way, without spilling one's medicine, to say nothing of scalding or slopping it over one's fellow-patients. Every person's eye, therefore, whatever may be the theme of his conversation, was intently fixed upon his glass; some few carried the thing along with elegance, but I could not help remarking that the greater proportion of people walked with their backs up, and were evidently very little at their ease. A band of wind-instruments was playing, and an author, a native of Wiesbaden, in describing this scene, has sentimentally exclaimed—" *Thousands of glasses are drunk by the sound of music!*"

Four or five young people, protected by a railing, are employed the whole morning in filling, as fast as they can stoop down to the brunnen to do so, the quantities of glasses, which, from hands in all directions, are extending towards them; but so excessively hot is the cauldron, that the greater proportion of these glasses were, I observed, cracked by it, and several I saw fall to pieces when delivered to their owners. Not wishing to appear eccentric, which, in this amphibious picture, any one is who walks about the parade without a glass of scalding hot water in his hand, I purchased a goblet, and the first dip it got cracked it from top to bottom.

In describing the taste of the mineral water of Wiesbaden, were I to say that, while drinking it, one hears in one's ears the cackling of hens, and that one sees feathers flying before one's eyes, I should certainly grossly exaggerate; but when I declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken-broth, I only say what Dr. Granville said, and what in fact everybody says, and must say, respecting it, and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from Nature's great stock-pot—the Koch-brunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of this broth remains the same;



and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out-of the ground and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the Flood, it is really astonishing to think what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below, what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients—always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat.

One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted ; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals ; but the oftener one reflects on these sort of subjects, the oftener is the old-fashioned observation forced upon the mind, that let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view.

As, leaning against one of the columns of the arcade under which the band was playing, I stood with my medicine in my hand, gazing upon the strange group of people, who, with extended glasses, were crowding and huddling round the Koch-brunnen, each eagerly trying to catch the eye of the young water-dippers, I could not help feeling, as I had felt at Langen-Schwalbach, whether it could be possible for any prescription to be equally beneficial to such differently made patients. To repeat all the disorders which it is said most especially to cure, would be very nearly to copy the sad list of ailments to which our creaky frames are subject. The inhabitants of Wiesbaden rant, the hotel-keepers rave, about the virtues of this medicine. Stories are most gravely related of people crawling to Wiesbaden and running home. In most of the great lodging-houses crutches are triumphantly displayed, as having belonged to people who left them behind.

It is good, they say, for the stomach—good for the skin—good for ladies of all possible shapes and ages—for all sorts and conditions of men. It lulls pain—therefore it is good, they say, for people going out of this wretched world, yet equally good is it, they declare, for those whose kind, fond parents earnestly wish them to come in. For a head-ache, drink, the innkeepers exclaim, at the Koch-brunnen ! For gout in the heels, soak the body, the

doctors say, in the chicken-broth!—in short, the valetudinarian, reclining in his carriage, has scarcely entered the town, than, say what he will of himself, the inhabitants will seem to agree in repeating—“*Bene, bene respondere, dignus es entrare nostro docto corpore!*”

However, there would be no end in stating what the Wiesbaden water is said to be good for; a much simpler course is to explain, that doctors do agree in saying that it is *not* good for complaints where there is any disposition to inflammation or regular fever, and that it changes consumption into—death.

By about seven o'clock, the vast concourse of people who had visited the Koch-brunnen had imbibed about as much of the medicine as they could hold, and accordingly, like swallows, almost simultaneously departing, the parade was deserted; the young water-dippers had also retired to rest, and every feature in the picture vanished, except the smoking, misty fumes of the water, which now, no longer in request, boiled and bubbled by itself, as it flowed into the drains by which it eventually reached the Rhine.

The first act of the entertainment being thus over, in about a quarter of an hour the second commenced: in short, so soon as the visitors, retiring to their rooms, could divest or denude themselves of their garments, I saw stalking down the long passage of my lodging-house one heavy German gentleman after another, whose skull-cap, dressing-gown, and slippers plainly indicated that he was proceeding to the bath. In a short time, lady after lady, in similar dishabille, was seen following the same course. Silence, gravity, and incognito, were the order of the day: and though I bowed as usual in meeting these undressed people, yet the polite rule is, not, as at other moments, to accompany the inclination with a gentle smile, but to dilute it with a look which cannot be too solemn or too sad.

There was something to my mind so very novel in bathing in broth, that I resolved to try the experiment, particularly as it was the only means I had of following the crowd. Accordingly, retiring to my room, in a minute or two I also, in my slippers and black dressing-gown, was to be seen, staff in hand, mournfully walking down the long passage, as slowly and as gravely as if I

had been in such a procession all my life. An infirm elderly lady was just before me—some lighter-sounding footsteps were behind me—but without raising our eyes from the ground, we all moved on just as if we had been corpses gliding or migrating from one churchyard to another.

After descending a long well-staircase, I came to a door, which I no sooner opened, than of its own accord, it slammed after me exactly as, five seconds before, it had closed upon the old lady who preceded me, and I now found myself in an immense building, half filled with steam.

A narrow passage or aisle conducted me down the middle, on each side of me there being a series of doors opening into the baths, which, to my very great astonishment, I observed, were all open at top, being separated from each other by merely a half-inch boarded partition, not seven feet high !

Into several of these cells there was literally nothing but the steam to prevent people in the houses of the opposite side of the street from looking—a very tall man in one bath could hardly help peeping into the next, and in the roof or loft above the ceiling, there were several loop-holes, through which any one might have had a bird's-eye view of the whole unfledged scene. The arrangement, or rather want of arrangement, was altogether most astonishing ; and as I walked down the passage, my first exclamation to myself was, " Well, thank Heaven, this would not do in England ! " To this remark, the Germans would of course say, that low, half-inch scantling is quite sufficient among well-bred people, whatever coarser protection might be requisite among us rude English ; but though this argument may sound triumphant, yet delicacy is a subject which is not fit for noisy discussion. Like the bloom on fruit, it does not bear touching ; and if people of their own accord do not feel that the scene I have described is indelicate, it is quite impossible to prove it to them, and therefore " the less said is the soonest mended."

As I was standing in the long passage, occupying myself with the above reflections, a nice, healthy old woman, opening a door, beckoned to me to advance, and accordingly with her I entered the little cell. Seeing I was rather infirm, and a stranger, she gave me, with two towels, a few necessary instructions,—such as

that I was to remain in the mixture about thirty-five minutes, and beneath the fluid to strike with my arms and legs as strenuously as possible.

The door was now closed, and my dressing-gown being carefully hung upon a peg (a situation I much envied it), I proceeded, considerably against my inclination, to introduce myself to my new acquaintance, whose face, or surface, was certainly very revolting; for a white, thick, dirty, greasy scum, exactly resembling what would be on broth, covered the top of the bath. But all this, they say, is exactly as it should be, and, indeed, the bathers at Wiesbaden actually insist on its appearance, as it proves, they argue, that the bath has not been used by any one else. In most places, in ordering a warm bath, it is necessary to wait till the water be heated, but at Wiesbaden the springs are so exceedingly hot, that the baths are obliged to be filled over-night, in order to be *cool* enough in the morning; and the dirty scum I have mentioned is the required proof that the water has, during that time, been undisturbed.

Resolving not to be bullied by the ugly face of my antagonist, I entered my bath, and in a few seconds I lay horizontally, calmly soaking, like my neighbors. Generally speaking a dead silence prevailed; occasionally an old man was heard to cough,—sometimes a young woman was gently heard to sneeze,—and two or three times there was a sudden heavy splash in the cell adjoining mine, which proceeded from the leg of a great awkward German Frau, kicking, by mistake above, instead of (as I was vigorously doing) beneath the fluid. Every sigh that escaped was heard, and whenever a patient extricated him or herself from the mess, one could hear puffing and rubbing as clearly as if one had been assisting at the operation.

In the same mournful succession in which they had arrived, the bathers, in due time, ascended, one after another, to their rooms, where they were now permitted to eat—what they had certainly well enough earned—their breakfast. As soon as mine was concluded, I voted it necessary to clean my head, for from certain white particles which float throughout the bath, as thickly as, and indeed very much resembling, the mica in granite, I found that my hair was in a sickly state, in which I did not feel

disposed it should remain. I ought, however, most explicitly to state, that the operation I here imposed upon myself was an act of eccentricity, forming no part of the regular system of the Wiesbaden bathers—indeed, I should say that the art of cleaning the hair is not anywhere much encouraged among the Germans, who, perhaps with reason, rather pride themselves in despising any sort of occupation or accomplishment which can at all be called—superficial.

Before I quit the subject of bathing, I may as well at once observe, that one of my principal reasons for selecting the apartments I occupied at the Englischen Hof was, that the window of my sitting-room looked into the horse-bath, which was immediately beneath them. Three or four times a-day horses, lame or chest-foundered, were brought to this spot. As the water was hot, the animals, on first being led into it, seemed much frightened, splashing, and violently pawing with their fore feet as if to cool it, but becoming at last more accustomed to the strange sensation, they very quickly seemed exceedingly to enjoy it. Their bodies being entirely covered, the halter was then tied to a post, and they were thus left to soak for half or three-quarters of an hour. The heat seemed to heighten the circulation of their blood, and nothing could look more animated than their heads, as, peeping out of the hot fluid, they shook their dripping manes and snorted at every carriage, and horse, which they heard passing.

The price paid for each bathing of each horse is eighteen kreuzers, and this trifling fact always appeared to me to be the most satisfactory proof I could meet with of the curative properties of the Wiesbaden baths: for though it is, of course, the interest of the inhabitants to insist on their efficacy, yet the poor peasant would never, I think, continue for a fortnight to pay sixpence a-day, unless he knew, by experience of some sort or other, that his animal would really derive benefit.

One must not, however, carry the moral too far, for even if it be admitted that these baths cure horses' strains and other effects of *over-work*, it does not follow that they are to be equally beneficial in gout, and other human complaints, which we all know are the effects of *under-work*, or want of exercise.

For more than half an hour I had been indolently watching

this amphibious scene, when the landlord entering my room said, that the Russian Prince G——n wished to speak to me on some business; and the information was scarcely communicated, when I perceived his Highness standing at the threshold of my door. With the attention due to his rank, I instantly begged he would do me the honor to walk in; and, after we had sufficiently bowed to each other, and I had prevailed upon my guest to sit down, I gravely requested him, as I stood before him, to be so good as to state in what way I could have the good fortune to render him any service. The Prince very briefly replied, that he had called upon me, considering that I was the person in the hotel best capable (he politely inclined his head) of informing him by what route it would be most advisable for him to proceed to London, it being his wish to visit my country.

In order at once to solve this very simple problem, I silently unfolded and spread out upon the table my map of Europe; and each of us, as we leant over it, placing a fore-finger on or near Wiesbaden—(our eyes being fixed upon Dover)—we remained in this reflecting attitude for some seconds, until the Prince's finger first solemnly began to trace its route. In doing this I observed that his Highness's hand kept swerving far into the Netherlands; so, gently pulling it by the thumb towards Paris, I used as much force as I thought decorous, to induce it to advance in a straight line; however, finding my efforts ineffectual, suddenly letting it go, I ventured, with respectful astonishment, to ask, "Why travel by so uninteresting a route?"

The Prince at once acknowledged that the road I had recommended would, by visiting Paris, afford him the greatest pleasure, but he frankly told me that no Russian, not even a personage of his rank, could enter that capital without first obtaining a written permission from the Emperor!!!

These words were no sooner uttered than I felt my fluent civility suddenly begin to coagulate; the attention I paid my guest became forced and unnatural—I was no longer at my ease; and though I bowed, strained, and endeavored to be, if possible, more respectful than ever, yet I really could hardly prevent my lips from muttering aloud that I had sooner die a homely English peasant than live to be a Russian Prince! In short, his Highness's

words acted upon my mind like thunder upon beer ; and, moreover, I could almost have sworn that I was an old lean wolf, contemptuously observing a bald ring rubbed by the collar upon the neck of a sleek, well-fed mastiff dog : however, recovering myself, I managed to give as much information as it was in my humble power to afford, and my noble guest then taking his departure, I returned to my open window, to give vent in solitude (as I gazed on the horse-bath) to my own reflections upon the subject.

Although the petty rule of my life has been never to trouble myself about what the world calls "politics"—(a fine word, by-the-by, much easier expressed than understood)—yet, I must own, I am always happy when I see a nation enjoying itself, and melancholy when I observe any large body of people suffering pain or imprisonment. But of all sorts of imprisonment, that of the mind is, to my taste, the most cruel ; and, therefore, when I consider over what immense dominions the Emperor of Russia presides, and how he governs, I cannot help sympathizing most sincerely with those innocent sufferers who have the misfortune to be born his subjects ; for if a Russian Prince be not freely permitted to go to Paris, in what a melancholy state of slavery and debasement must exist the minds of what we call the lower classes ?

As a sovereign remedy for this lamentable political disorder, many very-sensible people in England prescribe, I know, that we ought to have recourse to arms. I must confess, however, it seems to me that one of the greatest political errors England could commit would be to declare, or to join in declaring war against Russia ; in short, that an appeal to brute force would, at this moment, be at once most unscientifically to stop an immense moral engine, which, if left to its work, is quite powerful enough, without bloodshed, to gain for humanity, at no expense at all, its object. The individual who is, I conceive, to overthrow the Emperor of Russia—who is to direct his own legions against himself—who is to do what Napoleon at the head of his Great Army failed to effect, is the little child, who, lighted by the single wick of a small lamp, sits at this moment perched above the great steam-press of our "Penny Magazine," feeding it, from morning

till night, with blank paper, which, at almost every pulsation of the engine, comes out stamped on both sides with engravings, and with pages of plain, useful, harmless knowledge, which, by making the lower orders acquainted with foreign lands, foreign productions—various states of society, &c., tend practically to inculcate “Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace—good will towards men.” It has already been stated, that what proceeds from this press is now greedily devoured by the people of Europe; indeed, even at Berlin, we know it can hardly be reprinted fast enough.

This child, then,—“this sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,” is the only army that an enlightened country like ours should, I humbly think, deign to oppose to one who reigns in darkness—who trembles at daylight, and whose throne rests upon ignorance and despotism. Compare this mild, peaceful, intellectual policy, with the dreadful, savage alternative of going to war, and the difference must surely be evident to every one. In the former case, we calmly enjoy, first of all, the pleasing reflection, that our country is generously imparting to the nations of Europe the blessings she is tranquilly deriving from the purification and civilisation of her own mind;—far from wishing to exterminate, we are gradually illuminating, the Russian peasant—we are mildly throwing a gleam of light upon the fetters of the Russian Prince; and surely every well-disposed person must see, that, if we will only have patience, the result of this noble, temperate conduct must produce all that reasonable beings can desire. But, on the other hand, if we appeal to arms—if, losing our temper and our head, we endeavor (as the bear is taught to dance) to civilize the Emperor of Russia by hard blows, we instantly consolidate all the tottering elements of his dominions; we give life, energy, and loyalty to his army; we avert the thoughts of his princes from their own dishonor; we inflame the passions, instead of awakening the sober judgment of his subjects, and thus throwing away both our fulcrum and our lever, by resorting to main strength, we raise the savage not only to a level with ourselves, but actually make ourselves decidedly his inferior; for Napoleon’s history ought surely sufficiently to instruct us, that the weapons of this northern Prince of Darkness—(his climate



and his legions)—even if we had an army, we ought not, in prudence, to attack ; but the fact is, our pacific policy has been to try to exist without an army,—in the opinion of all military men we have even disarmed ourselves too much, and, in this situation, suddenly to change our system, and without arms or armor to attack one who is almost invulnerable, would be most irrationally to paralyze our own political machinery.

If, by its moral assistance, we wisely intend, under the blessings of Heaven, to govern and be governed, we surely ought not from anger to desert its standard ; and, on the other hand, it must be equally evident that before we determine on civilizing the Emperor of Russia, by trying the barbarous experiment of whether his troops or ours can, without shrinking, eat most lead, it would be prudent to create an army, as well as funds able to maintain it ; for—

“ Beware  
Of entrance to a quarrel ; but, being in  
Bear it, that the opposer may beware of thee !”

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Being desirous to observe the way in which a Sunday evening was passed in Germany, at seven o'clock on that day I followed a crowd of people into the theatre, and found the house so full, that I had great difficulty in obtaining a seat. The performance was a complete surprise to me, for though ages ago, when I was young, I had been in the habit of regularly attending for years together, an Italian theatre, yet never having before witnessed a German opera, I did not know it was possible so completely to adapt the sounds of music to every varying thought and sentiment in a play : in short, the words of the play, and the notes of the orchestra, were as nearly as possible fac-similes of each other ; demi-semi-quavers, crotchets, and minims being made most ingeniously to mimic, not only exclamations, but marks of admiration, notes of interrogation, colons, and full stops.

The musical emphasis which accompanied every line throughout the piece, while it merely astonished me, seemed to be most scientifically appreciated by the audience, whose countenances of

severe attention were very remarkable ; no interruption, however, of any sort took place, their feelings of approbation or censure being equally mute. In the various departments of the performance, a great deal of natural talent was displayed, and whether one attended to the music—to the style of acting—to the scenery—or even to a dish of devils, which made their appearance, most strangely garnished with toads, bats, serpents, and nondescript-beings, one could not help admitting that, in spite of its torpor, there must exist a considerable quantity of latent genius, imagination, and taste in the audience itself ; indeed, there can be no fairer criterion of the mental character of any country, than its own national spectacles, which are, of course, and must be, made to correspond with, and suit, the palates of those who support them. It is true that that mimic Fashion will occasionally introduce into a country foreign habits not suited to its climate. For instance, of our own fine London opera, Italians say, that without calling upon the English audience itself to sing, their behavior quite clearly proves that they have no real taste for—that they are not capable of relishing—the foreign musical luxury which by the power of money they have purchased : in short, they accuse us of listening, when we ought to be coughing—of talking to each other, when we ought to be breathless from attention—and of most barbarously throwing the light of the theatre upon ourselves instead of on the performers—thus showing that we prefer looking at tiers of red soft cheeks and rows of white pearly teeth, to listening to the chaste, simple melody of music. But whether these foreign remarks respecting an Italian performance be true or not, in our own element, in our own English theatres, the accusation of want of taste does not hold good. The admirers of Shakspeare, Siddons, Kemble, Kean, O'Neil, &c., cannot complain that the writings of the one, or the acting of the others, have not reached the hearts of those to whom they have been directed ; in short, without sympathetic talent throughout the country, those names could never have reached the respective eminences on which they stand, and thus, though they do honor to the country, the country can also claim honor from them.

Remarking to a person who sat next to me, that the Duke of Nassau's box, in the theatre, was empty, he informed me, to my

very great astonishment, that his Highness had just left his own dominions, and had gone to Hanover, TO BATHE IN THE SEA!!! In short, while the world was flocking to swallow and wallow in the waters of Nassau, its noble prince was wandering for the same purpose towards the distant briny waves of the ocean—but, as Mathews says—“*Such is life, and such is man ! like the lobster in boiling water*—RESTLESS AND NEVER SATISFIED !”

When the pleasing performance I had been witnessing was at an end, on coming in the open air, I found it was raining. Like myself, most people were without umbrellas ; the rain, however, seemed to have no effect upon the tide of human bodies that flowed *en masse* towards the Cursaal, which, ready lighted up, was waiting for the disgorging of the theatre. On entering the great door, each person was required to pay a florin, and as the large room was rapidly very nearly filled, the band struck up, and dancing most vigorously began. I could now scarcely believe my eyes, that the performers, so awkwardly attempting to be active before me, were the identical people whose passive good taste and genius I had, with so much pleasure, been admiring ; for with a more awkward, clumsy, inelegant set of dancers I certainly never before had found myself in society. Not only was the execution of their steps violently bad, but their whole style of dancing was of a texture as coarse as dowlas. and most especially, in their mode of waltzing, there was a repetition of sharp, vulgar jerks which it was painfully disagreeable to witness. Leaving, therefore, these dull, heavy tetotums to spin out the evening in their own way, I quitted the great room ; but no sooner did I enter the smaller dens, than I found that I had fallen from the frying-pan into the fire, for these “hells.” were literally swarming with inhabitants. In each chamber an immense solitary lamp (having a circular reflector) hung over the green cloth table, round which, male and female gamesters, of all ages, were bending, with horrid features of anxiety ; and as the powerful rancid oil light shone upon their ill-favored countenances, I could not help with abhorrence leaning backwards, at seeing a group of fellow-creatures huddled together for such a base, low-minded object. In passing through the chambers of this infernal region, I found one worse, if possible, than the other. Under each lamp, there were, here

and there, contrasted with young nibblers, individual countenances, of habitual gamblers, which, as objects of detestation, many a painter, or rather scene-painter, would have been exceedingly anxious to sketch ; but I was so completely disgusted with the whole thing, that as quickly as my staff and two legs would carry me, swinging the other arm, I took my departure.

In hastily worming my way through the ball-room, I saw there no reason for changing my opinion ; and when I got into the fresh, cool, open air, though I was fully sensible I had not spent my Sunday evening exactly as I ought to have done, yet, in the course of my very long life, I think I never felt more practically disposed to repent, as in England we are, thank Heaven, still taught to do—

**“Remember that thou keep holy the Sabbath Day.”**

**THE END.**





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